Chapter 1101 That Very Moment

Chapter 1101 That Very Moment

Deep in Fourth Epoch Trier, on streets surrounded by thick fog.

Within the Unshadowed Domain that eliminated all shadows and darkness, Angoulême and his two colleagues had reached the critical moment of removing the item's seal.

What none of them expected was that the final layer binding this Sealed Artifact was ordinary paper without any supernatural elements.

These papers seemed torn from some ancient text, with lines of handwritten ancient Feysac:

"I am the Beginning and the End."

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

"God spake, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."

"The earth was formless and void, and darkness was over the surface of the deep; His Spirit moved upon the face of the waters."

"He called the light Day, and the darkness Night."

"…"

These sheets of paper were attached to the Sealed Artifact, completely wrapping it. The sentences written on them were similar yet different from the Eternal Blazing Sun Church's scripture, but contained no sacred supernatural power.

Angoulême's eyes focused as he saw this, unconsciously slowing his motion of tearing off the paper.

His two colleagues were unaffected, quickly exposing the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to Fourth Epoch Trier.

The next second, an intense, golden, sacred sun appeared in the thick fog above.

0-15—The Fourth Sun!

Suddenly, the Fog of War within two kilometers evaporated and dissolved without a trace. The Montsouris ghosts slowly approaching Angoulême and Jack Walton from different directions began making sizzling sounds, quickly being purified into black vapor that diffused upward.

Some of this black vapor gradually dissipated, while other parts swelled and twisted, revealing faces displaying different forms of malice.

They rapidly flew upward, reaching the invisible, colorless flames that served as the sky, concentrating in one area.

This portion of black vapor was quickly burned away, leaving only faint patches.

Just as these patches were about to melt away, more Montsouris ghosts flew out from different parts of Fourth Epoch Trier.

They threw themselves into the light black patches one after another, preventing them from disappearing, trying to deepen them, maintaining them within the invisible, colorless flames for a while longer, and eroding upward.

Seeing this scene, Jack Walton, whose malice was rapidly dissipating under the influence of The Fourth Sun, furrowed his brow.

He felt something was already happening!

He hurriedly said to his two colleagues, "Use the Sealed Artifact!"

The Sealed Artifact they carried was 0-59—The Divine Kingdom Without People."

…

At the bottom of Underground Trier, the miraculously healed Tree of Shadow frantically extended its roots and branches toward the seal and the ground-level city districts.

Each piece of its bark seemed to be a crystallization of different scenes of desire from past history—thick, settled, and difficult to truly destroy.

Its brownish-green roots quickly approached that layer of invisible, colorless flames, yet didn't attempt to touch it, as they would surely be burned through.

Suddenly, two figures appeared on either side of its massive trunk.

These two figures looked similar—both tall and enormous, humanoid yet like grotesque trees, covered in pitch-black, viscous tar-like liquid, with numerous bizarre and sickening arms growing from them. The surface of these arms either had bulging crimson eyeballs with prominent blood vessels, or were embedded with pale skull heads, or were covered with tongues bearing sharp teeth, and so on —there were too many variations to count. They spread an extremely evil and

intensely mad sensation in all directions, causing the mine tunnels and earth to crack and split.

These were Abomination Suah and His sister Tirié.

They were currently displaying Their true form as Abominations, not their Mythical Creature forms from the Prisoner pathway. However, as Abominations, They inherently carried madness, evil, distortion, chaos, hatred, indulgence, and curse, causing effects equivalent to revealing Their Mythical Creature forms on Their surroundings.

One could say that Their Abomination appearances were a product of Their self-perception combined with Their complete Mythical Creature forms.

As soon as Suah and Tirié appeared, They each chose a section of the brownish-green trunk and merged Themselves into the Tree of Shadow.

The crown of the Tree of Shadow finally broke through the ground, growing toward the sky, attempting to encompass all of Trier within its shade.

Its roots truly extended into that layer of invisible, colorless flames, being burned off section by section, yet continuously growing new ones, striving to extend downward.

Outside Saint Vièvе Cathedral in the island area, the pure brilliant sunlight was pushed back by branches oozing viscous black liquid, as if trying to create a world of shadows here.

The Church of the God of Steam and Machinery's patriarchal cathedral in the north encountered similar circumstances.

And because the Tree of Shadow's power extending to the surface was concentrated in these few places, citizens across Trier's districts merely dreamed dreams of different desires, dreams that had not yet crossed from illusion into reality.

In the still-operating bars and dance halls, the atmosphere suddenly intensified, with everyone falling into a psychedelic state.

Saint Vièvе, utilizing the cathedral's layout, strenuously resisted the invasion of those pitch-black viscous branches, preventing harm to the clergy and faithful who had taken shelter here.

She didn't panic.

In Her view, the Rose School of Thoughts indulgence faction re-activating the Tree of Shadow wasn't something unstoppable.

If Fourth Epoch Trier's seal were truly so easily destroyed, the Rose School of Thought and other evil god sects would have done so long ago—why wait until today to expend such effort?

Even if the crimson moon descending to the barrier, appearing round and bright, truly suppressed the orthodox gods, preventing Them from dealing with the Tree of Shadow problem, there were still two existences within the barrier who could take action. And the strongest subordinates the Great Old Ones could command in this world were just Suah and Tirié, who weren't even in the same league as their side.

If the Rose School of Thought's indulgence faction truly wanted to go all in, they should have wagered everything during last year's Tree of Shadow incident, when Mr. Fool had not yet partially awakened.

And even without counting the two existences, their side's number of Angels far exceeded the evil god sects. As long as they held on a bit longer, preventing the Tree of Shadow from destroying surface Trier and causing mass civilian deaths, sufficient reinforcements would soon arrive.

This amount of time was insufficient to destroy Fourth Epoch Trier's seal.

Was it that the Rose School of Thought and other evil god sects didn't want to use the current approach in the past?

In the midst of Her doubts, Saint Viève suddenly became vigilant.

Could something have simultaneously gone wrong with Fourth Epoch Trier?

If coordinated on the inside and outside, the seal might truly be broken in a short time!

Just then, Saint Viève saw before the crimson moon—which appeared so huge it seemed to hang by the cathedral bell tower—a figure descending from the sky, growing larger and larger, wearing a medium-tall silk top hat, black windbreaker, and holding a stardust-inlaid cane.

…

The easternmost part of the Sonia Sea, the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

At the highest point of the majestic mountain range, darkness was thick, sometimes expanding, sometimes contracting.

…

Midseashire north coast, East Tilisi Province, capital city Tilisi.

Madam Justice suddenly had a spiritual premonition and opened her eyes.

She saw before her a verdant field, with several scarecrows standing in it, a clear stream flowing through, like a pastoral scene from an oil painting.

A dream… As a Dreamweaver, Madam Justice quickly understood what she had encountered.

And there weren't many beings in this world capable of weaving such a dream for her.

Madam Justice instantly thought of one possibility: the ancient dragon Edefana she had been pursuing!

This was one of the few remaining mind dragons.

I've searched for years without finding Him, yet He has come to me? Madam Justice found this somewhat absurd.

Absurdity implied abnormality, and abnormality necessarily indicated problems.

What Madam Justice cared more about was, if this dream was truly woven by Edefana, why did He choose today, why choose this moment?

Justice didn't hesitate, taking out a card.

The card portrayed an impartial goddess seated on a stone chair, wielding a sword and scales.

Tarot card, Justice card!

After praying to Mr. Fool, Justice began reciting her friend's honorific name, "Cosmic Traveler, beholden to the King of Yellow and Black, and the Sorcerer chronicling the world…"

…

Southern Continent, inside a black ancient castle.

Mr. Moon Emlyn stood at the window, gazing up at the crimson moon that appeared huge and dreamlike due to its proximity.

He felt his spirituality boiling.

As he was struggling to control himself, the crimson moonlight shone into the ancient castle, conveying a mellow voice, "Alexis has suddenly disappeared. Find him as soon as possible."

This voice came from one of the three great Sanguine dukes, Olmer—titled Round Moon.

Alexis disappeared? Mr. Moon repeated these words.

Alexis was one of Duke Round Moon Olmer's direct descendants, a Sanguine count residing in Feynapotter City, the capital of the Feynapotter Kingdom.

In the past, The Moon Emlyn wouldn't have thought this order contained any hidden information, but now, he thought more: Alexis disappeared suddenly?

If it was sudden, how did Duke Round Moon discover it so quickly?

As a direct relative, did the Duke Round Moon have a bad premonition due to Alexis's disappearance?

…

Sonia Sea, New City of Silver, Church of The Fool's Headquarters.

Lumian and others saw the unrestrained growth of the Tree of Shadow.

"Wasn't it supposed to take many years before it would grow again?" Franca muttered to herself. "Did it receive healing, and its original wounds have healed?"

Lumian nodded pensively.

"The Great Mother's influence really seems to be hidden behind this…"

Jenna, who had been pondering a certain question, suddenly turned her gaze toward the twin towers and asked vigilantly, "Would the Gift of the Land being Omebella's remains, count as a 'mother?'"

"Should calamity stay away?"

Lumian was momentarily stunned.

He had borrowed the Gift of the Land before without any problems.

But that seemed to be before Mr. Fool made the revelation that "calamity needs to stay away from the mother"!

Meanwhile, in a hotel in the New City of Silver.

A man with neatly combed black hair, beautiful crimson eyes, and an elegant bow tie at his chest pulled a card from his pocket.

The card depicted a female version of Emperor Roselle wearing maternity clothes, with a protruding belly, radiating maternal glory.

Card of Blasphemy, Mother card!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1102: Valley God

The moment the Mother card was taken out, it seemed to sense something and its surface emanated a crimson glow even before being activated by an incantation.

It immediately transformed into an invisible vortex, frantically absorbing its holder's spirit and spirituality.

Then, it became heavy, turning into a miniature book.

The book's pages fluttered in the wind, revealing its first page.

On it was depicted Emperor Roselle dressed as a farmer, leaning on a hoe and gazing at rain clouds in the sky, with lines of ancient Feysac text written beside it: "Sequence 9, Planter..."

Immediately after, the book rapidly flipped backward. from "Sequence 8, Doctor" all the way to "Sequence 1, Naturewalker."

After Naturewalker was a female version of Emperor Roselle wearing a loose long dress, holding an infant, with two children standing beside him.

This page's title was: "Sequence 0, Mother"!

Almost simultaneously, crimson moonlight began shining from the infant in female Roselle's arms.

This grew increasingly bright, making the infant gradually appear like a full moon, reflecting and complementing the real crimson moon hanging low in the sky, seemingly suspended above the cathedral bell tower.

Within the miniature crimson moon, several lines of ancient Feysac text that hadn't existed before appeared: "Sequence 1, Valley God (or Tree God)."

Below this brand new Sequence 1 title, there were two descriptions, one on the left and one on the right:

"The Valley God is the root of heaven and earth."

"The Tree God, supporting heaven and connecting earth, propagates endlessly."

The crimson-eyed man holding this Mother card had just begun to smile when his expression suddenly froze.

He looked down to find that brownish, slightly withered tree roots had extended from the back of the Card of Blasphemy. These roots had pierced into his body, growing and spreading numerous root systems. frantically draining his life force.

The crimson-eyed man was stunned for a second before relaxing his expression.

He already understood what was happening.

But it didn't matter-all things would eventually return to the land, return to the mother's embrace!

It's just a bit early for me, but I will experience the warmth and security of mother's embrace sooner.

His full face began to cave in, his smooth skin gradually withering.

At the bottom of the spire within the twin towers at the core of New City of Silver.

The enormous seven or eight meter high trunk "sleeping" in the morning light, planted in a pile of brownish soil, suddenly trembled slightly.

Its grayish-brown wood quickly exuded moisture, and large amounts of previously peeled and missing bark visibly grew back.

The surrounding morning light suddenly surged into its body, cutting through its "flesh" while witnessing its rebirth.

Its withered feeling gradually disappeared as it slowly became full and robust.

Suddenly, it broke free from the restraint of the brownish soil pile and vanished from the bottom of the round tower.

In the cathedral of the Church of The Fool's headquarters.

Warned by Jenna, Lumian redirected his gaze to the mirrors floating before him and to the brownish-green Tree of Shadow that was breaking through the ground and growing upward. □

Anthony understood that Lumian had realized New City of Silver wasn't entirely safe either-it contained the remains of the City of Silver residents' former "mother," Giant Queen Omebella, and calamity needed to stay away from the mother.

This would make normal people want to quickly retreat, but for High-Sequence Hunters, constantly running away wasn't a choice that aligned with their godhood: Having fled Trier, should they now flee New City of Silver too?

Should they keep running forever?

Anthony believed this would spark intense fighting spirit in Lumian. If his humanity wasn't abundant enough and his control over his mental state and emotions wasn't strong enough, he would choose to return to Trier to directly confront the Tree of Shadow and thwart the evil god cults' conspiracy.

Before Anthony could offer advice or use Placate, Lumian forcefully withdrew his gaze and made the floating mirrors return to the Traveler's Bag.

He said gravely to his team members, "Now we'll move to the Cathedral of Serenity."

The Cathedral of Serenity was the Church of the Evernight Goddess's headquarters and Holy Cathedral.

As he spoke, Lumian activated the black mark on his right shoulder, using Teleport again.

Just as the spirit world with its layered colors and numerous strange creatures appeared before them, everything suddenly spun and they plummeted downward.

Before Lumian could react, his feet had already landed on solid ground.

They arrived in an endless wilderness overgrown with weeds, with an oak tree of indescribable size growing in its depths.

It was blue-green, its roots deeply embedded in the earth, its crown penetrating the clouds as if supporting the sky, holding up a crimson full moon.

It was like a pillar reaching to heaven, supporting the entire world, allowing this wilderness to exist.

The mottled bark of this sky-supporting oak bore scorch marks from lightning strikes, but beneath the charred areas lay signs of life.

Higher up, the oak had more new branches, many entwined with lush, vibrant mistletoe.

At this moment, in the middle of this giant oak that supported the sky and anchored the earth, large amounts of mottled bark bulged out, outlining a huge, gentle, feminine face, with two giant crimson flowers serving as its eyes.

"Mother...

"Omebella…"

In Lumian's mind, these two terms naturally flashed through.

He instinctively tried to activate the black mark on his right shoulder again, but he could not sense the spirit world beyond this wilderness, nor could he sense the areas he originally had positions for.

Paramita!

At the same time, Lumian remembered something else:

His Teleport ability came from Zedus!

And Zedus was one of the Great Mother's twins, Omebella's younger brother, whose power presumably came from a boon, and currently possessed no Beyonder characteristics.

Even if such an Angel was conquered by 0-01, there should still be a trace of the Great Mother's spirit hidden within His power.

This was what the Great Mother excelled at!

So, at the crucial moment, she sacrificed this bit of spirit to interfere with my Teleport, making me 'voluntarily enter the Paramita created by the Gift of the Land? And Gift of the Land somehow became activated and received strange enhancements... This thought flashed quickly through Lumian's mind.

Franca's lake-blue eyes had already become profound. seemingly concealing layers upon layers of darkness.

…

In the green fields dotted with scarecrows.

Madam Magician, wearing a white nightgown, opened a door forged from brilliant starlight and entered this dream.

She only looked around once before making a guess about the dream's weaver.

"Edefana?"

This was an ancient mind dragon, an Angel-level Discerner.

Excluding those who were transformed from humans, He was one of only three ancient dragons currently remaining.

"What's happening in the outside world?" Madam Justice Audrey asked instead of answering.

As a Dreamweaver, she had tried to leave this dream but failed.

Madam Magician answered truthfully, "The Tree of Shadow in Trier is causing trouble again, supposedly receiving help from the Great Mother's subordinates. However, don't worry, Mr. Fool has already descended there."

Madam Justice showed a puzzled expression. "So. Edefana took this opportunity to find me?

"How did He know Mr. Fool would descend to Trier?"

Madam Magician paused briefly before saying.

"Drawing me here to help must have also been part of His plan…

"So you had enough time to pray to Mr. Fool and speak my name, avoiding an ambush."

Just as the Planeswalker finished speaking, the dream's sky was suddenly covered by a shadow.

That shadow was a grayish-white dragon, circling in flight, with a lizard-like face showing obvious signs of age.

…

In Trier, Mr. Fool, wearing a medium-height silk top hat and black coat, was unaffected by the ground and tree branches as he passed through layers of void, landing before the brownish-green Tree of Shadow's trunk.

He thrust his star-dust inlaid cane forward, watching the thick, solid bark collapse and destroy itself in large amounts.

Each piece of bark, each branch, each leaf suddenly became ethereal, revealing scenes of Trier's citizens displaying various desires over the past one or two thousand years.

Some were normal, others indulgent, showing affairs at luxurious parties, warmth of tight embraces in cold small rooms, wasteful tables of abandoned food, and miserly parents reluctant to feed their children enough...

They interwove layer upon layer, cascading down as weighty history, a tome of desires, something that couldn't be completely destroyed by normal attacks, requiring peeling away layer by layer.

Mr. Fool withdrew his star-dust inlaid cane.

Grayish-white fog emerged accordingly, enveloping the Tree of Shadow's main trunk.

Fog of History!

…

In Fourth Epoch Trier.

Just as Angoulême and other Unshadowed were about to raise The Fourth Day higher to eliminate the Montsouris ghosts who kept throwing themselves into the invisible, colorless flames, they suddenly heard a cry.

It was the cry of infants, countless infants crying.

Jack Walton and others immediately looked toward the entrance of the street, seeing a figure staggering toward them.

The figure had chestnut-colored long hair and azure eyes, deliberately dressed as Emperor Roselle.

His body was already swollen, with bird-clawed infants tearing through flesh and skin to emerge from his ribs, abdomen, chest, thighs, and arms, crying loudly in search of nursing.

…

In Paramita.

Lumian's voice echoed in Franca and the others' minds: "Don't enter the mirror world for now."

The mirror world was connected to the special mirror world!

In the current chaotic situation, who knows what people might be lying in ambush in the mirror world, waiting to drag them into the special mirror world!

Since they had already encountered Mother, they shouldn't fall into the special mirror world trap as well.

Lumian slightly bent down, looking at the giant sky- supporting oak tree, and said with a smile in the team's minds: "Since we couldn't escape, then... let's fight!"

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1103: True Plan

Accompanying Lumian's words, Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig simultaneously raised both arms.

The numerous white clouds surrounding the giant oak tree's crown suddenly turned gloomy, appearing even more substantial.

Countless silver-white electric serpents began leaping between the layered dark clouds, intertwining as if trying to form a single entity.

At this moment, Lumian suddenly clenched his fist.

A massive silver-white lightning bolt, illuminating the entire Paramita, rapidly descended, striking the giant oak tree transformed from Omebella's remnants.

Lumian was recalling the effect of shouting the incantation "Leodero" when facing a similar oak tree embodying Madame Pualis in the dream city, and decided to imitate and recreate it.

At this time, the crimson moon had pressed against the invisible barrier, and Lord of Storms Leodero certainly couldn't spare the effort to bring down divine punishment, so he could only create this through a Weather Warlock's Beyonder powers.

Moreover, Lumian was not the only one "controlling the weather" he had also made Franca and the other team members do similar things simultaneously.

Rather than concentrating everyone's power on himself to enhance the thunderstorm's might, allowing each person to "control the weather" and then stack these efforts together would not only prevent weakening the effect but might also potentially trigger chain reactions or chaotic changes, making the thunderstorm more pronounced and exaggerated.

This was the nature of weather-even a butterfly's wing flap could progressively evolve into a hurricane, let alone five people simultaneously manipulating and creating a thunderstorm.

When the massive lightning that illuminated the entire Paramita fell, the female face on the giant oak tree's surface had already opened its mouth.

The raging wind brought by the thunderstorm was instantly sucked inside, and the high-altitude dark clouds converged toward the massive mouth in a funnel shape.

The silver-white lightning, resembling a divine tree, naturally decomposed, with most of it being swallowed by the female face on the tree's surface, and a small portion striking the tree's crown, bark, and branches.

Some bark instantly turned charcoal-black and peeled downward, with branches breaking and catching fire.

At these wounded spots, the tree's heart writhed and grew, ready to regenerate.

Simultaneously, all grass in Paramita withered at once, the ground cracking inch by inch, as if losing all moisture or having life rapidly drain away.

Lumian and the others were no exception.

They also saw that around the giant oak tree, some soil swelled and rolled, forming over a dozen yellow-brown humanoid puppets, all massive in size, swaying and about to take their first steps.

Ludwig opened his mouth and suddenly swallowed the toxic gas that had been diffusing in the surrounding air at some unknown time.

Immediately afterward, every member of their team transformed into fire balls of blue-purple hue, roaring as they rushed toward the giant oak tree.

Rumble!

Thunder finally sounded in the high sky.

Violet-tinted blue flames rapidly spread, turning everywhere Lumian and his companions passed into a flame hell.

Those dozen yellow-brown puppets didn't even have time to make any movement before being roasted crisp by the approaching high temperature, completely collapsing when the blue-violet fireball arrived.

Just as Lumian's group, transformed into a fireball, was about to strike the giant oak tree, that sky-supporting behemoth suddenly disappeared.

In the blink of an eye, at another location in Paramita, the ground swelled high, soil splashing, and a green giant oak tree grew out again.

Lumian and his team failed to hit their target, allowing them to re-materialize their forms.

Around them, cracked soil erupted with brown tree roots that shot out from all directions, covering the sky and earth.

Lumian's spiritual intuition told him that being struck by these roots would likely mean death, or worse, losing control.

Death wasn't terrifying-each team member had a Mirror Substitution-but losing control was something even a Demoness of Unaging couldn't resist!

Dense fog suddenly surged in the area, enveloping Lumian's group and dozens of kilometers of wilderness.

The brown tree roots emerging from the ground were also shrouded by the Fog of War, losing their target, unable to find a trace, stupidly freezing in midair.

Near the sky-supporting giant oak tree, Lumian's team's figures suddenly outlined.

They surrounded the massive entity from different directions, each holding a black flame sword that restrained destruction and violence.

Immediately after, they successively struck with the Swords of Destruction.

This wasn't about being unable to move in unison, but about attacking in waves, maintaining reserves, leaving room to respond to potential enemy surprises.

Silently, the giant oak tree was covered in vibrant green radiance.

Then, it transformed into light and drilled into the ground, instantly vanishing, even preventing Jenna from adjusting the direction of the Sword of Destruction she had deliberately delayed.

Those black flame swords restraining madness fell on the flat, unbroken ground, burning a deep pit, cutting down and burning the remaining brown tree roots to ash.

"Escaping through the earth?" Franca hissed in the mental channel, "This is too hard to fight!"

More importantly, their life force was rapidly depleting, unable to sustain such a battle for long.

Lumian calmly responded, "Proceed as planned."

This was also a reminder to Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig.

As they communicated mentally, dense Fog of War again spread out, making any subsequent attacks unable to lock onto a target.

Thus, Lumian's team fought intensely against the constantly relocating giant oak tree, relying on abilities like Fog of War, collective Teleportation, Weakness Investigation, Sword of Destruction, thunderstorm weather, arrival of winter, Mirror Substitution, and Demoness curses.

After a while, Lumian suddenly said in every team member's mind: Here's the chance!

They Blinked again to the giant oak tree's surroundings. Lumian's azure eyes turned iron-black, revealing the target's pale areas.

Franca let gray-white colors surge forth, rushing to the oak tree's base, attempting to Petrify the soil and bring it under her control, preventing the enemy from quickly moving via the ground.

Facing the sky-supporting behemoth, Jenna smiled and fully displayed the Charm Lumian had shared.

She wanted to make the giant oak tree briefly lose consciousness and fail to dodge in time.

On another side, Anthony quietly approached in a Psychological Invisibility state, condensing a black flame sword, and struck the target's weakness as Lumian suggested.

Ludwig, small in stature, raised a Sword of Destruction much larger than himself, attacking from the front to draw the enemy's attention.

Suddenly, the giant oak tree's branches and leaves swayed, and a wet, bumpy protrusion emerged from its trunk.

The bump quickly split open, birthing a "child".

This "child" was composed of countless intertwined silver-white electric snakes, the lightning previously swallowed, now "reborn".

Crack!

The "child" instantly disintegrated, terrifying, bright lightning sweeping the surroundings.

Anthony's body instantly shattered, and Ludwig, Franca, and Jenna also broke into numerous mirror fragments.

Lumian's figure didn't break, only fading.

He was just a Mirror Projection from Franca's lake-blue eyes!

Lumian's true body appeared seven or eight kilometers away, holding a Sword of Destruction with contained, unreleased power.

The black flame sword instantly struck the edge of Paramita.

A nauseating sharp crack sound emerged, instantly slicing a deep, twisted, hideous fissure. Beyond the crack, pure color blocks layered, and various spirit realm creatures had long since fled.

Using the Sword of Destruction, Lumian forcibly carved a path to the outside world from Paramita!

From the beginning, he never intended to entangle too long with the giant oak tree, suspected to be an activated relic of Omebella. His real plan was: if they couldn't quickly resolve the target, force it near Paramita's edge, then use their intense battle to hide their true purpose, approach the realm's edge, attack with five people to distract it, allowing his true body to seize the opportunity and use the Sword of Destruction's special power to tear through the barrier and escape!

A Hunter was brave, not foolish. Why persist in fighting on the enemy's predetermined battlefield, contrary to Mr. Fool's revelation?

The initial battle was for this retreat!

"Go!" When Lumian's voice rang in Jenna and the others' minds, he had already activated the black mark on his right shoulder, bringing all team members through that terrifying crack, successfully escaping Paramita.

This time, he didn't plan to rely on the contract ability Teleportation, only using it to sense multiple spirit world coordinates and complete positioning.

With positioning, Angels could directly traverse the spirit world!

In the deep, dark special mirror world.

Zaratul, wearing a black robe, with white hair and eyes of unpierced black darkness, leaned to one side, quietly waiting.

Suddenly, He stood up and said solemnly. "My wish is:

"To make Lumian and the others enter the mirror world."

He immediately fulfilled His own wish.

In Lumian'and Franca's eyes, the spirit world, originally composed of dense, pure color blocks, suddenly became dark and profound. A massive suction force rose from below, involuntarily dragging them down into a bottomless depth.

In Paramita, that giant oak tree stopped relocating. gradually withering and shrinking back to a seven or eight-meter trunk.

In a hotel room in the New City of Silver.

Reinette Tinekerr, carrying four blonde, red-eyed heads and wearing a dark, complex black dress, emerged from the spirit world.

Her eight eyes simultaneously looked at the ground, seeing the Mother card.

This Card of Blasphemy was stained with a faint trace of blood.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1104: Catastrophe

In their rapid descent, Lumian, Franca, and Jenna, as Beyonders of the Demoness pathway, quickly realized they were in the depths of the mirror world.

Just as they were about to use their inherent qualities to lead the entire team away from the area filled with spacetime turbulence and return to the real world, a figure appeared in the deep, dark surroundings.

The figure wore a gray, old-fashioned long dress, with thick and long hair cascading like a waterfall. Her blue eyes were more crystalline than gemstones, with a delicate, small chin and moist, glossy red lips. She was a beautiful, mature woman with an exceptional temperament.

Seeing this figure, Franca's mind instantly buzzed.

She recognized her.

She had seen this gray-dressed woman's Mirror Projection with the Demoness of Black.

As a newly appointed Saint of the Demoness Sect, she had no choice but to meet her.

This was the matriarch of the Demoness of Gray, the divine child of the Primordial Demoness, the Demoness of Gray Judith!

Judith was a Sequence 2 Demoness of Catastrophe. She looked at Lumian and the others, raising Her exquisite and beautiful articulated wrist with a charming smile.

She was about to bring disaster.

And for the mirror world, what could truly be called a catastrophe?

Of course, it would be a complete collapse, swallowed by spacetime turbulence!

Silently, Lumian saw the deep, dark surroundings begin to peel away, like a mirror cracking, with fragments falling off the surface.

Indescribable spacetime turbulence swept in.

Franca and the others, who were originally far from the turbulence in the mirror world's depths, were suddenly thrown into a scene of world-ending collapse.

Lumian had no time to think, activating the black mark on his right shoulder to Teleport the entire team out of the area.

However, the spacetime turbulence had already surged in, weakening the team's connections. Though they were close, they seemed to be in different worlds. Simultaneously, Lumian's perception of external coordinates became imprecise, blurry, and chaotic.

Lumian did not hesitate and used Teleportation.

Although this forced Teleportation would cause Franca and the others to be affected by the spacetime turbulence and randomly sent to different destinations, the weakest team member was still a Sequence 4 Saint. As long as they could escape this area of turbulent disaster, whether still in the mirror world, entering the spirit world, or returning to the real world, they could ensure their safety to some extent. Afterward, they would have many ways to regroup.

Just before the spacetime turbulence completely engulfed them, they instantly disappeared.

…

Franca's figure took shape in a phantom, dark tunnel of the mirror world.

She felt that the distance between her and Lumian was certainly more than 10 kilometers, as she could no longer share the Angel-level power.

She used the Mirror Substitution Lumian had left with her to quickly perform Magic Mirror Divination while turning into a new tunnel following her spiritual intuition. Ɍ

She wanted to reunite with Lumian. This was to enhance his strength, as a Hunter with a team was much more powerful than one without!

Suddenly, a void of black darkness appeared before her, and the spider web-like tunnels behind her were dyed gray-white, solidifying into stone, no longer passable.

At this moment, a figure stood in the mirror-behind area before Franca.

The figure had black hair twisted into a high bun, wearing a pure black court dress, with deep gray eyes bright yet tinged with a hint of sadness. It was the Demoness of Black Clarice.

Next to Clarice, a high platform was built from gray-white stones, with a white bone-carved figurine of the Primordial Demoness placed at the top.

Franca stopped at the edge of this mirror-behind area, instinctively displaying a smile, as if trying to slip by. 'Madame, what are you doing?'

The Demoness of Black looked at her, with a smile that was not quite a smile.

'Praying to the Primordial One, of course.'

Before her words finished, she suddenly saw gray-white colors surging towards her.

Franca's previous smile and words were merely to deceive the Demoness of Black, making her believe she would not be ambushed. By the time this color-named Demoness actually began to respond, Franca had already decisively launched an attack, leaving no room for retreat!

…

Jenna stopped.

She was somewhat stunned to discover that the mirror tunnel before her had been broken off, just like a bridge in the real world. This was a phenomenon she had never encountered before while traversing the mirror world, seemingly only possible in areas near spacetime turbulence.

Where does this lead? Has the path been artificially cut off? Jenna's thoughts raced, but she did not linger or seek an answer.

She took the Mirror Substitution Lumian had left with her and chose to bypass the interrupted tunnel, moving closer to her spiritual guidance.

She intuitively believed that Lumian was in this isolated place, and there was certainly a way to enter.

…

In a certain part of the mirror world.

Ludwig, dressed in children's formal wear, stood between spider web-like phantom paths, hesitating whether to go left or right.

He felt a calling from deep within his heart or a longed-for food on the right side, but the left side represented his godfather.

After a moment's hesitation, Ludwig's figure swiftly became transparent, turning into a wraith.

He projected himself as a wraith into the left mirror tunnel.

…

After discovering he had not yet left the mirror world, Anthony immediately lowered his head and began chanting in Hermes, 'The Fool that doesn't belong to this era,

'The mysterious ruler above the gray fog,

'The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.

'…'

After briefly reporting their situation to Mr. Fool, Anthony used Psychological Invisibility and shuttled into the depths of the phantom tunnel before him.

His Ice Mirror Charm was not yet used up!

…

In a pitch-black castle in the Southern Continent.

The Moon Emlyn restrained his surging spirituality, pondering the reason Duke Round Moon Olmer had him search for Alex.

Is He suspicious that Alexis has come to the Southern Continent?

Seeking refuge with the Rose School of Thought?

Just as he thought this, Mr. Moon saw a figure rapidly taking shape in the room.

The figure knelt on one knee and bowed. 'My Lord, I've received intelligence that the Rose School of Thought captured Massaru half an hour ago.'

He was a Traveler cultivated by Mr. Moon, having specially traded Beyonder characteristics from Madam Magician.

Mr. Moon Emlyn couldn't help but furrow his brow.

Is something big going to happen tonight?

In recent times, the situation in the Southern Continent had actually been trending towards calm. First, organizations like the Rose School of Thought had reduced their activities, hiding deeper, similar to the cults of the Northern Continent. Second, after Mr. Fool's initial awakening, He had promoted reconciliation between the Royals of the Numinous Episcopate and the orthodox Churches. Subsequently, colonial institutions of Northern Continent countries would gradually withdraw from the Southern Continent, returning governance to local populations. To avoid chaos and a vacuum for order, this would be a dragged-out process.

Southern Continent populations would have religious freedom. As long as it didn't involve evil gods, they could believe in deities like Death or Mr. Fool, and could continue believing in the orthodox gods of the Northern Continent.

Meanwhile, the Royals of the Numinous Episcopate promised Mr. Fool political-religious separation.

They also provided substantial intelligence to the orthodox Churches, helping Mr. Star and Mr. Moon uncover several hidden bases of the Rose School of Thought.

The Moon Emlyn knew that Northern Continent countries and orthodox Churches made such significant concessions because Mr. Fool, this great existence, had initially awakened, and everyone shared a common enemy: other great existences.

Under these circumstances, after ensuring the orthodox Churches did not lose too many believers, even if the governments of Northern Continent countries had objections or wanted to overturn everything, they could only swallow their pride and agree.

The Moon Emlyn's understanding was: In this world, Beyonder power is the source of all authority!

Before Mr. Fool's apotheosis, liberating the Southern Continent from colonial status would have been impossible, even after numerous wars, because the orthodox gods' interests were aligned in this matter.

Once he became a great existence and initially awakened, this problem was easily resolved.

Their current primary contradiction was those great existences who would destroy everything!

One had to distinguish between primary and secondary contradictions when doing things.

Emlyn took a deep breath, summoned the castle's strongholds, and transformed into crimson moonlight, rushing directly toward Massaru.

Before he even approached, he saw a massive entity appear within the city.

It was a 'mountain' composed of mixed corpses and earth—male corpses, female corpses, elder corpses, child corpses—all piled together.

Residents of Massaru City, whether from the Northern or Southern Continent, had all been killed and stacked into a 'mountain' pointing to the sky.

Simultaneously, cults in many parts of the Northern and Southern Continents, having accumulated certain power, were frantically creating disasters, forcing the Angels and Saints of the orthodox Churches to extinguish fires everywhere.

…

Lumian's figure had just materialized in a part of the mirror world when he saw the Demoness of Gray Judith standing not far away.

Some intense convergence phenomenon had made them 'meet' again.

Lumian narrowed his eyes, letting out a low growl.

It was like the first drum beaten on a battlefield.

With this growl, Lumian's body began to expand, his surface once again covered by an iron-black armor formed from flames.

A drop of blood-red emerged at his forehead, vivid and dripping like a battle flag. One side of his face became soft, delicate, and brilliant, while the other remained handsome but increasingly masculine and sharp.

In Paramita, isolated internally and externally, he couldn't use the most powerful ability of a Weather Warlock. But now, the mirror world itself belonged to that individual's domain.

He had sacrificed the ultimate power of the Calamity pathways, seeking assistance!

Lumian revealed a Mythical Creature form over ten meters high, holding a black flame great sword formed by the Fire of Destruction, taking a step to arrive before the Demoness of Gray Judith and slashing down.

The surrounding spider web-like phantom tunnels collapsed simultaneously, giving Judith no chance to escape this area.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1105: Waiting

Facing Lumian's attack, Demoness of Gray Judith smiled serenely and calmly.

The phantom tunnel where She was located collapsed on its own, and along with Herself, before the Sword of Destruction could strike, fell piece by piece like toppled building blocks, cascading like a waterfall.

Disaster preemptively engulfed Her, time and space storms swept through, and only then came Lumian's black flame great sword.

By the time this area completely dissolved into nothingness, the terrifying and indescribable time-space turbulence flowed chaotically in the dark depths. In another phantom and dark tunnel, Demoness of Gray Judith's figure strangely emerged.

She was clearly stalling Lumian, preventing him from returning to the real world.

Lumian changed direction and took another step to arrive before the Demoness of Gray, slashing out the Sword of Destruction.

…

Deep beneath the Tree of Shadow, the brown-green trunk of the Tree of Shadow was completely shrouded in gray-white fog.

The mottled bark, settled desires, and ancient scenes gradually presented a phantasmal texture under the erosion of fog of history.

The historical shall return to history!

Abstract things could become substantial, and could also be defined as pure concepts.

The Lord of Mysteries could turn the true to false, and the false to true, with the distinction between true and false no longer clear!

As the gray-white fog continuously eroded the Tree of Shadow, the figure of Mr. Fool wearing black gloves, holding a star-studded staff, and dressed in a deep black trench coat suddenly appeared with a flickering sensation.

The star-studded staff lit up with brilliant radiance.

In a part of the mirror world, Mr. Fool took a step, quickly flickering beyond what normal human eyes could capture.

Before him were multiple phantom tunnels that had been interrupted, with all-consuming darkness flooding the collapsed area, blocking the path.

Mr. Fool spoke in a low voice, at an extremely rapid pace, 'My, wish, is:

'The, original, state, here, restored.'

After each pronunciation, there was a pause, but this pause was not obvious and did not affect the rapid delivery of speech, only making some syllables seem to come from an extremely distant place.

As soon as the voice fell, a miracle occurred: those phantom and dark tunnels became whole again, once more able to freely traverse.

…

Seeing the mirror tunnels in spider web formation successfully repaired,Red Angel Medici, leaning against the edge of the mirror's rear area, picked up the apple in His hand and took a smiling bite.

Medici, who had already condensed an iron-black blood-stained armor with defense not much inferior to same-tier Warrior pathway Beyonders, did not rush to move forward. Instead, He continued waiting at His original location, awaiting potential subsequent mutations and possible interlopers.

As a Hunter, one of the keys to success was patience—patiently waiting for prey to enter the trap, waiting for all variables and accidents to reveal themselves, finding the true weak point, and then delivering a fatal strike to complete the harvest.

Last time, Medici had overlooked the possibility of Alista Tudor actively choosing to be mad. This time, He would not exclude those irrational choices.

…

Lumian, standing more than ten meters tall, was engulfed in deep red, violet flames, yet his face retained a human form—one side brilliant, the other handsome, with a blood-red, thorn-like mark at his forehead threatening to burst forth.

The Demoness of Gray was about to employ Her usual trick and dodge the enemy's frontal assault when Her mind suddenly trembled.

She instantly felt the opponent was tall, majestic, terrifying, strong, and charismatic—involuntarily wanting to submit.

Even more horrifying was the sense of facing the source, facing a deity, facing the embodiment of destruction and apocalypse.

This caused Her body and mind to briefly lose self-awareness, unable to respond effectively in time.

Conquest!

Lumian had obtained the power of conquest through sacrificing to the City of Calamity, supplemented with a hint of sefirah-quality conquest power.

Now, he was a genuine City of Calamity priest, the high priest of war's essence!

The Demoness of Gray froze in place. Lumian's iron-black eyes, revealing pale regions, slashed down the black great sword burning with the Fire of Destruction.

Simultaneously, the mirror world around the Demoness of Gray fractured in all directions—up, down, left, right, front, and back. Each fragment was 'conquered' as a soldier, transforming into large and small black flame-composed short arrows, restrained with violence and destruction, swooshing toward Judith.

These densely packed, impenetrable arrows seemed to weave a net of destruction, with Judith as the massive fish caught within.

Boom!

The Sword of Destruction cleaved into the Demoness of Gray's shoulder, and the black flame short arrows hit the target from all directions.

Cracking sounds rang out continuously, and Demoness of Gray Judith's Mirror Substitutions exploded simultaneously, without exception.

Now Her form in the mirror, but even Her form in the real world was affected by Cull and the Sword of Destruction, suddenly erupting in black flames and burning to ash.

Only those sleeping mirrors She had hidden in multiple places, having severed most of Her mystical connections, were spared.

And She would need considerable time to resurrect through these means.

After dispatching the Demoness of Gray, Lumian's body suddenly shrank, the blood-colored pennant between his brows gradually receding, yet seeming to still writhe.

He made no delay, nor considered pursuing the Demoness of Gray, immediately wanting to escape the mirror world and then find a way to reunite with Franca, Jenna, and the others.

In an instant, he sensed something and cast his gaze toward one of the illusory tunnels.

He felt true safety lay there.

Lumian's figure turned ethereal, about to traverse through.

Just then, his thoughts abruptly stiffened, and a slick yet marvelous sensation spread across his surface.

He saw thick black hair like serpents emerging from nowhere, coiling around him, their tips either embedded with black and white eyes or bearing venomous snake heads, mouths slightly open, tongues protruding.

Lumian also saw that under the gaze of those black and white eyes, his body had turned gray-white, transforming into stone, unable to use any abilities.

He was layer upon layer wrapped by those thick, serpent-like, slick and slightly damp black hairs in his stone state.

The only thing he could do now was commit suicide.

Suddenly, a gentle, soft female voice with a hint of laughter whispered in his ear, 'I have been waiting for you for a long time.'

This voice scratched at Lumian's soul, making his entire body feel itchy, and even petrified, he sank into it, not wanting to break free.

A name spontaneously flashed in his mind: Primordial Demoness Cheek!

Two pure, delicate white hands stretched from behind and gently caressed Lumian's cheeks.

These beautiful hands were not yet perfect, but they could evoke the most primitive and intense desires of anyone who saw them, instantly propelling them to heavenly pleasure from which they could never escape.

Just by being seen.

Lumian in his petrified state was equally affected, his mind almost completely blank.

The reason it was not entirely blank was because he saw his mirror self was also dragged out from hiding by those thick, slick black serpent-like hairs, his body gray-white, because a curvaceous, icy yet inexplicably fiery body was pressed against his back.

That body cradled his face, dragging him with black hair deeper into the mirror world, rapidly retreating into that special mirror world.

Mr. Fool Blinked into this area, just in time to see Lumian being embraced from behind by an infinitely charming, vaguely discernible figure in the special mirror world, being dragged inside.

His black trench coat suddenly lifted.

Fooled!

Simultaneously, a dozen-meter-tall figure appeared before Lumian.

It was a female, wearing a dress seemingly made of white bones, her black hair like venomous giant serpents—long, thick, and slick, with snake heads at the tips or rolling black and white eyes, turning everything around her to stone, releasing various mystical pathogens.

Her beauty of countenance had transcended human limits, reaching a conceptual level. All living beings and all things would be infatuated and entranced by Her slightest expression, perpetually in ecstasy. Even rules and concepts seemed reluctant to constrain Her, to oppose Her.

Mr. Fool's Fooling instantly took effect, causing Her azure, ocean-like, gem-crystal eyes to suddenly become clouded.

But Her charm did not diminish by half; instead, it presented a different seduction.

This momentarily stunned Mr. Fool.

In that instant of stunned silence, the area outside the special mirror world, along with the Primordial Demoness Cheek's figure, moved toward apocalypse, instantly condensing into an exceptionally dangerous darkness.

By the time Mr. Fool made his own wish and satisfied his own wish, restoring the original scene, Lumian's figure had already disappeared into the deep, dark region representing the special mirror world.

Mr. Fool's flickering figure raised the star-studded staff in his hand, materializing a night sky full of brilliant stars before him.

Those stars quickly formed a directional, dreamlike key, forcibly opening the barrier of the special mirror world, pinpointing Lumian's current location.

Just as Mr. Fool was about to Wander in, a strange black surge suddenly emerged at the edge of that deep darkness, forming an abnormally massive, extremely distorted phantasm that resembled a human yet had many non-human features.

This phantasm looked across the special mirror world's barrier, crazy yet incredibly silent, watching Mr. Fool, as if waiting for him to come.

Mr. Fool stopped Wandering and similarly watched the phantasm in silence.

In a mirror rear area not far from here, Red Angel Medici, leaning against the hard mirror surface, brought the red apple in His hand to His mouth and took another bite.

Within the crisp sound, He muttered softly, 'Cheek indeed appeared.

'But She is not weak at all. In fact, She seems even stronger…'

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1106: Whispers

Jenna swiftly traversed through the mirror world's phantom tunnels, dense as a spider's web, finally finding a path leading to her destination.

She arrived before the special mirror world, seeing Mr. Fool standing quietly, his figure constantly flickering, his image almost exactly matching the description in church scriptures, and also seeing the distorted phantasms nearly covering the special mirror world's edges.

Upon witnessing the massive phantasm that was both human and non-human, Jenna suddenly felt an intense desire for destruction surge within her, wanting to spread disaster and indulge in pleasure.

She almost failed to suppress the godhood that was originally not very prominent within her.

What is this? Jenna was terrified and bewildered, barely managing to control her emotions and desires.

…

In the mirror rear area standing with gray-white stone platforms and white bone statues.

Franca and Demoness of Black Clarice had battled for a while. Besides shattering several Mirror Substitutions and transforming the place into a gray-white stone cave, neither had suffered substantial injury.

Seizing the opportunity when the Mirror Projection shattered and her own form emerged at the mirror rear area's edge, the Demoness of Black looked at Franca, unable to hide her surprise, "You've significantly digested the Unaging potion?"

Clearly, she was not surprised that Franca had become a Demoness of Unaging, but that the other's condition was excellent, with emotions and desires effectively controlled, unaffected by her own active Charm.

This did not resemble a Demoness of Unaging who had advanced just a few months ago.

After all, the digestion of a Demoness of Unaging was measured in centuries. The newly advanced might need several years, or even over a decade, to be in an unstable state of emotions and desire. Even facing an equally-leveled Demoness's Charm, they would find it difficult to resist, unless she was deeply in love or had just experienced a soul-stirring passion she would die for.

Franca was also glad to talk and delay time, waiting for an opportunity.

While dodging the Demoness of Black's new wave of attacks, she laughed and asked back.

"Would you lose control if I said I've completely digested the Unaging potion?"

She was boasting about a fact that would be unbelievable to other Demonesses of Unaging, attempting to provoke an emotional fluctuation in the Demoness of Black.

And with an emotional fluctuation, she might be able to Charm the target, inducing admiration that would prevent them from attacking, leading to defeat.

The Demoness of Black's gaze suddenly solidified.

She clearly was unwilling to believe Franca could digest the Unaging potion in just a few months-a process that normally took hundreds of years-but the other's excellent condition seemed to corroborate that statement.

Taking advantage of the Demoness of Black's emotional turbulence, Franca smiled charmingly.

This made Demoness of Black Clarice's heart beat faster, just like the first time she experienced feminine charm from the Primordial Demoness figurine.

With her experience, she immediately knew something was wrong, and let her mirror self emerge from another side, using Charm on herself.

Charming herself!

With a whoosh, Franca, who had put on the Face of the Arcane at some point in time, shot out a clear light column from her eye protection surrounded by gears, springs, and rivets, which instantly landed on the Demoness of Black.

Caught between two Charm forces, the Demoness of Black regained some clarity and preemptively used a Mirror Substitution.

Her body devolved into a mirror, completely split, floating down as microscopic fragments.

The Demoness of Black's mirror self walked out, then was intercepted by Franca's mirror self.

At the Demoness of Unaging stage, the Demonesses' mirror selves could not directly engaged when battling in the real world. But if the battlefield was in the mirror world, with the main body entering, Demonesses could attack the enemy together with their mirror selves, essentially a two-against-one situation.

The Demoness of Black who had escaped the attack quickly appeared on another side of the mirror rear area, her face smiling, showing no anger.

"I told you before that the Primordial One has two hidden honorific names. Do you want to know them now?"

Telling those two hidden honorific names now? Isn't this a trap? Franca responded without hesitation.

"Nope!"

The Demoness of Black's figure suddenly layered and multiplied, everywhere, like entering a maze made entirely of mirrors.

Her voice transmitted from all directions into Franca's ears.

"The fourth honorific name is:

"The Female Body of the Primordial God Almighty!"

The Female Body of the Primordial God Almighty?

Fu#k! Franca was stunned for a moment, nearly getting hit by the Demoness of Black, barely escaping the crisis by preemptively using a Mirror Substitution.

…

The eastern part of the Sonia Sea, the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

At the peaks of the endless mountain ranges, that darkness suddenly expanded to transparency.

Within the transparency, a massive cross was vaguely visible, with two people nailed to it-one head down, feet up, the other feet up, head down, yet sharing a single body, like conjoined infants.

Beneath this cross was a chaotic water surface that seemed to encompass all colors and all possibilities. Something beneath the water appeared to be grasping the cross's base, pulling it toward the earth's depths, causing it to slowly sink.

…

In an indescribable darkness.

Lumian, now a gray-white stone statue with only a remnant of thought, suddenly smelled a fragrance like night flowers blooming, the very breath most yearned for in every male heart.

The white bone-like long dress fell before his eyes, dropping to the ground, revealing a perfect torso that would drive even stones to impulse, that would make

even rules violate themselves.

Those slick, long, serpent-like black hairs began to gently glide on Lumian's body. That moonlike torso sat in Lumian's lap, entwining him without bones.

Heat and coldness emerged simultaneously, with a moist sensation rippling and flowing between the two bodies.

Lumian was like being nakedly coiled by a massive python, gently rubbing, and yet seemingly enveloped by the most charming pleasure, alternating between heaven and hell.

Serpent-like slick black hair, white and exquisite beautiful hands, moistened and slightly parted pink lips, delicate skin that seemed it would break at a touch yet was full of elasticity-these rotated and approached Lumian's face, neck, chest, and abdomen, sometimes lightly touching, sometimes closely pressing, sometimes gently caressing, sometimes wanting to be one with him.

The previous soft, gentle voice became seductive, low-sobbing with joy when Lumian reached heaven, and floating near dream-talk when he fell into hell.

"Whether the remnant souls in the River of Eternal Darkness or the Beyonder characteristics in the Blue Avenger's treasury are not the true reliance for Tudor's resurrection...

"If they can work, very good; if not, it doesn't matter, as long as they can create someone like you...

"Tudor's true resurrection is laid out here with me..."

The voice brought a hidden sweet ambiguous fragrance, making even this stone statue's "blood vessels swell" until gray-white cracks appeared.

Sweet, fragrant breath blew into his ear, rising and falling, accompanied by a hint of laughter.

"Tudor is willing to trust me, and I will not disappoint Him…

"Do you know why only Judith's descendants remain of His offspring, while others no longer exist?

"I cursed them, with direct curses, with curses of destiny...

"Now, Tudor can only rely on me..."

The remnant of Lumian's consciousness inexplicably generated fear amidst these words.

He did not know why Primordial Demoness Cheek was coupling with him at this moment, why She wanted to control his pleasure and pain, why She was saying these words.

He only knew this true Demoness was mad.

A slightly hoarse voice pressed against Lumian's body, laughing softly in his ear.

"I am very satisfied with this body; it will belong to Tudor...

"I have waited for over a thousand years, finally finding the best opportunity. This can both resurrect Tudor and complete His and my unfinished dreams...

"Do you know what the Demoness pathway symbolizes?"

Lumian could not answer, for he was now just a gray-white stone statue, entering heaven amidst ultimate pleasure.

The marvelous female voice had a breathy sound to it.

"It symbolizes catastrophe and apocalypse, and also symbolizes the feminine side of that initial Creator.

"The Hunter pathway, what does it symbolize? It symbolizes war and destruction, and also symbolizes the masculine side of that initial Creator.

"Do you know that the initial Creator was both mad and rational, both self-destructive and wanting to survive?

"What do you think such a Creator would do while self- destructing?

"Why would He create an invisible barrier to block the Outer Deities, preventing Them from chaotically plundering and initiating the convergence?

"As the source of rationality and wisdom, doesn't He want a stable existence?"

Even with his mind almost completely blank, Lumian now had an extra thought.

Simultaneously, he vaguely perceived the purpose of the Primordial Demoness coupling with him and speaking these words.

Balancing yin and yang, correcting the state, making the final preparation for Alista Tudor's resurrection...

The breathing grew heavier, alternating between low sobs and laughter, the female voice asked near Lumian's throat, "Do you know what the Oldest One's feminine side plus the Oldest One's masculine side equals?

"When the feminine and masculine sides of something combine, what do they become?"

Lumian's final thoughts suddenly froze.

…

In the mirror rear area filled with gray-white stones.

Frightened by the Primordial Demoness's fourth honorific name, Franca immediately fell into a disadvantage, barely surviving the most difficult stage.

She could die and wait to resurrect herself in the sleeping mirror, but that would waste too much time.

At this moment, the voice of Demoness of Black Clarice came from the side.

"The fifth honorific name of the Primordial One is..."

Franca wanted to stop her but could not find a suitable method; comparatively, deafening herself would be more convenient.

Before she could take action, the subsequent words of the Demoness of Black echoed with a hint of laughter.

"The fifth honorific name of the Primordial One is:

"The original Creator - the Oldest One - in the mirror!"

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1107: Role

The original Creator—in the mirror? Has the Primordial Demoness gone mad? To actually give Herself such a title, and moreover, to actually be able to point to Herself? Franca had originally prepared herself mentally not to be shocked or surprised, to prevent the Demoness of Black from launching a surprise attack, but the actual situation still exceeded her expectations.

The honorific name 'The Female Body of the Primordial God Almighty' was actually understandable after her initial shock—Lumian had previously suspected that the great terror deep within the special mirror world was related to the resurrection of the Primordial God Almighty, so the Primordial Demoness, who was closely involved with this matter and controlled it to a certain extent, quietly becoming 'The Female Body of the Primordial God' was terrifying but not entirely unexpected.

But 'The original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror' completely surpassed their imagination!

Why would the Primordial Demoness think She could bear such a title?

What great terror had She and Alista Tudor actually orchestrated deep within the special mirror world?

Could it be that They are about to destroy and recreate the world?

…

Deep within the special mirror world.

Primordial Demoness Cheek seemed like someone who hadn't had anyone to talk to for a long time or perhaps harbored some dangerous intention. Ignoring the frozen thoughts of the statue-like Lumian, She let out a low, ragged breath as cracks spread in the grayish-white surface, laughing in a rising and falling rhythm as She spoke,

'Plus, huff… the mirror world belongs to the Demoness pathway, huff…

'The answer becomes… huff… very… huff… very clear…

'The original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror…'

Lumian's mind was like fireworks exploding, with colors of all kinds, both beautiful and dangerous.

His face was cupped by those pure white, delicate hands, with bare arms like white jade art pieces connecting to the torso that had drawn a final line with charm itself. Countless black hairs, snake-like, glided all over his body, slick with a hint of sweat.

The marvelous female voice that made Lumian's very soul want to draw near sometimes was on his left side, sometimes ran to his right, sometimes descended to his chest with a wet sensation.

'The Primordial God Almighty… hoh… who accommodated the City of Calamity, knows very well… huff… this point…

'His resurrection arrangement… huff… had one part in the Chaos Sea and the five pathways corresponding to the Chaos Sea… huff… and another part hidden in the City of Calamity… huff… hidden in the Demoness and Hunter pathways…

'When the Demoness who commands chaos… huff… meets and combines with the Red Priest, huff, He will become the Trinity, in the City of Calamity, within the Chaos Demoness and the Red Priest… huff… simultaneously resurrecting, ultimately… hoh… forming a whole, returning in the mirror…

'Huff… but He perished too early, some things were not quite like the expected and arranged…

'The City of Calamity… huff… was sealed in the Western Continent, preventing Him from quickly becoming the Trinity, gathering all calamities, and moreover… huff… there was another change on the City of Calamity's side…

'His consciousness revived in me and Tudor, oh, Tudor, but without the City of Calamity's resonance and linkage, that consciousness grew very slowly… huff… suppressed and controlled by us…

'And, hoh… the place where we consummated was not the ordinary mirror world… huff… but the special mirror world created by Bethel…

'Bethel had already accommodated… huff… the Uniqueness of the Door pathway and all Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics… huff… and by the special nature of the Door pathway, self-sealed to prevent convergence, stopping Himself from becoming a god… hoh… but He also sensed the terrifying revival of the Celestial Worthy within Him… huff… The Fourth Epoch was not suitable for the three Mysteries pathways to become divine… □□

'Bethel created the special mirror world… huff… voluntarily, but whether there was an influence from godhood, no one knows…

'When the initial feminine and masculine sides, the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty, and the special mirror world created by the Mysteries pathways combined, the development of things deviated from the Primordial God Almighty's arrangement!'

The female voice, now slightly hoarse, no longer panted and suddenly became high-pitched, like a swan forcefully bending its neck backward.

The Oldest One's body of both male and female… plus the power of the two direct pillars belonging to the Oldest One… Lumian, who had fallen into hell from desire, suddenly understood why the mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—had appeared.

In this matter, the Celestial Worthy unconsciously or with a bit of consciousness applied influence, trying to prevent the Primordial God Almighty's resurrection. As a result, the development exceeded everyone's expectations. A true, unknown great horror was born in the depths of the special mirror world, causing the Celestial Worthy's plan to defeat Mr. Fool by using the Mirror Person's 'splitting oneself to clinch victory' to suffer a complete failure.

The female voice was no longer hoarse, becoming low and gentle, very smooth.

'The mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—was thus born, but His consciousness was very weak, like all newborn infants…

'This gives me and you a chance, not only to suppress the Primordial One's revival of His consciousness but also a chance to become the true Creator…

'This is also dangerous, and the corresponding effort is the craziest behavior in this world, but you're not afraid—this is when you're most charming…

'Tudor and I attempted to merge with the original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror, one bearing the feminine side, one containing the masculine side, and then use this to control the City of Calamity, so we can be both separated and joined, both unified and contradictory, both whole and divided…

'This seems to be the only way for the Oldest One to stably exist, an unverified method…

'Now you've come, you even have the twin child of the Mother Goddess of Depravity on you, the seal of the River of Eternal Darkness. With all of this combined, the mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—might be able to enter reality…

'By then, the mirror world will have a sun, will have a moon, will have stars, will have everything from the outside world, becoming exactly the same as reality…'

The gentle and smooth female voice gradually became heavy, mixing up the use of 'you' and 'Tudor' pronouns, seemingly wanting 'you' and 'Tudor' to ultimately become the same.

It carried a hint of laughter, and sweet lips blocked Lumian's mouth, the voice echoing in his oral cavity.

'Adam wanted to nurture you to accommodate the City of Calamity, but the first time I saw you, I felt that this body was prepared for Tudor and me. You should not become the Origins of Disaster, the Calamity of Destruction, you should be the original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror, be Tudor, also be Cheek…'

At this point, the tongue that brought countless stimulations and pleasures retracted, sighing and reminiscing. 'Our attempts gradually bore fruit, we could truly merge, but Adam sensed something was wrong. Those fellows also had a dangerous premonition, and the War of the Four Emperors broke out…

'Some wanted to deal with us, others attacked their enemies in the chaos…

'I actually wanted to kill Adam before we started trying, to prevent Him from discovering our plan. You also supported this, but that fellow ran faster than anyone and hid deeper than anyone…

'Unfortunately, our union was not yet complete, and we had so many enemies…

'In the last moment, Tudor wanted to forcibly complete the merger, using this to pull all other sefirot from the Western Continent, dragging the entire world to die, waiting for the Creator's symbolic manifestation in death…

'This was too crazy. Our dream was not yet complete, we had not yet become the original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror. I decided to let you die for a while, and then resurrect you later…

'I dealt Tudor the critical blow. Salinger completed His life's culling, sending His soul into the River of Eternal Darkness…

'Later, I went to Salinger, to resurrect you, to make Him deal with those seven self-proclaimed orthodox gods…

'Salinger, influenced by someone, actually relied on a tributary of the River of Eternal Darkness to forcibly accommodate the Red Priest's Uniqueness, going half-mad…

'This was good. This way, you would have a chance to resurrect in His body, and a half-mad person is easier to manipulate…

'I wanted to manipulate Him to collect Tudor's corpse in Fourth Epoch Trier, merge it with Himself, manipulate Him to touch the special mirror world, so you could be resurrected…

'Everything was originally going smoothly, but then an accident occurred…'

The female voice suddenly became heavy, as if suppressing Her own madness.

'Salinger's forced accommodation of the Red Priest's Uniqueness actually caused an aberration in the original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror, producing a certain self-awareness…

'She was exactly like me, just preferring to wear a black bone dress. She even said She was a pure female, heh, sometimes I can't help but wonder if it's not that the mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—gained self-awareness, but that my own spirit and personality split…

'To suppress Her, to continue merging, I had to let the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty in me further revive, seeking a certain balance…

'Since then, I've had to suppress the Primordial One's consciousness while fighting against the black version of myself, spending most of my time here, unable to effectively interfere with the outside world…

'Fortunately, the problem is not severe, only that my direct descendants and I will intermittently experience separation and loss of personality, spirit, consciousness, and memory…'

As she spoke, when Lumian reached an unprecedented state of pleasure, the female voice laughed.

'Now, your state is suitable, you will be equivalent to Tudor…

'Do not expect help from The Fool. He has only just initially awakened and is not yet a truly great existence. The mirror Creator influenced by me is enough to block Him…

'As for Adam's side, there are other problems…'

In Lumian's blurry vision, a pair of white, smooth arms that seemed to have a luster lifted a somewhat peculiar crown, rusty and stained with blood.

The crown quickly became ethereal, seemingly reduced to countless tiny light points while maintaining its overall shape.

The beautiful hand at the end of the white arm brought the 'crown' to Lumian's head, as if to help him wear it.

No, not wear—those hands forcibly pressed the 'crown' into Lumian's head, without any supplementary ingredients or advancement ritual.

Simultaneously, more white arms appeared, along with the snake-like black hair, entwining Lumian's body in various ways.

Suddenly, a beautiful face pressed close to Lumian's head, with pink lips sighing with joy and satisfaction.

'Who you are is not important…

'What you want to do is not important either…

'What's important is the role you're playing…'

This voice, soft and gentle, echoed outward.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1108: Fusion

As the rusty and blood-cast crown was slowly pressed into Lumian's head, Lumian, who was in a state of continuous pleasure and petrification, suddenly regained a bit of thought. Is this 'crown' the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Hunter pathway, Conqueror?

The one that fell into the Primordial Demoness's hands?

I've only partially digested my Weather Warlock potion...

Forcibly merging the Conqueror Beyonder characteristic with me in this situation, without supplementary ingredients or an advancement ritual, I will inevitably lose control and go mad....

Is this the future pointed to by the letter from the Circle of Inevitability, and the truth of the prophecy by the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture?

Lumian could flash a few thoughts but could not use his abilities, because the snake-like black hair that brought petrification was still entwined around him, and the white body that brought heaven and hell was still on him, encompassing him, embracing him from all directions.

The blood-stained and rusty "crown" gradually sank into Lumian's head, bringing tearing pain, a desire to conquer everything, and violent, mad emotions.

The female voice, filled with laughter and sighs, seductive and charming, once again sounded by Lumian's ear.

"When we truly become the original Creator-the Oldest One-in the mirror, you won't need to worry about the future or the apocalypse. Even if reality is destroyed, as long as there's a mirror left in this universe, the mirror world won't completely shatter. By then, the reality reflected in the mirror world will walk out of the mirror exactly as it was, all buildings will be restored, all humans will be resurrected, and they'll continue living happily-just with their left and right hands' habits reversed...

"I know what you want most is to resurrect your sister Aurore...

"She will definitely be resurrected, and I will eventually merge into this body of yours, becoming one with her...

"By then, I can continue to be your sister...

"Stupid, I am your sister..."

An unspeakable anger suddenly rose in Lumian's heart, but this still couldn't help him escape his current state and predicament.

The next second, a figure appeared in his blurry vision.

The figure was draped in blood-colored long hair, wearing black armor stained with crimson, with a rigid temperament and azure eyes, openly displaying a cruelty and madness ready to destroy everything at any moment.

The mirrored Blood Emperor Alista Tudor!

Lumian instantly understood that the one who had previously persuaded this mirrored Blood Emperor to leave was Primordial Demoness Cheek.

This might be because Lumian had not yet become an Angel at that time, or perhaps because the situation was not yet chaotic, with too many high-ranking figures watching...

The mirrored Alista Tudor looked at Lumian and the white body intertwined, let out a contemptuous laugh, and walked towards Lumian's body.

He gradually became ethereal and shrank, like a human reflected in an ordinary mirror.

Seeing this, Lumian instantly understood what the mirrored Alista Tudor was about to do.

He was going to use the forceful infusion of the Conqueror Beyonder characteristic and the residual Blood Emperor aura in his body to occupy this body and complete His resurrection!

For Tudor, who was originally Sequence 0 Red Priest, both the Weather Warlock and Conqueror Beyonder characteristics could be easily digested without any problems, and He would not lose control or go mad.

Lumian suddenly realized the true purpose of the Circle of Inevitability sending that letter.

He wants to fix this fate of losing control, making it a predetermined end...

This is not targeting me, but the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor He saw, who was about to replace me...

But would Tudor be afraid of going mad?

Would He care about this issue?

…

In the special mirror world, Jenna didn't dare to look directly at the enormous, distorted inhuman silhouette separated by the barrier, nor could she participate in the battle in that area.

She only knew that Mr. Fool had split into multiple crazily flickering human figures, only knew that the area had been destroyed multiple times and then restored to its original state, only knew that she sometimes felt dull, stupid, and her thoughts sluggish, sometimes felt that a segment of the middle process was missing, sometimes showed signs of losing control, and sometimes was in an incredibly good state...

What she also knew was that Mr. Fool seemingly couldn't defeat the distorted silhouette in a short time and enter the depths of the special mirror world. Her spiritual intuition and the mystical connection brought by the Mr. Fool told her that Lumian was at that moment in the depths of the special mirror world.

There was presumably Primordial Demoness Cheek, an unknown great terror. The longer time passed, the higher the possibility that Lumian would completely die or turn into Alista Tudor or some other monster.

For Jenna, each second now felt like an entire year, and many seconds had already passed.

Her heart gradually sank, becoming more and more desperate.

She hated that she couldn't help at all, and couldn't assist Mr. Fool in quickly resolving the battle.

Ironically, her Despair potion was rapidly being digested.

…

Deep within the special mirror world.

The mirrored Blood Emperor, now reduced to normal human size, suddenly had a human figure appear before Him.

This figure was draped in rust-colored long hair, wearing white armor, with iron-black eyes and a high- bridged nose, seemingly cast from the same mold as Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, only with many opposite details in color.

His eyes were rigid and hollow, seemingly possessing only a tiny bit of self-awareness.

The mirrored Alista Tudor overlapped with this figure, beginning to fuse intensely.

Lumian, whose mind was ravaged by violent and conquering emotions, vaguely knew who the Alista Tudor in white full-body armor was.

He was the product of the initial fusion between the Blood Emperor and the mirrored original Creator-the Oldest One-during the Fourth Epoch.

He was the true resurrection arrangement of the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, always kept and protected by Primordial Demoness Cheek.

Now, with the mirrored Alista Tudor and the Sequence 1 Conqueror" Beyonder characteristic's "participation", the resurrection would become easier and more perfect!

The two Tudors, intensely fusing, came to Lumian's side. At this moment, Lumian's head had been opened, and inside was not white brain matter, nor iron-black bones interwoven with violet-tinged fire and symbolic patterns, but a phantasmal blood-stained "crown".

It seemed to be drawing on Lumian's flesh and spirit, merging with itself as the primary, rather than with Lumian.

The overlapping Tudors, still fusing and dropping various colored flames, pressed Their right palm into Lumian's brain, onto the rusty phantasmal "crown".

Their figures instantly entered Lumian's body, and the Blood Emperor residual aura on Lumian's right palm suddenly protruded and expanded, rapidly breaking through the Underworld Daoist's seal and igniting his entire body.

Violent, mad, cruel, and savage mental states swept through like a storm, destroying Lumian's consciousness.

Lumian finally lost that last bit of thought.

The perfect torso entwined with him and still consummating with him covered his body in a thick layer of frost, which did not quickly melt even under the violet flames, thus controlling the fire's burning, maintaining the best rhythm of Lumian and Tudor's fusion.

This torso stood up from Lumian's embrace, separating from him, no longer entangling or restraining him.

A bone-made dress flew up from the ground, draping over this white torso.

Her beautiful face revealed an obvious smile, speaking to the two Tudors still fusing with Lumian, "You haven't reclaimed the Red Priest's Uniqueness. I can't merge with this body's feminine side right now, as that would cause an imbalance, leading to the worst outcome.

"But it's fine. The problems brought by the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness revival are both troublesome and helpful. I can separate a personality containing the Sequence 1 Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder characteristic, partial self-awareness and spirit, like a Visionary, without reducing my current level, just losing corresponding memories and cognition, causing

certain spiritual disabilities…"

The Primordial Demoness spoke, Her expression suddenly twisting, revealing intense pain.

Her arms, shoulders, and head were all cracking.

After several seconds, a figure identical to Her, wearing a bone dress, walked out.

This supremely beautiful figure was wet, as if coated with a liquid containing all colors.

The Primordial Demoness's face returned to normal.

She ignored the self that had crumbled, seeming to have forgotten certain things.

The split-off Primordial Demoness, with the same objective as Her original self, let the bone dress fall to the ground, sitting again on Lumian, embracing him, entwining him, increasingly forcefully, with flesh beginning to fuse.

Almost simultaneously, the distorted giant figure at the special mirror world's edge was dramatically dragged back by an extremely exaggerated horrifying suction, quickly returning to normal.

She was another Primordial Demoness, breathtakingly beautiful, wearing a black bone dress.

She looked resistant, but under the original Primordial Demoness's intense suppression, was forced to shed Her dress, overlapping with the torso entangled with Lumian.

Suddenly, in this area where all symbols and prerequisites were now present, a light burst forth, so bright it seemed about to create a world.

This erupted from the fusion point of Lumian and the two Blood Emperors, the two Primordial Demonesses.

…

At the special mirror world's edge.

Seeing the distorted figure instantly retreat, Mr. Fool did not hesitate, preparing to penetrate the barrier and enter the most dangerous place.

Suddenly, an extreme brightness surged out, enveloping the barrier, forming a new obstruction, like the amniotic membrane protecting a baby, like the invisible layer protecting this planet.

An indescribable terrifying sensation spread out, causing Mr. Fool's figure to pause, with Jenna briefly losing her thoughts.

Not far from here, Red Angel Medici, leisurely eating an apple and patiently waiting for developments, had His expression suddenly freeze.

In His eyes was also reflected that unimaginable surging light.

After a few seconds, Red Angel Medici ground His teeth and muttered, "What the hell has that lunatic, Tudor, gotten Himself into..."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1109: The Only Chance

Franca, recovering from the mention of the mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—continued her intense battle with the Demoness of Black Clarice.

Gradually, she discovered something was off.

The surrounding phantom black mirror tunnels partially shed their grayish-white color, no longer petrified, no longer obstacles to escape;

The Demoness of Black was more in a defensive posture, protecting the grayish-white altar displaying the Primordial Demoness's figurine;

The Demoness of Black had revealed the two hidden honorific names of the Primordial Demoness. Besides causing emotional fluctuations and creating a brief opening, falling into a temporary disadvantage, it had no other effect and did not bring the anticipated terrible corruption.

What was her true purpose in revealing such a significant secret? Just to frighten her and turn the tide? Franca felt a strong sense of doubt rising in her heart.

Suddenly, she had a guess: The Demoness of Black did not appear here to wait for me; she has another mission!

Is my encounter with the Demoness of Black actually the result of the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence?

The Demoness of Black detected an outsider mysteriously arriving nearby. Her first reaction would certainly be to seal the tunnel and eliminate potential risks...

After battling for a while and discovering I've completely digested the Unaging potion, realizing no quick victory was possible, her choice was to pretend to fight with full force, seemingly preoccupied, quietly lifting the petrification of some mirror tunnels, and attempting to scare me away using the two hidden honorific names of the Primordial Demoness?

What does this signify?

It indicates she has a very important purpose in arranging the altar here, and that the two hidden honorific names of the Primordial Demoness would lose their secrecy very soon!

Moreover, the Beyonder characteristic congregation force between us should not be strong enough to Teleport me near her. In the mirror world, there exists a Demoness of a higher level with stronger congregation forces...

Besides the Beyonder characteristic, what else 'attracted' me here...

Franca suddenly recalled the Primordial Demoness figurine in her Traveler's Bag.

Her peripheral vision swept towards the grayish-white stone altar, towards the bone-like Primordial Demoness figurine placed upon it.

Something's amiss!

Relying on the power of the Ice Mirror Charm, Anthony traversed the mirror tunnels densely interwoven like a spider web, heading towards the location indicating the team leader.

Just as he was about to reach his destination, he was met with a surging light as intense as a solar explosion.

Instinctively, Anthony closed his eyes, and grayish-white scales began to emerge on the surface of his skin.

This was a sign of loss of control.

He hurriedly Placated himself, controlling the fluctuations of his mental and emotional state.

Fortunately, the light's burst lasted only an instant, then condensed at the edge of the special mirror world, transforming into an invisible barrier.

Anthony persevered and returned to normal. Then, he saw Ludwig, whose body had just materialized, and Jenna, who had reopened her eyes. He also saw multiple flickering figures, seemingly belonging to Mr. Fool.

Jenna gazed at the light-condensed barrier, recalling the stellar explosion from moments ago that seemed capable of creating an entire world. Her heart plummeted completely, falling into an abyss.

The emergence of this situation meant that a mutation had already occurred in the depths of this special mirror world!

That great terror has most likely been triggered...

This means that the probability of Lumian surviving is now extremely slim...

At this moment, a voice sounded near Jenna's ear: 'Actually, there is still a chance to save Lumian Lee, a chance with some hope of success.'

Jenna swiftly turned her head and looked beside her, discovering a young man who had appeared at some point, wearing a pointed soft cap and a monocle, draped ina classical magical robe.

'Amon...' Jenna's lips moved, uttering this name.

Amon glanced at Mr. Fool who had 'split' new figures to look over here, then laughed and muttered to Himself, 'Why is it me again who has to do this?

'Next time, don't prophesize that I'll be the light at the dawn of the apocalypse...'

As He muttered, He took out a white piece of paper from somewhere and looked at Jenna. 'That chance is on you, and the price is your life.'

My life... Jenna repeated this phrase blankly.

Before Jenna could respond, Amon's speaking speed accelerated, as if multiple people were relaying the narrative, almost creating a majestic and layered effect.

'Time is limited, I'll only pick out the key points of the story.

'Commissioned by Amon, Celia Bello discovered Harrison from the Western Continent and obtained fragments of the special mirror world, encountering the phantom of Krismona.

'In her subsequent advancements, Krismona's phantom would repeatedly warn Celia Bello about the dangers of a pure female Demoness and the potential sources of danger. This failed to dissuade Celia Bello and instead stimulated her to persist on this path, because Celia Bello, who came from a humble background, had been a Showy Diva, and witnessed the death of her loved ones, desperately wanted to become powerful. She wanted to seize every opportunity to become strong to protect those she wanted to protect. The uniqueness of a pure female Demoness made her see the possibility of being used, and being used meant she might receive a 'gift' and become a high-ranking individual in a very short time.

'She was willing to bear the enormous risks that would come with this. She has always been someone skilled at going all-in.

'Arranged by the story's author, Celia Bello successfully evaded the Demoness Sect's investigation and, relying on the special small sacrificial square in the catacombs, escaped the gaze of the Primordial Demoness Cheek until The... Mr. Fool initially awakened.'

After saying 'The,' Amon paused, then switched with a slight upward inflection to 'Mr.'

Looking at the white paper, He continued, 'In the end, Lumian Lee and Franca Roland both entrusted their special mirror world fragments to Jenna for safekeeping, unexpectedly allowing her to gather three pieces—a trinity, three pillars that evolved all things.

'Now, Jenna has a chance, a chance to save Lumian Lee. That is, before the Despair potion is completely digested, forcibly advancing to Demoness of Unaging, utilizing the uniqueness of a pure female Demoness and those three special mirror world fragments to transfer the great terror in the depths of the special mirror world onto herself.

'This way, the barrier of the special mirror world will instantly shatter. The great Mr. Fool can certainly pull Lumian Lee, who only has Alista Tudor resurrected within him, back from the edge of consciousness death and mental alienation. Praise The Fool!

'This is a surmise; the events about to occur are not certain, supported only by three facts:

'The first fact is that the previously only pure female Demoness, Krismona, died in the War of the Four Emperors, and the Demoness Sect has been killing pure female Demoness early;

'The second fact is that Krismona's ghost once said that pure female Demonesses would face a trial when advancing to Demoness of Unaging, and if they fail to pass, something terribly frightening would happen—this has been confirmed as true;

'The third fact is that the great terror in the depths of the special mirror world is related to the Demoness and Hunter pathways.

'This indicates that both pure female Demonesses and pure male Hunters might attract that great terror, but only Demonesses are closely linked to the mirror world and Mirror People.'

Amon raised His head, adjusted His monocle, and looked at Jenna. 'The story's author only grasps these facts. Before the light burst just now, He was not clear about what was hidden in the special mirror world.

'That is to say, His surmise only has a certain probability of success. Unexpected changes might occur midway, leading to failure—a probability that is even quite high. However, with our great Mr. Fool, He can amplify the possibility of success and reduce the probability of failure.

'Even so, success is not guaranteed. No one knows what other special characteristics the great terror in the depths of the special mirror world might have.

'Celia Bello is at a crossroads of choice.

'On one side is whether Lumian Lee can survive, on the other is her own life.

'Regardless of success or failure, she will certainly die, because what's needed is not passing the trial during advancement, but welcoming failure during the trial.

'Because the great Mr. Fool awakened early, the story's author couldn't arrange Celia Bello's brother properly, which would cause many things to be exposed prematurely. So, Celia Bello doesn't need to be cornered now, doesn't need to be forced into a singular choice.

'So, what is her answer?'

Only at the last question did Jenna truly awaken.

At this moment, one of the high-frequency flickering figures split from Mr. Fool and said to her, 'You can choose not to choose, or choose the opposite.

'I will do my best to destroy the barrier in a short time. If I can't, I'll seal this place.'

Between voices that were sometimes near and sometimes far,

Jenna completely came to her senses, understanding what Amon had just described.

So my persistence in walking the pure female Demoness path was arranged... Even my emotions, reactions, and thoughts were anticipated...

So Julien almost became an arranged object because of my ‘uniqueness', falling into a situation of imminent death or madness...

So I was never discovered by the Demoness Sect because I was always being arranged...

Jenna had actually expected to be arranged for a long time and was psychologically prepared. She was willing to take risks to become strong quickly and protect those she wanted to protect, to accept the 'bestowment'. But what she didn't expect was that there were no risks, only death—she was just a sacrifice, a tool, a puppet being manipulated on stage, a cheap puppet.

At this moment, she truly understood the feelings Lumian experienced during the arrangements before becoming a Demoness of Despair.

Everything seemed to have lost meaning, everything was so despairing.

Jenna felt she should be angry, should hate, should madly curse everything, and try her best to resist.

She actually had all these emotions, but...

Jenna turned her head and gazed at the barrier condensed with dazzling light.

A smile gradually spread across her face, and she softly said to herself, 'But... 'I am willing.'

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1110: Prince and Princess

That moment, Jenna felt hesitation, trepidation, fear, anger, resentment, with many words surging to be spoken, as if to convince herself, but after thousands and ten thousands of words rushed to her lips, only one sentence remained: "But, I am willing."

All those emotions ultimately condensed into a smile.

Amon, for reasons unknown and to no one in particular, shook His head, lowering His gaze to the white paper in His hand.

"Celia Bello, who chooses to become a Demoness of Unaging, will receive Amon's help. And Amon, taking advantage of the moment when the Demoness Sect's top leaders are all dispatched, stole a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact corresponding to a Demoness of Unaging, and thus arrived a bit late.

"As for the corresponding supplementary ingredients. the Visionary has long envisioned them into existence."

As He spoke, the white paper floated downward, and a potion that had been prepared at some unknown time appeared in Amon's hand.

The potion dyed its container a grayish-white color, clearly reflecting the mirror world around it.

It flew toward Jenna, landing in her palm.

Seeing this potion, numerous images suddenly flashed through Jenna's mind: her childhood falling asleep to her mother's humming, the excitement of first entering the Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons to learn performance, the bitterness of struggling to survive with her mother and brother, the shock and gratitude of first meeting Franca, the series of events after encountering Lumian, the massive impact and disillusionment of watching her mother jump to her death from the sixth floor...

These countless fragments quickly settled, ultimately freezing into two scenes: one scene was after she finished singing a song at the Salle de Bal Brise, facing whistles and cheers, walking proudly to Lumian like a princess, laughing as she issued an invitation: "Handsome lion, dance!"

The other scene was when she inserted the long-handled silver fork into Hugues Artois's eye socket, piercing into his brain, with the frozen surprise, bewilderment, and fear on the Member of Parliament's face illuminated by the surrounding light.

Jenna raised the potion bottle, holding it like a long-handled silver fork.

This time, the "long-handled silver fork" would pierce her own face.

Jenna suddenly thought of something, turning her head to look at Anthony and Ludwig.

The latter seemed to want to stop her but was held back by the former.

Jenna opened her mouth, wanting to leave a word or two for Franca through them.

But she couldn't think of what to say. Whether a sincere expression or a kind deception would ultimately become an irreparable regret, an eternally unhealing wound.

She laughed self-deprecatingly, exhaling. "Tell Franca to live well, on my behalf.

"My spirit will forever be with her."

"Okay," Anthony responded in a calm voice.

The palm pressing on Ludwig's shoulder inexplicably revealed blue-colored blood vessels.

Jenna thought for a moment and added, "If the apocalypse passes, I hope you enjoy life.

"Ludwig, humans are always full of pain, but I still like being human."

Jenna withdrew her gaze, stabbing the potion into herself, her hand steady, not trembling, just like when she killed Hugues Artois with the long-handled silver fork, only less swift.

The taste of soil and stone mixed together, lingering in her mouth.

Her senses gradually went numb, her body rapidly petrifying.

She felt her spirit floating midair, seeing herself in the mirror.

She saw herself in the mirror, serene, with a smile, seemingly waiting to welcome herself.

Though no ritual was held and no reconciliation reached beforehand, Jenna suddenly understood that her mirror self was also willing to sacrifice herself to save Lumian.

"She is indeed more extreme than me...

"She should have made the decision earlier than me..."

Jenna laughed again, whispering two sentences.

Suddenly, she was no longer anxious, no longer panicked, no longer afraid, because on this path to death, she was no longer alone.

She had a companion, a companion who encouraged and supported each other.

During the process of her instinct drifting toward her mirror self, Jenna suddenly saw "her" face twist, alternating between normal and painful, as if becoming a stranger.

This change seemed constrained, as if bound by layers of chains, requiring tremendous effort and overcoming numerous difficulties to complete.

"Come quickly..." Jenna, for the first time, cheered on the enemy who wanted to kill her.

…

In the grayish-white, cave-like area behind a mirror.

Demoness of Black Clarice pretended to be at her limit, a step too slow, and could only "watch helplessly" as Franca escaped into one of the no longer petrified phantom tunnels.

Phew... she secretly exhaled.

Just then, her spirituality suddenly warned her, and she abruptly turned, looking towards the grayish-white stone altar.

Franca bizarrely appeared nearby, and a clear, misty light shot out from the eye protection of the mechanical half-face mask she was wearing, striking the altar.

The one who had just escaped was only Franca's mirror self!

And the one following the departing "mirror self" was a Mirror Projection!

The Demoness of Black's gaze instantly froze, but it was too late to stop it.

Invisible barriers suddenly appeared around the altar, provided by the ritual itself.

But for some reason, this protective power was insufficient, lacking the intensity a ritual for the Primordial Demoness should have, as if some inexplicable force had blocked most of the divine blessing.

Under the clear, misty light, the invisible barrier was instantly reduced to its most basic, minute components and ceased to exist.

Immediately after, the clear, misty light hit the bone- like figurine of the Primordial Demoness.

The figurine swayed and began to crumble.

Seeing this, the Demoness of Black was like someone trapped in a nightmare, frozen in place.

For added security, Franca took out the Primordial Demoness figurine and the Inevitable Gun from her Traveler's Bag.

She threw the figurine towards the altar, then fired two shots in quick succession.

Bang! Bang!

Two dim, green bullets shot out, each striking a bone-like figurine of the Primordial Demoness.

Certain Death!

Both the already crumbling and the intact statues began to rot, losing their luster, completely shattering.

…

Deep within the special mirror world.

Primordial Demoness Cheek smiled as She observed the changes occurring in Lumian's body.

His features were gradually being corrected, shifting towards Alista Tudor's likeness. On his body, the two intertwined Demoness figures were half-merged into him, driving his flesh to converge toward his neck.

After the earlier burst of light, the process was now irreversible.

Suddenly, one of the Demoness figures withdrew. attempting to straighten her body.

Her expression was vivid, filled with both hatred and longing.

The Primordial Demoness clad in the white bone dress instantly understood what was happening.

A pure female Demoness was ascending to the rank of Demoness of Unaging!

And at the most critical moment!

The stunningly beautiful face of Primordial Demoness Cheek darkened.

She was about to direct Her gaze at the advancing pure female Demoness to kill her first!

Although the barrier formed by the burst of light isolated the interior from the exterior-temporarily preventing The Fool from entering and also hindering the Primordial Demoness from directly sensing or influencing the external situation - Cheek had already made preparations to prevent unexpected outcomes.

She had instructed Her most trusted high-ranking Demonesses to set up altars at different locations within the mirror world, placing figurines there to conduct rituals. She used Her authority and symbols to establish a robust mystical connection!

By now, those connections must have weakened, and the rituals would no longer be strongly protected. Yet, as the mirrored original Creator-the Oldest One- Cheek could barely maintain the existence of these connections and use them to project part of Her power to eliminate hidden threats.

The Primordial Demoness swiftly cast Her consciousness toward the figurine closest to the target, only to discover with astonishment that the figurine had been destroyed and the connection severed.

Her expression remained unchanged as She immediately scattered Her consciousness toward the remaining figurines still involved in the rituals.

The next second, a vision appeared before Her eyes: it wasn't the advancing pure female Demoness - it was a black trench coat.

The interior of the black trench coat was empty, with the coat itself outlining a human figure.

Grafting!

The Primordial Demoness realized that Her gaze on Jenna had been Grafted by Mr. Fool back onto Herself!

In an instant, one of the Demoness figures entwining Lumian struggled to break free. A black bone dress wrapped around Her, and She disappeared from the spot, following the mystical connection to where Jenna was.

The fusion within Lumian's body immediately lost its balance.

His chest, neck, shoulders, torso, and limbs, along with the remaining Demoness figure, all collapsed inward, as if about to turn into a mass of flesh. The flesh converged into a clump, continuing to compress.

The two Tudors fused within his head, along with the Sequence 1 Conqueror Beyonder characteristic, were also dragged downward by immense force. They pierced through his skull, through the flames and frost, and through the writhing flesh.

The barrier of light at the edge of the special mirror world suddenly vanished.

…

Floating closer, Jenna finally saw the distortion and pain on her mirrored self's face disappear entirely.

"She" lifted her face and gave Jenna in midair a bizarre smile, opening her arms wide.

Jenna did not resist. She closed her eyes and moved forward, accepting the embrace.

She felt warmth and reassurance, which made her want to fall into a deep sleep.

She offered no resistance.

It was as if she had returned to her childhood, listening to her mother hum a lullaby and her father's soft snores, drifting into slumber.

Back then, though life wasn't particularly great, she had nothing to worry about. Her father and mother would take care of everything: she only needed to be a good child.

She grew more at peace, more tranquil.

She believed her mother and father would shield her from the storm, ensuring she slept soundly.

In that serene dream, she would be a princess, and her prince would walk toward her, inviting her to dance.

A smile appeared on her face.

Her thoughts dissolved into the encroaching madness, settling into a tranquil darkness.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1111: The Power to Stop

At the special mirror world's edge.

Anthony watched as multiple manifestations of Mr. Fool disappeared into thin air, heading toward the Primordial Demoness, leaving only one behind to monitor Jenna's transformation, ready to act at any moment.

Jenna's features gradually relaxed, no longer distorted and pained, even tinged with a faint smile. The gray-white hue on her body was receding, as if she was on the verge of completing her advancement, gaining eternal youth, and reaching Sequence 3.

Ludwig quietly retreated several steps, hiding behind Anthony.

He looked visibly anxious, biting at his fingers.

Snap. He bit off a piece of bone, chewing on it bloody and swallowing.

Meanwhile, Anthony noticed a strange change in the surrounding scenery: one side reflected the real world—sunlight, stars, green trees, the sea, humans—chaotically jumbled together. The other side resembled a frozen, lifeless universe. Above, brilliant explosions of light continued to erupt, casting out vast amounts of matter, while below, deep, dark abysses consumed everything, compressing it toward a final singular point…

These were still illusions, mere reflections of the mirror world.

Yet even a demigod like Anthony felt an indescribable fear rooted deep in his soul and flesh.

Despite Jenna still being at Sequence 3, without higher-level Beyonder characteristics, her presence was nearly as terrifying as the terror emanating from the depths of the special mirror world.

Because she embodied a most unique and fearsome symbol.

A symbol of the creation and destruction of everything!

This transformation had to be stopped before the symbol was complete, before Jenna reopened her eyes!

At that moment, Amon's mocking voice reached Anthony and Ludwig's ears.

'Why is it always me doing the work?

'I'd much rather clear altars and figurines like the serpent…'

As He spoke, the Blasphemer, dressed in a pointed soft hat and a classic magician's robe, faced Jenna and raised both arms.

The monocle on His right eye shone brilliantly.

Behind Him, layer upon layer of resplendent doors materialized, while a vast, silent river of mercury-like symbols flowed majestically.

…

Deep within the special mirror world.

On Lumian's body, blurry flesh, iron-black bones, violet flames, and intricate, dangerous symbols were collapsing rapidly.

This process included the fragment of the Primordial Demoness, the fused Alista Tudors, the Conqueror Beyonder characteristic, and most of the madness.

Even Lumian's brain, split open like in a cranial surgery, and the remaining insanity were about to join this collapse.

Seeing this, the Primordial Demoness, clad in a white bone dress, smiled.

The balance is indeed lost…

It seems like a failure…

But no matter. I'll fuse myself in and see what kind of monster emerges in the end.

What I cannot obtain, no one else shall have. And I will take everything within the barrier with me to the grave.

This will be the grandest funeral for me and Tudor.

Suddenly, the Primordial Demoness noticed a delay in the extreme collapse happening to Lumian.

Two forces were preventing it.

One was the destiny fixed on madness and not on complete destruction.

When a conclusion was bound to be bad, steering it toward a lesser evil was far easier than reversing it to something good.

This was the true purpose of the letter sent by the Circle of Inevitability!

The second was a faint rebirth within Lumian's collapsing flesh, symbols, violet flames, iron-black bones, and Beyonder characteristics.

They were regrowing, extending outward, clinging to the last threads of life.

This new birth came from Omebella's bloodline and Zedus's vitalized soul fragments.

On Lumian's body, now condensed into a strange sphere, a lump of flesh protruded, resembling someone's head.

On the head, two alternating faces constantly shifted. One belonged to the high-nosed, madness-filled Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. The other was a ruby-eyed, nearly perfectly beautiful Zedus.

Lumian's deadened thoughts suddenly flickered, pulling him back from the eternal darkness into his spiritual body.

This new birth had brought him back.

He felt the most extreme, hopeless pain and saw the changes in his body.

He suddenly recalled Mr. Fool's insight on dealing with Omebella's bloodline and Zedus's soul fragments: 'This is a hidden danger, a risk, and also a variable, an opportunity.'

A variable, an opportunity… Could it be here? As Lumian gained this realization, he also knew the new life was far too weak to counteract the terrifying collapse that sought to annihilate everything after losing balance.

There were only a few seconds left before everything ended.

But Lumian did not give up. His style was always to fight to the bitter end, even in death.

The next second, he saw another flesh-crafted head growing rapidly on his collapsing body.

This head also had two alternating faces. One belonged to the extraordinarily beautiful yet innocent-looking Primordial Demoness Cheek. The other, unfamiliar to Lumian, was stunningly beautiful yet radiated a maternal glow.

Giant Queen Omebella!

Seeing this change, Primordial Demoness Cheek, who was about to fuse into Lumian's body and exacerbate the imbalance, stopped trying.

She smiled faintly at the manifestations of The Fool descending upon Her, Her endlessly alluring body becoming illusory and dispersing into the entire special mirror world.

She was the master of the mirror world—She was the mirror world. She could fuse with it at any moment. Destroying all the mirror worlds would be the only way to

truly kill Her.

Though the mirrored terror's feminine aspect had been transferred to Jenna, the Primordial Demoness, who had spent millennia attempting fusion, could still partially leverage Her unique symbol until it fully broke free, becoming the true mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One.

The Primordial Demoness's form simultaneously appeared in every corner of the special mirror world, Her soft voice echoing into Mr. Fool's ears from all directions.

'Can you save Him?

'You should be able to…

'If you can't, I'll fuse with Him, and we'll invite you to our funeral. Everyone's funeral. The universe's funeral.

'Sounds exciting, doesn't it?'

Mr. Fool was unmoved by such words. Most of his rapidly flickering manifestations continued to fight the Primordial Demoness, trying to seal Her off and prevent Her from truly fusing into Lumian's body.

The remaining manifestation turned to look at Lumian, struggling to hold on.

He sighed softly.

…

At the special mirror world's edge.

Amon, having requested dual-pathway godhood and power from The Fool, seized the moment when the mirrored Creator had yet to fully assimilate Jenna, unable to control the Demoness of Unaging's body, and was in His weakest state. He adjusted the monocle on His right eye.

The Fool's manifestation outside the special mirror world suddenly had its black trench coat rise dramatically.

Anthony and Ludwig were enveloped in gray-white fog, as if transported to another hidden, bizarre world.

The next second, before Jenna's distorted, pained expression, now tinged with hatred, a searing sea of light appeared, engulfing her entirely.

Supernova!

Fueled by dual-pathway godhood and power, this was a Sufferer's reenactment ability!

It was nearly identical to the supernova used by Mr. Fool during the battle of Sefirah Castle.

Jenna's body instantly disintegrated, vaporizing before it could even evaporate. Amon, along with the surrounding mirror world, was also affected by the supernova, leading to inevitable collapse.

The special mirror world also began to crumble. This collapse spread for a moment but was halted by Primordial Demoness Cheek, preventing it from affecting the depths where Lumian resided.

The brilliant light that illuminated the darkness gradually faded. Suddenly, a holy glow, filled with redemption, shot out from the River of Fate.

Amon reappeared, still wearing His monocle, pointed hat, and black magician's robe.

He saw that amidst the chaotic turbulence of space-time, in the deep darkness, specks of soul fragments glowed faintly. Some belonged to Jenna, and some to the mirrored Creator. They intertwined, yet had not been entirely annihilated.

Even a supernova explosion could not completely kill the mirrored Creator, even in Her incomplete, feminine aspect!

These tangled soul fragments were on the verge of reassembling, ready for resurrection.

Deep within the special mirror world, standing before Lumian's mutated body, Mr. Fool raised his starlit cane with his gloved right hand, his black trench coat silently billowing.

Above him, far in the infinite heights, a door of light, tinged faintly with bluish-black light, flickered in and out of existence, surrounded by gray-white fog.

Sefirah Castle!

A shadow seemed to briefly open its eyes.

As Mr. Fool's starlit cane pointed toward Lumian, the tangled fragments of the mirrored Creator and Jenna's soul outside the special mirror world were instantly transferred onto Lumian.

Grafting!

A conceptual and physical Grafting, leading to a renewed fusion!

The Primordial Demoness, who had been manifesting and battling around the special mirror world, let out an amazed sound.

It was enough to satisfy any male's vanity.

However, unlike the earlier fusion, Omebella's bloodline and Zedus's soul fragments had now been activated, each merging with the Demoness of Apocalypse Cheek and the resurrecting Tudor.

The mirrored Creator's soul fragments, as if drawn by some mystical force, carried Jenna's portion and merged into the flesh mass alternating between Omebella's face and the Demoness of Apocalypse Cheek.

Mr. Fool added a glimmer of starlight to the remaining fragments of Jenna's soul, allowing them to withstand the erosion and fusion process for some time.

…

The countryside dreamscape was now in shambles.

Madam Magician and Madam Justice, who had assumed Mythical Creature forms through self-hypnosis, fought fiercely against the ancient dragon Edefana for an extended period.

During the battle, Madam Justice suddenly noticed two incongruities:

Our opponent is merely a Sequence 2 mind dragon. How can it continually suppress Fors and me when we carry a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact?

Moreover, Fors hadn't once thought to divide her shadow to support other battlefields…

At that moment, Edefana's ancient voice echoed, 'I have no desire to be your enemy. I am merely compelled.

'As a dragon born in the mid-First Epoch, as ancient as Ankewelt, unlike Ariehogg and the others who only witnessed part of the Second Epoch's history, don't you wonder how I, a mere Sequence 2, have survived until now?'

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1112: One Trouble After Another

Hearing Edefana's words, Madam Magician froze for a moment.

She finally realized she should be using her high-speed Blinking to support other battlefields.

That was something she normally would have done.

From the very beginning, I've been subtly influenced? Edefana doesn't seem to be just Sequence 2. Madam Magician quickly followed her spiritual intuition, her figure Blinking rapidly as she appeared in various places across the Northern and Southern Continents.

Then, she found that the battlefields were stabilizing, with the forces of the orthodox Churches and government organizations gaining the upper hand. The only difference was how quickly they would eliminate the disruptors.

The only area with serious issues was beyond her ability to intervene or participate.

It was far too high-level!

While helping allied forces quickly clear out cultists, she redirected most of her attention back to Miss Audrey's dreamscape.

At this moment, Edefana, the ancient dragon, had stopped fighting and landed on the stone tower deep within the dreamscape.

Madam Justice had also reverted from her Mythical Creature form, gazing at Edefana. In Dragonese, she asked, "A normal Sequence 2 dragon couldn't survive from the mid-First Epoch to the present?"

Edefana's terrifying lizard-like face, its gray-white scales slightly dim, revealed an eerily human smile.

"Even Angels have a limited lifespan: it's just that most Angels don't live long enough to reach it.

"Vampire is a pathway that significantly increases lifespan. Didn't Round Moon Olmer have to seal Himself in a coffin, trying to slow the passage of time? He's also a Sequence 2 Angel, and nearly two thousand years younger than me."

Madam Magician flickered rapidly, ready to prevent Edefana from escaping, while muttering inwardly. Two thousand years older than Duke Round Moon Olmer? Truly worthy of being a dragon born in the mid-First Epoch…

Initially, she thought Duke Round Moon's age exceeded 3,000 years. After gaining more knowledge of mysticism, she suspected the Sanguine duke could be over 5,000 years old!

The Fifth Epoch was currently in its 1,359th year, and the Fourth Epoch lasted 1,233 years, adding up to 2,592 years. Duke Round Moon existed before the Cataclysm, so He was widely believed to be over 3,000 years old.

Madam Magician confirmed that this duke had truly followed the Sanguine's ancestor, Lilith, so His age must include the 1,086 years of the Third Epoch.

Moreover, Lilith's "demise" wasn't the hallmark event marking the end of the Second Epoch, being 800-900 years apart, during which Olmer followed Her for several centuries.

Considering all this, Madam Magician estimated Duke Round Moon to be at least 5,000 years old. Even as an Angel of the long-lived Sanguine, He still had to live an abject life in a coffin to prolong His life.

Yet Edefana claimed to be almost two thousand years older?

That aligned with His self-introduction as a dragon born in the mid-First Epoch.

Madam Justice discerned the unspoken meaning in Edefana's words and probed, "You were once corrupted by a power higher than your own, and even now, it controls you?"

If Edefana had used a Marauder pathway's Sealed Artifact to siphon life or relied on a similar method, He wouldn't have posed such a question.

Edefana's aged, lizard-like face appeared somewhat dazed.

"You're perceptive.

"I am a dragon of the mind domain."

Which means..., polluted by the Chaos Sea? Like the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt? Then influenced and driven by the godhood of the Primordial God Almighty? Madam Magician's gaze sharpened. "It was the Primordial God Almighty who sent you to delay us?" Ɍ

Edefana chuckled, producing a deep, buzzing laugh.

"Yes, I'm able to tell you this because the influence he exerted over me has rapidly receded. Without His influence, I will soon age and die."

"Rapidly receded?" Madam Justice repeated, her tone heavy with foreboding.

Edefana unfurled His massive wings, His gray-white scales dimming further.

"Yes. He is retracting the powers he was covertly reviving. This isn't due to any mishap but because He is concentrating His will.

"Tonight, he has two opportunities for true resurrection-two!"

Edefana's voice brimmed with fear.

…

When the mirrored Creator's soul fragments, mixed with Jenna's, fused into Lumian's body, Lumian, tormented by the relentless cycle of pain and madness, his consciousness on the brink of collapse, suddenly ceased the unconscious twitching and twisting of his head.

His iron-black eyes became filled with violent emotions:

Jenna...

He wanted to stop struggling, to let the collapse happen, but he also understood why Jenna had become what she was.

He raised his head, letting out a pained roar.

It was a scream of anger, hatred, madness, and defiance.

At that moment, Lumian seemed to hear Aurore's gentle voice: "There's still a chance.

"Leave it to me."

Lumian seemed to see Aurore's phantom, cloaked in her thick golden hair.

His body began to change, becoming more feminine on one side.

His feminine aspect grew active, striving to merge Jenna's soul fragments with his own.

The mirrored Creator was truly Fooled, no longer caring about Jenna's soul fragments, allowing them to detach and integrate into Lumian's feminine side.

His consciousness focused solely on the Demoness of Apocalypse, Cheek, and the Giant Queen, Omebella.

They were fused together.

Balance was restored, but it was vastly different from before.

Lumian's body stopped collapsing, quickly expanding outward, gaining new life.

The two masses of flesh protruding from his torso surged toward his neck, vying to replace his head.

They competed, even as they began to fuse, High above, in the infinite heights, the faint light door tinged with bluish-black and surrounded by gray- white fog reappeared. Mr. Fool alternated the use of Fooling and Grafting.

The two fusing flesh masses abruptly shifted to Lumian's left shoulder, writhing as they formed a dripping wet head.

This head had two faces, one on each side. The right face was identical to the Primordial Demoness, Cheek - stunningly beautiful, pure, yet exuding maternal radiance. The left face resembled Alista Tudor but bore jet-black hair and a flawless, nearly divine beauty.

The madness and characteristics in Lumian's body converged into this head. Each face exuded its own raw, violent, or pathological nature, an unrestrained desire to destroy and create everything.

The two faces did not cease merging. At times, they overlapped; at times, they split apart, ultimately forming a vortex that absorbed their features.

From within the vortex, a liquid containing all colors and possibilities seeped out, leaving the face in chaos.

Deep within the chaos, a new face slowly began to take shape.

The previously grinning, observing Primordial Demoness, Cheek, abruptly retreated, disappearing from the area.

Before vanishing, Her black hair fully unfurled, thick and slick like venomous snakes, whipping furiously through the air as though resisting an unseen force.

Lumian, his mind flooded with pain, madness, and destructive desires, sensed an exalted consciousness, gazing down upon all, being born within the new head on his left shoulder and rapidly growing stronger.

Mr. Fool, witnessing this, prepared to use a Wish to suppress and delay the Primordial God Almighty's resurrection, seeking time to find a solution.

The new face in the chaos grew clearer.

In an instant, Amon hurled an object into the special mirror world, landing it in Mr. Fool's hand.

It was an extraordinarily bizarre dark-golden mask, large enough to cover a human face.

Lumian, his face twisted in agony and madness, recognized the mask.

It had been obtained from the sea prayer ritual, originating from Loki, later given to the Aurora Order.

And now, it was here.

Mr. Fool caught the mask, and a shadow from the faintly visible door of light above descended upon the dark-golden mask.

Mr. Fool pressed the mask onto the new face emerging from the chaos.

The face did not resist or stop him because, still unresurrected, He had been Fooled-Fooled into believing the mask would make Him unimaginably powerful.

The dark-golden mask merged seamlessly with the face, becoming inseparable.

The head paused, no longer absorbing Lumian's madness or characteristics.

The two faces reappeared on its sides-one belonging to Primordial Demoness Cheek, radiating maternal brilliance, the other to the more handsome and perfect Alista Tudor.

Each face held an unmistakable hint of madness and destruction.

The gray-white fog and the bluish-black-tinged door of light high above disappeared.

On Lumian's right shoulder, flesh writhed, abruptly forming a new head with two faces. One was the radiant Aurore, the other, the exquisite Jenna. Both had closed eyes, no consciousness, and bloodstained features.

Elsewhere in the mirror world.

Red Angel Medici, intending to leave without bothering with the two lunatics, sensed the changes deep within the special mirror world.

Here's the chance!

Though Medici didn't fully understand what had occurred, He hesitated not for a moment. Swiftly assessing the situation, He made His decision and prepared to execute His original plan.

His goals for today were twofold: to suppress any signs of the Primordial God Almighty's resurrection and to cull Lumian Lee, securing ultimate victory in the battle for 0-01.

He had no fear of The Fool's interference. Since He dared to come, He had a way to ensure The Fool couldn't act in time.

Red Angel Medici advanced, retrieving lifelike metallic soldier figurines from a small black pouch at His waist.

Each one contained fused Beyonder characteristics from different pathways, effectively making them Sealed Artifacts.

Medici scattered the figurines, allowing them to grow enormous, gain life, and surround Him.

The Red of War legion reappeared.

Meanwhile, within the astral world composed of abstract concepts and strange symbols.

The childlike doodle sun had long become a blazing golden-yellow fireball, terrifying in its intensity, opposing the crimson round moon beyond the invisible barrier.

The burning surface of the sun, pure and sacred, suddenly darkened in patches.

These dark patches extended outward, forming a colossal luminous humanoid figure surrounded by chaos.

The luminous humanoid instantly descended into the depths of the special mirror world, engulfing all of The Fool's manifestations!

***

Thanks to the users "**Максим Довбняк**", "**TempestUknow**" for the chapters provided!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1113 A Long Struggle with Myself

Chapter 1113 A Long Struggle with Myself

The enormous luminous figure wrapped in chaos remained tethered to the blazing golden sun, never breaking free.

"It" was firmly restrained, like the hidden impulses and madness buried deep within many hearts—though present and impossible to ignore, they remained confined under the dam of reason and humanity in normal circumstances.

Moreover, the chaotic luminous figure formed from the sun's dark patches descended from the astral world into the depths of the special mirror world without impacting the blazing golden sun's efforts to maintain the invisible barrier against the crimson round moon.

Instead, the sun burned brighter, more intensely, and with greater sanctity.

At this moment, abstract concepts representing "gaze" and "observation" emerged within the astral world, all directed at the radiant golden sun.

The sun, illuminating the astral world and the entire world, remained unmoved, as if silently responding: Once, I betrayed myself.

Later, I spent over two millennia wrestling and contending with another version of myself. Finally, I achieved a temporary victory, reached a balance, and made Him serve me, while I remained who I am.

Now, I am betting everything.

Letting my allies become the Origins of Disaster, the Calamity of Destruction is my only chance to secure ultimate victory and avert the apocalypse!

Whether or not this succeeds, whether or not it leads to a tragic end, I will give it my all.

I would rather break than yield!

The colossal luminous figure cloaked in chaos enveloped all of The Fool's manifestations in the special mirror world, relentlessly pursuing His Blinking, preventing him from approaching Lumian at the speed of light and with immense

energy.

One was manipulated, misled. One was Fooled, Grafted. Neither had any attention to spare for Lumian.

On the other side of the special mirror world, the Primordial Demoness retreated, Her black hair still thrashing in the air like a writhing cluster of serpents. Her breathtakingly beautiful face twisted into a new allure that had yet to fully unfold, still resisting some invisible force.

Nearby, the mirrored Empress Roselle silently watched, refraining from intervening.

She could not defy the will of the mirrored Creator, also known as the Primordial Demoness, Cheek. She could only hope the ensuing catastrophe would not lead to the complete collapse and destruction of the special mirror world.

For Her, unable to leave this place yet, such an outcome would be a death sentence.

As for Zaratul, who had previously hidden here, He had already fled, returning to Castle Dylan.

Lumian felt a surge of violent, cruel, twisted, and pathological thoughts emanating from the left side of his body. Like a relentless tsunami, they battered his mind and will, attempting to complete his assimilation.

From his right side came deathly silence, sadness, pain, and despair—emotions just as overwhelming and now spilling over into his consciousness.

These conflicting forces resonated with Lumian's current state to varying degrees, on the verge of blending into one another and bringing about the inevitable descent into complete madness.

In his blurred vision, silhouettes flashed by, beams of light flared up and dimmed again, all becoming indistinct.

Suddenly, a voice switching between near and far echoed in his ears: "My wish is:

"Lumian Lee can maintain moments of clarity, rationality, and humanity each day."

Destiny was sealed; madness was unavoidable. Even a Miracle Invoker could not fully reverse it. The only option was to exploit loopholes and lower the difficulty of the wish, allowing Lumian to oscillate between madness and clarity.

Nothing dictated that inevitable madness precluded occasional moments of lucidity!

As for how "occasional" was defined, that would be left to Fooling and Error to decide.

Lumian's blurry vision suddenly sharpened. The pain and fury still wrecked his body, but his thoughts and perceptions were no longer clouded.

He saw a vast array of figurines materialize ahead of him. Each wore uniquely colored metal armor, their faces sculpted with uncanny precision. Towering over ten meters tall, they marched in formation like a vast army.

Lumian also saw the figurines encircling Red Angel Medici. The King of Angels had revealed His Mythical Creature form, composed of deep violet, almost blood-colored, nearly invisible flames, steel-like bones, complex terrifying symbols, and bloodstained black armor.

Between His brow, a blood-red sigil shaped like a banner was prominently raised, vivid and dripping.

Medici had completed His sacrificial ritual in advance, summoning the aid of the essence of war.

The head on Lumian's left shoulder, adorned with the bizarre dark-golden mask, suddenly turned. The face resembling Alista Tudor now directly faced Medici.

The blood-red sigil between the brows of this face similarly protruded, surrounded by indescribable dark symbols that seemed to herald ultimate chaos.

He sneered with disdain and mockery, as if saying to Medici: "You coward, fancy seeing you here. Ready to be devoured by me again?"

Lumian then fully manifested his Mythical Creature form and drew a simple longsword from the Traveler's Bag that had fallen to the ground, untouched by prior chaos.

The longsword rapidly enlarged, matching his towering frame of over thirty meters.

It ignited with black flames, embodying destruction and madness.

Medici raised His own flaming greatsword. The two fiery giants clashed with a resounding boom.

Almost simultaneously, the soldiers of the Red of War legion raised their arms, leaning back slightly.

Their eyes burned iron-black, reflecting the pale markings on Lumian's body. In their hands, spears of deep violet, almost blood-colored, flames materialized.

They could simultaneously share all of Red Angel Medici's abilities and spirituality!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

While Medici intercepted Lumian, a forest of flame-spears shot out, dense enough to obscure the sky.

Each spear targeted the vulnerable points on Lumian's body.

The masked head on Lumian's left shoulder turned once more.

This time, the maternal and radiant face of the Demoness of Apocalypse, Cheek, faced Red Angel Medici.

The face smiled sweetly, causing Medici's movements to slow slightly, and the deluge of blood-colored flame-spears to falter, as if held back by reluctance.

Next, Lumian's body grew illusory and layered, like projections from countless mirrors.

Rumble!

Countless flame-spears pierced through his body, triggering violent explosions that annihilated every projection in an instant.

Lumian's figure reemerged on the other side.

Red Angel Medici gave him no respite, transforming into a blazing comet of deep violet, blood-like flames, hurtling toward Lumian in a flash.

The soldiers of the Red of War legion followed suit, turning into similar flaming comets, roaring down from every direction with unstoppable force, using area-of-effect attacks to bypass the interference of the Fog of War.

As a King of Angels, Medici enabled His soldiers to share His rank. In this moment, it was as if nearly a hundred Red Angels were simultaneously attacking Lumian.

This was one of Medici's most potent abilities. Its only drawback was the massive expenditure of spirituality.

Effectively, it compressed what could have been a prolonged battle into a single, overwhelming burst, trading time for spatial dominance.

As an ancient King of Angels, Medici knew that the Eternal Blazing Sun could not delay much longer. Victory had to be swift, so He began with an all-or-nothing gambit.

Outside the special mirror world, Amon, wearing a monocle and pointed soft hat, took no further action, playing the role of a true spectator.

Neither obstructing nor aiding,

His expression remained unchanged as He bit into a red apple He had somehow stolen.

Faced with the flaming comets descending from every direction, Lumian did not retreat. His eyes burned with madness and battle lust.

He growled, for the second time today, invoking the aid of the City of Calamity.

The iron-black bones interwoven into his body and etched with complex symbols and patterns suddenly developed fine cracks. The violet-red flames roaring over them deepened in hue, taking on a bloodier shade.

Clad in pitch-black armor marred with bloodstains, he ignored the other fiery comets and locked onto the one transformed from Red Angel Medici, swinging his increasingly immense and terrifying Sword of Destruction.

Boom!

Deep violet and crimson flames scattered in all directions, forming a storm that engulfed the surroundings.

The explosion, imbued with destructive energy, left visible cracks in the depths of the special mirror world, rendering it precariously close to shattering.

Amid the roiling flames, the figure of Red Angel Medici emerged, a deep wound carved across His chest and abdomen, from which flowed flames so dark that even their depth seemed erased.

Lumian was in an even more dire state. His bloodstained black armor was tattered, and the iron-black bones intertwined with intricate patterns and symbols were heavily damaged and fractured. The deep purple, blood-hued flames barely clung to him, a faint layer that seemed ready to be extinguished by a passing breeze.

Shards of glass were scattered around him, remnants of his mirror self, which had suffered devastating destruction.

Lumian grinned, his smile bold and unrestrained.

He suddenly plunged the battered Sword of Destruction into the ground.

The already strained area collapsed with a thunderous crash, disintegrating entirely.

As the region crumbled, Lumian plunged into the chaotic flow of time and space, descending into darkness.

With his body undergoing new birth, he waved at the similarly falling Medici and the Red of War legion, his smile seemingly asking, "Care to join me? In the chaos of time and space, teams tend to get scattered, you know."

The Red Angel whistled in response, as if to say, "I can handle this on my own."

The two had no time for further interaction. The silent, perilous storm of space-time swept in, separating them instantly.

umian plummeted downward at great speed, using his Teleportation ability to evade the most dangerous zones.

He could no longer sense the outside world and had no means of escaping this place directly.

In a blink of an eye—or perhaps longer—Lumian landed before a massive, half-collapsed palace ablaze with invisible and colorless flames.

The depths of the special mirror world led to Fourth Epoch Trier.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1114 Omebella

Chapter 1114 Omebella

As soon as Lumian's feet steadied, the head on his left shoulder began to sway from side to side.

Whether it was the hauntingly beautiful yet morbid face of Cheek or the savage and crazed gaze of Alista Tudor, both seemed perplexed.

Their consciousness, spirit, personality, and spirituality, blended and tangled amidst the resurrection of the Primordial God Almighty, had become a jumble. Eventually, they separated into yin and yang, left and right, forming a new consciousness and spirit, though still marked distinctly by Cheek and Tudor.

These were ultimately sealed within the dark-golden peculiar mask of the yet-to-fully-revived Primordial God Almighty, allowing only instincts to seep through, each affecting the respective face.

Their instinctive reactions seemed to tell Lumian that this place was different from their memories or expectations.

This was the Blood Palace of Alista Tudor, the site of His ultimate downfall. It should have retained remnants of the leaked power of various sefirot, yet it appeared unusually "clean," with only formless flames burning everywhere and evaporating black pus that perpetually dripped but never dried.

With the blood-red sigil on his brow protruding, Lumian involuntarily advanced toward the half-collapsed, ostentatious palace. Along the way, the formless and colorless flames parted for him, seemingly welcoming the return of the emperor of this kingdom, the master of this palace. Lumian only had to avoid the dripping black pus as it fell back to the ground.

Standing at the half-collapsed entrance, Lumian—with three heads—found his path blocked by an area of absolute darkness—so dark that even the concept of depth seemed devoured. He had no choice but to circle around to the palace's side entrance.

Clicking his tongue as if mocking Alista Tudor, he muttered, "Utilizing the power of the City of Calamity, the Blood Emperor was ultimately killed by the River of Eternal Darkness. Even His corpse has become different.

"Sometimes, these forces repel each other to extremes; other times, they fuse. And once they fuse, it spells annihilation, absorbing and neutralizing the nearby remnant powers of other sefirot."

"Your Majesty the Blood Emperor, are you planning to reclaim your corpse? I'm afraid it will drag you back into the River of Eternal Darkness—no, ultimate annihilation."

Speaking to himself, Lumian moved toward the palace's side entrance.

He intended to wait by Alista Tudor's divine corpse, anticipating the arrival of Red Angel Medici.

That spot would be ideal for him to fight in his current state—half of what Alista Tudor once was, though without a fully "restored" rank.

When he reached the crumbling side entrance, now narrow enough to squeeze through, Lumian suddenly noticed two corpses standing on either side of the doorway.

One male and one female, both burned into charred remains by formless flames, stood preserved in their scorched states. Each had a left hand swollen and translucent, its bluish hue marred by yellow-green pus flowing within.

The veins on their left hands were unnaturally clear, and along with the palm lines, they formed intricate and densely packed symbols and patterns.

"Left Hand of Decay…

"Why are the bestowed of the Monarch of Decay placed here as corpse statues?" Lumian murmured, lowering his gaze. As expected, he saw ancient Tudor coins beneath each of the four corpses, with denominations of "2," "7," and "13."

Lumian's face twitched, a wave of violent and destructive emotions surging within him.

Summoning a black-flame greatsword in one hand, he prepared to slash at the four corpses.

Suddenly, a gentle female voice came from nearby: "Their purpose is to symbolize one thing: making anything that can go wrong be most likely to go wrong."

Lumian turned both his heads simultaneously, spotting Madame Pualis, dressed in a black gown. Her subtle brows framed bright brown eyes, her brown hair styled in a high bun.

In her arms, she cradled a chubby-cheeked, adorably plump infant girl.

The baby girl no longer appeared ethereal but fully real, tangible, and vivid.

…

In the depths of Underground Trier.

Under the corrosive fog of history, the Tree of Shadow's trunk became increasingly illusory. Its bark and branches began peeling away.

Though the Tree of Shadow was intimately tied to every human in Trier and could not be completely destroyed, its aura weakened rapidly. The canopy extending above ground receded deeper meter by meter.

Suah and Tirié struggled with all Their might to hold the line, yet They could not reverse the trend.

…

Somewhere in Fourth Epoch Trier

Louis Gustav watched as the infants on his body dropped to the ground, dying instantly and decaying into rotted corpses.

0–59—The Divine Kingdom Without People!

The undead infants never had the chance to be reborn. Exposed to The Fourth Sun suspended high in the sky, they were instantly purified and vanished.

Birthing children was not an evil act for the Mother but a sacred one, immune to The Fourth Sun's purification. However, transforming the infants into undead made them susceptible to its power.

Losing all the infants, the "maternal body" fell with a look of anguish, rapidly disintegrating into a pool of blood and flesh. The flesh writhed as if attempting to reform into a bird's nest.

But it died mid-reformation, simultaneously decaying and regenerating.

Holy, radiant sunlight enveloped it.

…

Red Angel Medici and part of His metal soldiers landed in a desolate wilderness shrouded in gray-white fog, flickering between reality and illusion.

In this wilderness, shadowy figures wandered silently, moving slowly toward the edges—to them.

…

Seeing Madame Pualis holding the infant Omebella, Lumian beamed. Lifting the newly condensed Sword of Destruction, he prepared to strike.

"There's no need to rush. It's been a while since we had a conversation," Madame Pualis said gently. A stretch of wilderness appeared around her, creating distance between herself and Lumian. Her gaze shifted between Lumian's face and Aurore's tightly closed eyes, filled with a trace of sorrow.

Rumble!

Amid the booming explosions, her figure appeared on the other side of Paramita. Her tone was soft and soothing.

"It's pointless. Omebella has truly been born. The anticipated outcome has arrived, and nothing will change now."

Her maternal voice calmed the fury and madness in Lumian's heart.

Stopping his attack, Lumian said, "Omebella…"

He initially wanted to ask when Omebella was born, but a sharp pain in his head brought a sense of spiritual foreboding.

Instead, he asked, "In the dream city, why didn't you—or rather, the Mother Goddess of Depravity—help the Celestial Worthy? Why let Him fail?"

Madame Pualis, cradling infant Omebella, smiled and answered, "When I entered the dream city, aside from wanting to see you and Aurore, I had only one goal:

"To act on behalf of the Great Mother to eliminate any chance for the Celestial Worthy to reverse the situation if such an opportunity arose.

"However, all of you did an excellent job. You didn't give me that chance."

"Why?" Lumian asked with a frown.

Shouldn't balance have been maintained?

Maintaining her smile, Madame Pualis replied, "After the Hostel incident, the Mother's thoughts changed. She wished for The Fool to prevail.

"This way, The Fool would begin a process of simultaneously opposing and integrating the Celestial Worthy, while also accommodating Sefirah Castle. Such a process would be difficult to disrupt. Facing another crisis, even if The Fool wanted to give up and hand everything to the Celestial Worthy—or if the Celestial Worthy wanted to compromise and assist The Fool in controlling Sefirah Castle—the resulting state wouldn't be easily broken or altered. It would take a long time."

"Before such a state could fully change, the Lord of Mysteries's power would be at best comparable to that of Grisha Adam during Project Vortex. And even achieving this would require the Celestial Worthy's full cooperation."

"No matter what abilities such a Lord of Mysteries employs, it's impossible for Him to break through the barrier formed by the mirrored Creator in a short period of time. He can't prevent what's about to happen. The Mother has been anticipating this for a long time."

Lumian recalled the events that had just transpired and suddenly realized the night's major events were far from over.

Laughing, he said, "So, even you don't trust the Celestial Worthy to honor His promises after fully awakening?"

"No one would trust a Great Old One that symbolizes deceit," Madame Pualis replied gently, rocking the baby in her arms as if coaxing Omebella back to sleep.

Lumian glanced at Omebella and asked, "When was She truly born?

"And what will Her birth bring?"

With a soft smile, Madame Pualis answered, "After you were dragged into the special mirror world."

She explained with a smile, "Calamity needs to stay away from the mother. But have you ever considered—you're not the calamity, but the Mother—the one who gave birth to Omebella."

"The great terror in the special mirror world came from the fusion of the two pathways of Calamity, so it naturally symbolizes calamity?" Lumian suddenly understood the true meaning behind Mr. Fool's revelation.

This was a fate even great existences couldn't fully grasp.

Madame Pualis gazed wistfully at Aurore, sighed, and said, "That's one interpretation. But there's a deeper reason."

She turned to Lumian, her brown eyes deep, and asked, "Have you noticed? Tudor and Cheek's twins are also a boy and a girl, an elder sister and a younger brother."

An elder sister and younger brother… Yes, Krismona and the Demoness of Gray Judith were once siblings! Lumian was suddenly struck by a deep sense of foreboding.

Madame Pualis smiled again and said, "For true gods of the Hunter and Demoness pathways, it's normal for twins to be a boy and a girl. Anything else would be unusual. But why elder sister and younger brother, and not elder brother and younger sister?"

"Because They're also a reflection of Omebella and Zedus in some way.

"As for why…" Madame Pualis glanced down at the baby in her arms and smiled. "Omebella is far older than you think.

"She and Zedus were born in the mid-First Epoch. At that time, Giant King Aurmir was still a purely mad demigod-level monster.

"Their mother, strictly speaking, wasn't the Great Mother, but the Brood Hive ripped off from the Great Mother. When the Brood Hive was still within the Great Mother, Omebella and Zedus had yet to gestate.

"More importantly, Their father—Their true father—the one who fathered them with the Brood Hive.

"Guess who He is?"

…

In Madam Justice Audrey's dream.

The ancient dragon, Edefana, gazed at Madam Magician and Madam Justice, His voice buzzing as He said, "I can offer you one more piece of critical intelligence, originating from the mid-First Epoch."

Both Madam Magician and Madam Justice tensed inexplicably.

In a tone dripping with resentment and hatred, Edefana said, "The mother of Giant Queen Omebella is the Brood Hive currently sealed in the Western Continent.

"Her father is:

"The Primordial God Almighty!"

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1115: Crimson

'Primordial God Almighty?' Lumian raised an eyebrow.

All around him, formless, colorless flames suddenly flared up, blazing fiercely.

Madame Pualis, cradling the infant Omebella, smiled and said, 'Within the two pathways of Calamity lies the arrangement for the resurrection of the Primordial God Almighty. During the union of Tudor and Cheek to conceive Krismona and Judith, the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty also partially revived. Naturally, that pair of twins were younger brother and elder sister.

'Conversely, if what fused into your body wasn't Omebella and Zedus, but other divine offspring of the Great Mother, they would have been completely ineffective during that fusion. They lack the necessary symbols and mystical connections.'

Hearing this, the head on Lumian's left shoulder turned from side to side, the faces of Cheek and Alista Tudor alternating as they gazed at Madame Pualis.

Lumian struggled to suppress the urge to incinerate this part of Paramita and destroy it entirely. Suddenly, a thought flashed through his mind.

So that's how it is. Omebella was indeed killed by a direct relative. That explains her curse on the City of Silver…

Previously, Lumian had speculated that Omebella's final death stemmed from the citizens of City of Silver killing Her. Since they were Her followers, essentially her 'children,' the act of filicide—or human deicide—could naturally trigger the curse: 'Must die at the hands of a direct relative, or else become an evil spirit.'

Now it seemed that while this might be one of the reasons, it was certainly not the only one—nor even the most crucial.

The true reason was that Omebella's initial death was orchestrated by the Ancient Sun God!

As the successor to the Primordial God Almighty, the Ancient Sun God might have had fragments of the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness and spirit awakening within Him at that time—though still suppressible!

Under these circumstances, in Omebella's eyes, wasn't it essentially a god imbued with Her father's consciousness and spirit using powers derived from Him to kill Her?

Lumian suddenly understood why Madame Pualis had lured the padre into personally killing the newborn Omebella back in Cordu.

If it were only about fulfilling the symbolic act of being killed by a direct relative, Madame Pualis herself, as the mother, could have handled it. There would have been no need for such elaborate arrangements.

The only explanation was that infant Omebella had to be killed once by her biological father—the padre, who symbolized the Eternal Blazing Sun. Only then would all the necessary symbols be complete, forming a closed loop and becoming valid in the realm of mysticism.

Eternal Blazing Sun… Eternal Blazing Sun…

Lumian's pupils dilated as he was struck by a sudden realization.

Once he understood that making the padre become Omebella's father was to evoke the symbol of the Eternal Blazing Sun, one question had always puzzled him.

Why the Eternal Blazing Sun specifically?

Wouldn't the God of Steam and Machinery, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, or the Lord of Storms suffice?

This question hadn't lingered long, though. Realizing that Aurore possessed the unique conditions of being a transmigrator, having the gray fog's aura, being a Warlock, and having a younger brother, Lumian had concluded it was mere coincidence. It just so happened that Cordu worshiped the Eternal Blazing Sun.

But now, he suddenly understood—it wasn't a coincidence. It was a necessary condition.

Aside from being a transmigrator, having the gray fog's aura, being a Warlock, and the sibling relationship, there was another implicit condition: residing in a region that worshiped the Eternal Blazing Sun.

Lumian recalled his time as a casual believer of the Eternal Blazing Sun, occasionally attending Mass at the Saint Sith Cathedral in Cordu, and remembered certain praises from the padre.

'Great Father!'

'Father of all living beings!'

These weren't official titles of the Eternal Blazing Sun, yet they were written into the scriptures, frequently mentioned in propaganda and hymns, and genuinely existed!

The Great Father!

Lumian looked at Madame Pualis and blurted out, 'Is there something wrong with the Eternal Blazing Sun?'

Madame Pualis smiled faintly and replied, 'Long ago, fragments of the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness began reviving within Him. For a time, He would even occasionally lose control of Himself.

'After an extensive period, He finally managed to suppress His alienated self and achieve a fragile balance, which allowed Him to partially harness the power of the Chaos Sea. However, He had to tread carefully and limit the frequency of use. Otherwise, the corruption and alienation would deepen, and the balance would collapse.'

Madame Pualis smiled brilliantly and asked rhetorically, 'Now you understand why the true birth of Omebella is so significant, don't you?

'Her true father is the Primordial God Almighty. Her current father is the Eternal Blazing Sun, within whom the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty has revived.

'When She was born in essence, the Eternal Blazing Sun, as a symbol of the Primordial God Almighty, will be significantly strengthened. The mystical connection between the two will blend together.

'With the symbol of the Primordial God Almighty greatly reinforced, do you think the fragile balance the Eternal Blazing Sun has been maintaining can still exist?'

In the astral world, where abstract concepts and symbolic representations intertwined.

The radiant, golden Sun, connected to a blazing giant enshrouded in Chaos, suddenly broke off its battle with The Fool.

He contracted instantly, merging once again with the sacredly glowing golden Sun.

The Sun's surface abruptly darkened, patches of shadow spreading swiftly to cover half of its 'face.'

The gigantic golden sun alternated between the form of a handsome, energetic young man with short golden hair draped in a pure white robe, and a blazing, searingly bright fireball.

The young man's expression grew increasingly distorted, His body half-shrouded in dark shadows seeping from within, gradually dissolving. The dark patches on the terrifying fireball expanded, while the divine radiance diminished.

Suddenly, behind the golden sun, a silhouette subtly emerged.

It was a female figure dressed in layered but unadorned pitch-black robes, dotted with what seemed like brilliant stars. From Her ribs and waist extended two pairs of arms covered in short, deep-black fur.

Evernight Goddess!

In the Goddess's six hands, two held heavy black scythes, two cradled ancient bird-shaped golden ornaments, and two raised a massive sword seemingly forged from condensed orange-red light, aiming it at the Eternal Blazing Sun.

The young man with the distorted face in the white robe glanced at the spot where the Evernight Goddess had previously stood and saw a terrifying feathered serpent with massive wings blocking a fissure with its own reflection, maintaining the barrier.

The feathered serpent could only hold out for a short time, and even then, only because the Evernight Goddess had not yet left the astral world.

The Eternal Blazing Sun turned toward the Evernight Goddess, asking in excruciating pain, 'When… did you find out?'

Two of the Evernight Goddess's hands holding the bird-shaped golden ornaments underwent rapid changes, causing an illusory, wide, dark, colorless river to manifest behind Her.

The river flowed silently, drawing close to the Evernight Goddess.

'I had some suspicions during the Cataclysm. After obtaining Destined Madness, I fully understood your anomalies.' Evernight Goddess's voice was soft, almost as if She were soothing the Eternal Blazing Sun to sleep.

Simultaneously, the heavy black scythe and the massive orange-red sword descended upon the Eternal Blazing Sun at an unhurried pace, yet their movement carried the force of the colorless, dark river. The progress of the dark patches spreading across the surface of the golden sun slowed.

The once-handsome and vibrant Eternal Blazing Sun, Aucuses, began to laugh.

Struggling to suppress His alienation and natural defensive instincts, He looked earnestly at the Evernight Goddess and pleaded, 'Please kill me.'

He would rather die as a god than lose Himself and linger on in torment!

Suddenly, His face contorted again, and the dark patches overtook the sun's surface. An ancient voice seemed to echo from across history: 'If you kill Him, the barrier will lose another support. Can the barrier be kept up?'

The Evernight Goddess responded without any emotion, 'I just saw you collaborating with the Mother Goddess of Depravity, and you are the strongest Notary.'

Without hesitation, she brought down the heavy black scythe and the massive orange-red sword.

The dark, illusory river seemed to flow closer.

Those awake deep into the night and the strongest beings in the world simultaneously turned their gaze to the sky.

A blazing, brilliant, pure golden sun rose, illuminating the entire world.

In the next second, the sun shattered into fragments of divine light tinged with darkness, scattering to various corners of the world.

It resembled stars falling in a rain-like cascade.

…

Fourth Epoch Trier, beside the half-collapsed ostentatious palace.

Maintaining her smile, Madame Pualis replied, 'The true birth of Omebella holds two additional symbolic significance.

'First, as the divine offspring of the Primordial God Almighty and the Brood Hive, once She fully enters the real world, will the one who once usurped Her identity be able to bear this fate and maintain even a basic state?'

…

In the astral world, where abstract concepts and symbolic representations intertwined.

Earth Mother Lilith, with Her ample and graceful figure, cradling a baby in Her arms and a faint red moon behind Her head, cast Her gaze upon the crumbling golden sun and the figure wielding the scythe and sword.

The illusory crimson moon was suddenly drawn toward Her and leaped into Her body.

Her voluptuous, graceful form cracked instantly, and from the fissures burst forth streams of crimson moonlight.

'Amanises, let me sleep. In this way, my authority and symbolism can still contribute to the barrier,' Earth Mother Lilith spoke with extreme pain and difficulty.

The figure of the Evernight Goddess, Amanises, who had just vanquished the Eternal Blazing Sun, vanished as if erased.

Moments later, She reappeared behind Earth Mother Lilith.

Almost simultaneously, as the Sun fell, new stars lit up in the sky—red, orange, gold, blue, brown… eight in total.

Each was colossal, like new suns, descending to the same height as the crimson full moon, exerting immense pressure on the barrier, causing it to audibly crack and fissure.

The barrier's sustaining power was insufficient.

Having just completely destroyed the Tree of Shadow, leaving only its roots, and not yet had time to eliminate Suah and Tirié, Mr. Fool raised His head and looked toward the astral world.

All His bodies disappeared abruptly, reappearing there as a series of symbols and various abstract concepts.

Some symbols consisted of segments of Pupil-less Eye and Contorted Lines, others were layered doors, and others resembled the hands of a clock.

The teetering invisible barrier steadied.

Forsaken Land of the Gods, atop a majestic and stretching mountain range.

After the darkened sun fell, the darkness here dissipated.

Beside the enormous cross, Visionary Adam, clad in a simple white robe with a thick golden beard, returned to normal. At His feet was a dense black shadow with five heads, exuding malevolence.

Both He and His shadow looked ahead, to a realm encompassing all colors and possibilities, simultaneously illusory and real 'sea.'

From the depths of the Chaos Sea came an ancient voice: 'Come, my child. Merge with me.

'You are out of time. The apocalypse is nigh. Your only choice is to risk merging with me, then contend for dominance on equal footing.'

Visionary Adam and the True Creator, Grisha, shifted Their gazes downward, toward the lands outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

They saw the Northern and Southern continents, cities like Backlund, Trier, Feynapotter, and St. Millom, the awakened people stirred by the Sun's eruption, and the mountains, rivers, and seas.

They withdrew Their gazes and stepped into that realm of all-encompassing colors.

They sank beneath its waves.

…

Fourth Epoch Trier, beside the half-collapsed Tudor Palace.

Madame Pualis gazed wistfully at Lumian and Aurore, sighing as she spoke, 'The final important symbolism of Omebella's birth is this:

'Previously, She was born from the Brood Hive and the Primordial God Almighty. Now, She is born from me, representing the Great Mother, and the padre, symbolizing the Eternal Blazing Sun. Since the Eternal Blazing Sun, as a symbol of the Primordial God Almighty, has been strengthened, the Brood Hive, as a symbol of the Great Mother, will undergo similar changes.

'Moreover, the Brood Hive and the Great Mother Themselves have an exceptionally tight, nearly unified mystical connection.

'With such a transformation, what will the Great Mother gain?'

Lumian did not answer. Following his intuition, he directed his gaze upward to the formless, colorless flames.

There, the night sky had appeared, and the crimson full moon suddenly brightened.

Elsewhere in the mirrored world, Franca, who had just shattered the Demoness of Black's true body and her mirrored self, also looked up.

Across the world, every demigod raised their gaze to the sky.

The crimson full moon, which had always seemed perched atop a clock tower, suddenly descended without warning, appearing closer, as if just above everyone's rooftops or nestled in the wild treetops.

A diaphanous, eerie moonlight spread across every corner of the land and sea.

All was crimson, as if drenched in blood.

(End of Volume Seven—The Second Law)

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1116: Nightmare

What has been, will be again; what has been done, will be done again.

Trier, Le Marché du Quartier du Gentleman.

Leon—scholarly in appearance—stood at the front of the living room. His expression was solemn as he preached to the members of the congregation.

He had moved out of Auberge du Coq Doré because the congregation had grown significantly.

Although the local authorities in Le Marché du Quartier du Gentleman seemed indifferent to his clandestine spreading of an unorthodox faith, Leon believed caution was paramount—better to avoid any undue attention.

If devout and fanatical believers of the Eternal Blazing Sun or the God of Steam and Machinery within the quartier discovered his heretical teachings, they would report and protest relentlessly at the cathedral. Even if the two major Churches were initially reluctant to act, they'd eventually be forced to intervene!

Moreover, with an increasing number of followers, Leon genuinely needed a temporary location to serve as an underground chapel.

Having finished his sermon, Leon raised his hands, palms outward, his voice suddenly becoming fervent, 'Praise be to you, Beholden to the King of Yellow and Black, Priest of the Apocalypse and War, the Multi-Faced Conqueror of All, the true Malady God!

'Praise be to you, the Ancient One who transcends time, One who remains forever young, Envoy of Disease and Plague, Lady who spreads pain and despair, Protector of humanity's adventurous spirit, companion to the great Malady God!'

The gathered believers in the living room mimicked his gestures and completed the ritual with a final hymn of praise.

As Leon listened to the echoing voices of the congregation, he felt a moment of daze.

He didn't quite understand why the titles of these two deities kept changing, especially the great God of Plague, whose honorific name had been revised multiple times, leaving little resemblance to the original descriptions. Furthermore, the title Malady God had been reinstated, while God of Disease was now regarded as His companion and queen.

Leon had once inquired about this matter with Her Holiness, the Pope. The reply was: 'This reflects the rise in the rank and authority of the God of Plague.'

After the hymns, Leon gestured for the assisting padres to distribute holy communion.

The communion consisted of a drink and a choice of food: one could choose from absinthe, red wine, or cooled boiled water, paired with either mashed potatoes or meat patties.

Seeing his followers savor the communion with genuine satisfaction, Leon felt his year-long efforts had been worthwhile. A profound sense of accomplishment welled within him.

In the afternoon, he left his residence and headed to Église Saint-Robert on Avenue du Marché.

This wasn't because he secretly maintained his faith in the Eternal Blazing Sun but rather because he believed the rapid growth of the Sick Church necessitated greater organization. He and the other bishops needed to prepare for eventualities by advising Her Holiness on perfecting aspects of daily worship, large-scale masses, and the Church's scriptures.

On such matters, the orthodox Churches of the true gods served as excellent references.

Avenue du Marché was as lively as ever. Waves of newcomers streamed in from the nearby steam train station, flowing like rivers into the sea that was Trier. Some opted for carriages, others carried suitcases and walked, while the less cautious had their wallets stolen, leaving them shouting and chasing in distress. The patrolling police offered help with little enthusiasm.

Leon entered Église Saint-Robert and noticed a relatively unfamiliar bishop standing before the altar.

Approaching, he asked curiously, 'Is Bishop Christopher not here today?'

The unfamiliar young bishop gave a complex smile and replied, 'Bishop Christopher has been reassigned. I will be taking over his duties.

'You may call me Yveline.'

Another new bishop… Leon couldn't help frowning slightly.

In his hometown, aside from rapidly promoted padres and bishops, most would remain in one place for years—some even decades—overseeing a single village cathedral. Yet Église Saint-Robert had seen five bishops in just the past year.

Now, this was the sixth!

It wasn't like this last year…

When I first arrived in Trier, the bishop back then stayed for more than half a year…

Leon's thoughts shifted to the numerous changes within the Eternal Blazing Sun Church over the past year.

The Eternal Blazing Sun, whose titles had never changed before, had begun issuing revelations, drastically altering its titles—similar to the God of Plague. Even the status of the Sun Sacred Emblem had shifted, no longer placed atop altars, downgraded to just one among many sacred symbols!

Leon cast his gaze toward the altar and saw a massive cross standing there.

After exchanging a few pleasantries with Bishop Yveline, he seated himself in the front row, pretending to pray.

Before long, his heightened spiritual sensitivity as a Warlock stirred within him. Suddenly opening his eyes, he turned to the side.

He saw Lugano, his direct superior, once again.

This archbishop of Trier's Sick Church—a Sequence 5 Druid—had unexpectedly appeared in Église Saint-Robert of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church!

With his thick brows and sharp eyes, Lugano showed no fear or surprise upon noticing Leon. Removing his half-tall silk hat, he sat beside his subordinate, gazing at the massive cross on the altar. In a low voice, he asked, 'What are you doing at the Eternal Blazing Sun Church?'

'Your Grace, I wanted to learn how to deliver better sermons,' Leon humbly explained.

He refrained from asking why Lugano was at Église Saint-Robert.

Lugano smiled and replied, 'Me too.'

Then, with a sigh, he added, 'And to feel the sunlight.'

'Feel the sunlight?' Leon asked, puzzled.

Lugano stared at the massive cross on the altar and said, 'I always feel like the sunlight outside isn't bright enough, isn't warm enough. It can't dispel the cold and fear inside me. Only the sunlight here reaches my soul and lets me forget my unease.'

'Unease?' Leon also felt a sense of unease.

What unsettled him most was that the archbishop's words bordered on blasphemy —they lacked piety.

What cold and fear could the great Malady God and the great Malady God Queen not resolve or eradicate? Why not pray to them or seek guidance from Her Holiness instead of coming to the Eternal Blazing Sun Church to feel the sunlight?

Will I be silenced for hearing such blasphemous words? As Leon's anxiety grew, Lugano shifted his gaze from the altar to observe Bishop Yveline, who had moved to a long table at the side of the church. Speaking in a suppressed tone, he said, 'I've been having nightmares for a long time. Haven't you?'

'No,' Leon replied firmly.

'Do you often feel uneasy?' Lugano pressed further.

Leon shook his head at first but then hesitantly added, 'As a Warlock, my spirituality is strong. I only feel unease as a premonition of trouble, which usually helps me avoid or resolve it. Any unease disappears afterward.'

Lugano sighed again and said, 'I've had nightmares for so long—every single night, waking up in terror.'

'Have you asked Her Holiness about the root of the problem?' Leon probed cautiously.

Lugano smiled faintly and said, 'I have. I've also prayed to the great Malady God and the great Malady God Queen. The response I received was: 'Pay no mind to it, but do not get too close."

Pay no mind, that I understand. But what does do not get too close mean? Does delving into the nightmare lead to self-destruction, being dragged into the abyss? Leon instinctively analyzed the meaning of these words.

Suddenly, he recalled another matter: a mystical circle he had joined recently encountered problems, seemingly caused by a Beyonder from the Planter pathway.

In another related mystical circle, the host and many members warned everyone to beware of Beyonders from the Planter and Apothecary pathways.

His Grace is a Sequence 5 Druid of the Planter pathway… Could his recurring nightmares be related to abnormalities in these two pathways? Leon dared not voice his thoughts.

Lugano continued, 'Her Holiness also told me that, at my lowest, I could sit in a cathedral of the Eternal Blazing Sun.'

'I see…' Leon expressed his understanding.

Deep inside, however, he resolved to report this matter to Her Holiness through the mirror. He couldn't simply take the Archbishop's words at face value.

Lugano remained at Église Saint-Robert until evening before leaving to tend to the various affairs of Trier's Sick Church.

Late at night, he finally returned to his rented apartment. After drinking a glass of milk, stretching his body, and completing his nightly prayers, Lugano prepared for bed.

After washing up, he lay on his bed and turned off the gas wall lamp.

He stared at the ceiling, immersed in darkness, and at the crimson moonlight seeping through the curtains. He observed the twisted patterns formed by the interplay of light and shadow, unwilling to close his eyes for a long time.

He was afraid to sleep, afraid to dream.

He had once tried altering his routine—working at night and resting during the day—but the nightmare still came.

He didn't know how much time passed before he finally fell asleep.

In a daze, Lugano suddenly jolted awake, as if becoming lucid.

He saw the familiar gray-white fog and the water-stained stone slab.

It's here again… Lugano was not surprised.

The nightmare had come as anticipated.

He staggered to the edge of the gray-white fog but dared not step beyond it. He lingered there, gazing outward into the depths of the dream.

In the distance, he faintly saw a familiar street.

It was where he currently lived.

But in the dream, the street and all the buildings had completely collapsed—none were spared. The same destruction extended into the distance, with no end in sight.

Under the crimson moonlight, the ruins appeared chaotic, desolate, cold, and deathly still. Yet, they exuded a peculiar, eerie beauty—abandoned for ages yet imbued with a unique spiritual essence.

Green plants had overtaken the destroyed buildings. Some grew so densely they seemed to shroud the dead structures in burial cloth. Others bore abundant, fresh fruit.

Gazing upon this scene, Lugano was gripped by visceral fear, his entire body cold. It was as if he had glimpsed the future of Trier, the fate awaiting himself and others.

This was the nightmare he experienced every night:

A lifeless Trier where all humanity had been buried and every building had crumbled.

A Trier bathed perpetually in crimson moonlight.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1117: Ruins

Lugano stood at the edge of the gray-white mist, not daring to take a single step further into the lifeless Trier, that ruined world.

He had always strictly adhered to the instructions of Her Holiness, the Pope.

This was also his heartfelt choice.

As usual, he remained hidden within the gray-white fog, observing the changes in the nightmare with a mix of fear and curiosity.

He didn't know how much time had passed before a figure emerged from behind a collapsed building.

It was a deer, walking lightly on its hooves, happily nibbling at the fresh fruits borne by the green plants.

This seemed quite normal, much like how nature quickly reclaimed towns abandoned by humans.

Yet Lugano saw that as the deer ate, pieces of bloody flesh-not flesh, but raw, blood-covered fawns-fell from its abdomen, freshly born.

The fawns quickly stood up, clustered around their mother, and suckled her milk.

In just a minute or two, a sizable herd of deer was born.

They moved behind a few collapsed buildings and disappeared from Lugano's sight.

Lugano was not unfamiliar with such scenes. Over the past year, he had witnessed too many similar acts of birth and new life in his nightmares, evolving from shock, bewilderment, fear, and disgust to complete numbness. Even with so many frequent instances of reproduction and birth, Trier in the nightmare remained deathly silent, with only occasional faint sounds breaking the silence.

Those newborn animals seemed to disappear almost as quickly as they appeared.

Lugano tried to force himself to look away, to retreat deeper into the dense mist, lest he witness even more terrifying scenes.

This was his learned wisdom: every nightmare contained something new and horrifying, gradually amplifying his inner unease. Without such escalating horrors, the mere silent, crimson Trier and the wild animals repeatedly birthing offspring in

grotesque ways would not have been enough to break him, to sustain his daily fear-after all, if the same scene or event repeated day after day without directly harming the observer, it would likely result in desensitization rather than continued unease.

But Lugano couldn't bring himself to leave the edge of the gray fog. Deep down, he yearned to stay and continue observing Trier in his nightmare, hoping to find the root cause of his recurring dreams.

Sometimes, he even felt that watching such scenes was the only time he truly felt alive.

As he watched, Lugano's gaze suddenly froze.

At the end of the collapsed street, five figures appeared.

Human figures!

The five figures seemed partially merged with the darkness, untouched by the crimson moonlight, making them shadowy and indistinct.

Leading them was a man in a brown lightweight trench coat pinned with a golden brooch. He had golden hair, golden eyebrows, and a golden beard, holding a sword seemingly condensed from pure sunlight.

Behind him, two men in white robes embroidered with golden threads carried a human corpse.

The other two figures flanked them on the left and right, walking slightly ahead and behind, remaining on alert.

Lugano widened his eyes, straining to make out the features of these figures and, most importantly, the appearance of the corpse they were carrying.

For some reason, his attention was drawn to the face of the corpse.

As the five figures drew closer to the gray fog, the face of the corpse became clear to Lugano's eyes.

The corpse had regular features, thick eyebrows, and sharp eyes-it was unmistakably Lugano himself!

Lugano's pupils dilated instantly. Instinctively, he staggered back, collapsing to the ground with a loud thud.

How is that possible?

How can it be my corpse?

I'm perfectly alive!

Propping his hands against the water-stained stone slabs, Lugano sprang to his feet like a coil.

He rushed back to the edge of the gray fog, determined to confirm whether the corpse truly looked exactly like him.

Unfortunately, the five figures had already changed direction, heading toward the other end of the gray fog, leaving only shadowy silhouettes that seemed to blend into the darkness. P

…

One of the clergy members from the Eternal Blazing Sun Church, carrying the "corpse," addressed Angoulême de François, who was walking ahead, "Deacon, this guy's body has unconsciously left the protected zone over a hundred times now. Each time, we've had to retrieve it to prevent it from coming into contact with anomalies. Why not just purify him? He's a Sequence 5 Druid of the Planter pathway!"

"Exactly, he's a high-risk Beyonder," echoed the other clergy member carrying the "corpse."

Angoulême glanced at his subordinates. "He's the archbishop of the Sick Church."

"So what? Can't the Sick Church get a new archbishop? High-risk Beyonders like him are better off reduced to Beyonder characteristics and sealed away," grumbled Orulan, the first to speak. He was clearly dissatisfied with the dangerous task of venturing into the ruins to retrieve rogue bodies.

It was very dangerous.

Why is those high-risk Beyonders' life considered precious, and ours isn't?

Angoulême calmly explained, "The higher-ups said he's still useful."

At this, Orulan stopped arguing.

He couldn't help but lift his gaze toward the sky.

The crimson moonlight was eerie and bright, overshadowing the stars, though the crimson moon itself was nowhere to be seen.

"Why did it suddenly turn out like this..." Orulan murmured in confusion and pain.

This question was asked daily by those who had to enter the ruins and learn the truth about the protected zone. It was the most common question on the lips of Beyonders.

Angoulême also looked up at the sky.

The scene from back then flashed vividly in his mind: the crimson full moon descended lower and lower, impossibly so, finally landing upon the earth.

The entire Fourth Epoch Trier collapsed as a result.

The formless, colorless flames in the sky and the white fog permeating the ancient city disintegrated instantly.

With the aid of the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts - The Fourth Sun and The Divine Kingdom Without People - and the fact that they weren't among the primary targets, Angoulême, Jack Walton, and a few others barely survived the initial impact.

Even so, they each lost a colleague, helplessly watching them mutate into grotesque monstrosities, as if granted new, malevolent life.

Later, thanks to the unique properties of The Fourth Sun, they were fortunate enough to be pulled into the protected zone before the second wave of destruction hit.

Why did it suddenly turn out like this? Angoulême wanted to ask the same question.

At the time, things had seemed to be heading in a good direction - the Montsouris ghosts had been almost completely dissolved by The Fourth Sun, and Louis Gustav had been purified. Only Madame Pualis's whereabouts remained unaccounted for.

Then, out of nowhere, the crimson moon descended, and the world collapsed.

Orulan and the others' spirits sank, their moods heavy, until sunlight illuminated the darkness, dispelling their inner fear and confusion.

However, the sunlight did not penetrate the darkness created by the Sealed Artifacts.

This control was intentional-otherwise, it would have posed a significant risk.

As Orulan and the others calmed, a rumbling explosion echoed from afar, shaking the ground violently, as if it might collapse entirely.

Orulan instinctively turned toward the sound.

Thick white fog spread in the distance, and within it prowled a gigantic monster with three heads.

Violet flames ignited within the fog, and silver-white lightning illuminated the interior. Cracks in the ground extended all the way to Angoulême's group, where crimson magma flowed slowly.

Even from a great distance, Orulan and the others could feel the aura of destruction.

This was unlike the quiet gestation of life and death in Trier's ruins-this was brazen, ostentatious, and wanton destruction.

Fear gripped Orulan as he prepared to avert his gaze, but out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a female figure sitting quietly atop the collapsed spire of a clock tower, her feet dangling.

Behind her, the three-headed monster prowled, bringing volcanic eruptions, thunderstorms, blizzards, earthquakes, and soaring violet flames-but none of it touched her.

Wh- Orulan suddenly recalled terrifying stories he'd heard as a child.

A witch and the monster she commanded.

"Deacon, should we intervene and clean this up? I'm worried that if this continues, the entire Trier ruins will collapse," Orulan asked Angoulême.

Angoulême withdrew his gaze from the distance and looked at Orulan and the others.

"No need.

"Remember, in the ruins, never do anything beyond your assigned task. It's not only dangerous to us but could also threaten the maintenance of the protected zone.

"Sometimes, what you think is a good deed might worsen the situation."

"Yes, Deacon." Amid the rumbling noise, Orulan and the others' expressions turned solemn.

They had all heard stories of colleagues mysteriously disappearing or mutating into monsters within the ruins. Some had even witnessed it firsthand.

Countless task teams had vanished forever in the ruins.

"All right, we've reached the safe passage."

Angoulême said, pointing to a specific spot at the edge of the gray fog.

From there, they would return to the protected zone.

Instinctively, Orulan and the others cast one last glance toward the distant dense fog.

The woman sitting silently atop the collapsed spire exuded a unique allure.

…

Franca sat atop the collapsed clock tower, letting her thoughts scatter and drift.

Time passed quickly, minute by minute, until the explosions, thunder, and howling winds behind her subsided. Only then did she pull her focus back to her body.

"All done?" She asked as she turned to Lumian, who stood nearby, now restored to human size.

Still sporting three heads, Lumian nodded.

"It's that time again, where I occasionally regain clarity, though this time it might last longer.

"And I've finally grasped the powers of Conqueror and Demoness of Apocalypse."

"Didn't you already digest those two Beyonder characteristics through Cheek's avatar and Alista Tudor's integration?" Franca asked, puzzled.

"Digesting the characteristics and truly making the power your own are two different things," Lumian replied calmly with a faint smile. "After all, I didn't digest the potion myself."

Franca glanced at him, then at the faces of Aurore and Jenna, eyes closed, stained with blood, resting on his right shoulder. She tentatively asked, "You're looking pretty good?"

Lumian responded with a smile, "To do what comes next, I have to be.

"And besides, whatever happens, it's time for things to reach a conclusion. That's better than endless torment."

As he spoke, his tone grew somber.

"This time, I won't be a pawn, I'll do what I want to do."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1118: What I Want to Do

Franca had been carefully avoiding certain phrases, but since Lumian himself brought it up, there was no need to tread so cautiously anymore.

With a self-deprecating tone, she whispered, "Can you really stop being a pawn?"

Ever since she was pulled into the protected zone and learned from Anthony and Ludwig what had happened, she felt as though she had developed "pawn arrangement PTSD." Whenever she heard similar terms, her heart clenched, and her mood darkened.

This symptom showed no signs of improvement over time.

Lumian was silent for two seconds before raising his right hand and flicking the dark gold, peculiar mask at the center of the head on his left shoulder.

With a metallic "clang," the faces of Cheek and Tudor reflexively furrowed their brows.

After nearly a year of adaptation and mastery, Lumian could now exert tangible control over the two faces when in his lucid state, although some nuances were still beyond his grasp.

After flicking the mask, Lumian spoke in a low voice, "After my merging with Him, unless the one worshipped by the Aurora Order achieves complete victory or is entirely defeated-allowing a true God Almighty to be born-no one can manipulate me anymore.

"Look at us. We've entered the ruins, made such a commotion, and stayed for so long, yet the Great Mother hasn't even glanced our way despite us simply relying on the cover of the Fog of War. Can you believe that?"

"He's akin to a scaled-down original Creator-the Oldest One-or a yet-to-be-fully-revived Primordial God Almighty, which grants you a high status?" Franca nodded in sudden understanding.

"What I'm about to do next will remain highly concealed unless directly scrutinized," Lumian confirmed Franca's speculation, sitting down beside her atop the collapsed clock tower and gazing out at the ruins of Trier beyond the Fog of War.

Franca was silent for a few seconds before tilting her head and asking, "So, what exactly do you want to do next?"

The next moment, she saw Lumian smile.

It was a spirited smile, tinged with mischief-an expression Franca had never seen on Lumian's face before.

"I'm going to save the world."

For a moment, Franca felt as though she was listening to some prankster boast on the spot.

She didn't question him. Instead, she asked, "Do you have any hope of succeeding?"

Lumian, gazing at the endless ruins ahead, chuckled and replied, "If I don't act, and the Great Mother completely overpowers the half of Her will and achieves fusion, or if the barrier in the sky fails entirely, then there will be no hope whatsoever. But if I act, at least hope isn't zero. There'll be just a sliver.

"Besides, I'm not the only one preparing to save the world; there are others trying as well."

At this, Lumian turned to look at Franca, his tone drifting as though recalling something.

"When I was irrational, driven purely by divine instinct, that instinct allowed me to glimpse certain truths-or perhaps root causes.

"Everything in this world originates from the Original Creator. All living beings, all Beyonder characteristics, the way events unfold, and the miraculous turns of fate-all of it.

"What does this mean? It means separation leads to convergence. Something good will inevitably carry bad aspects, and vice versa.

"This is the essence of the world, the fundamental symbol that governs all things. Even existences as powerful as the Great Mother can't completely avoid it.

They can only mitigate its influence."

Franca, somewhat bewildered, said, "I understand dialectics, but what does this have to do with what you want to do?"

Lumian shifted his gaze back to the ruins.

"The Great Mother's prior arrangements undoubtedly demonstrated Her level of power and wonder. She achieved multiple objectives in one stroke, almost turning our resistance into a joke. But with every good aspect comes a bad one. Her arrangements have left things that we can exploit-things which might prove critical later." □□□

"Like what?" Franca now understood the gist of Lumian's point.

Lumian shook his head. "There are things you can't know yet. You're not an Angel."

He paused before adding, "Put simply, the Great Mother set up many things to ensure Omebella's true birth. Some succeeded, some failed in the past, and some were kept as backups. They all left certain marks, even physical remnants.

"For instance, the bird egg deep in the Underworld. For instance, Lugano."

"Lugano?" Franca was first surprised, then seemed to understand. "So you think he's still useful?"

Lumian chuckled in response. "I've finally figured it out - he was drawn to me by the fragment of Zedus's soul within me. It's because of his presence that I got deeply involved in the Father Montserrat matter and obtained Omebella's umbilical remains.

"After that, he was essentially useless to the Great Mother. It's only due to the corruption stemming from his characteristics that he now possesses certain peculiarities in his dreams.

"I won't plan anything for him. As long as he's alive and still submits to me, he'll play the role I need at some critical juncture."

Franca didn't delve further, as she wasn't an Angel.

She stared blankly at the head in the center of Lumian's shoulders and said with a bitter smile.

"But what can you, a dual Sequence 1 King of Angels, do in the current situation?"

Lumian turned his head, meeting Franca's lake-blue eyes, and replied with a smile, "You know what I was like. You also know what I've been through. I'm nobody, even if I've stood at the center of the stage and been applauded-all because strings were pulling me from behind. Don't comfort me. I haven't given up on myself.

"I learned something in the dream city: even the most foolish person, after thinking a thousand, ten thousand times, will eventually get it right once. Now, as someone who's failed countless times, I'm going to challenge the future again. Maybe this time, I'll succeed."

As he spoke, Lumian's smile brightened, revealing his unabashed hope and expectation.

He immediately chuckled at himself. "Anyway, it can't get worse for me than it already is."

Franca gazed at his smile and said nothing for a long time.

"I also want to see what Aurore and Jenna's eventual resurrection will look like, and what sort of distortions it will entail," Lumian said, his gaze once again darkening as he looked out at the greenery-covered ruins beyond the Fog of War. "By then, there will surely be a calamity sweeping the entire world. For the Great Mother's Blessed and followers, it will indeed be a disaster.

"You'll participate in the early stages, complete your ritual, take the potion, and become a Demoness of Catastrophe. Then, Madam Magician will help transfer you to the edge of the cosmos or some unnoticed star system, where a human-suitable environment can be created."

Franca was silent for two seconds before saying. "Okay."

"I thought you'd refuse." Lumian said, glancing at Franca.

Franca stared ahead, her gaze crystalline and profound, and said, "I was planning to refuse. But then I thought-even if I become a Sequence 2 Demoness, it probably won't make much of a difference."

When the crimson moon descended, the Demoness Sect did not receive enough "protection," losing two Demonesses of Catastrophe-the Demoness of Blue and the Demoness of Purple. The latter's Beyonder characteristics and body ingredients were obtained by Angel of Fate Ouroboros, passed through two trades, and eventually ended up in Lumian's hands. He gave them to Franca, who was now waiting for the opportunity to perform the ritual.

Franca paused and revealed a self-mocking smile.

"Anyway, my answer just now was half perfunctory to stop you from persuading me further or feeling burdened, which might affect your performance. In the end, whether I go or stay depends on the situation."

Lumian nodded with the head in the center and chuckled, "If you can't leave or don't want to, then we'll stay together forever, Live together, or die together."

"That's a good thing." Franca responded half-sincerely, half-mockingly.

Lumian said nothing more, gazing out at the ruins, his thoughts wandering to unknown places.

After a while, Franca, who was also staring ahead, moved her eyes slightly and glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. "What's on your mind?"

Lumian raised the head in the center slightly, gazing through the Fog of War at the crimson moonlight and dim stars in the sky.

"I'm thinking that if Cordu hadn't been struck by disaster-if all the arrangements, pain, and torment hadn't happened-and if there had been a good teacher to guide me and Aurore together, teaching me the principles of life and morality, then facing the current situation, this crisis affecting all humanity, I probably would

have willingly stood up without a trace of self-destructive tendencies. I would have chosen to be a true guardian..."

Before Franca could respond, he laughed at himself. "But alas, there are no 'ifs'."

He stood up, brushed the dust off his body, and said to Franca, who also rose, "Let's go back. Time to start the first step of the plan."

…

In Trier, inside that luxurious villa.

Lumian and Franca entered the living room to find Madam Justice sitting on a single sofa, chatting with Anthony. By her side, the golden-furred, gold-rimmed-glasses-wearing Susie crouched gracefully, exuding a gentle aura.

Madam Justice turned her gaze to Lumian. "You summoned my messenger to call me here. What is it you need?"

After obtaining Edefana's Beyonder characteristics and body ingredients, and having digested the Dreamweaver potion long ago, Madam Justice had completed her ritual months earlier and become a Sequence 2 Discerner, now a true Angel.

Lumian, with the head in the center smiling, spoke sincerely, "Madam, there's something I need your help with."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1119: Returning Home

After leaving the luxurious villa that used to be her own but now housed Lumian and his companions, Madam Justice paused for two seconds and said to Susie, who was beside her, 'Let's go home.'

'Home?' Susie's tone suddenly became a little dreamy.

'Yes, back to Backlund.' Madam Justice smiled. Her green eyes sparkled brightly, filled with anticipation and hope, as if she had returned to her girlhood.

Susie fully understood Audrey's meaning, and a nostalgic expression appeared on her canine face. 'Okay.'

Over the years, she and Audrey had returned to Backlund on occasion. After the crimson moon's descent, they even stayed there for long periods, secretly protecting the Hall family. But this time, Audrey wanted to truly return home—to be with her parents and other loved ones.

Justice Audrey's figure quickly became ethereal, carrying Susie, who was now a Manipulator, as they traversed the sea of collective subconsciousness.

Her voice, tinged with obvious emotion, lingered at the spot before gradually fading into the wind, 'The prelude to the final battle is about to begin. If I don't go home now, there won't be another chance. I don't want to face the true apocalypse with regrets…'

Loen Kingdom, Backlund.

Justice Audrey and Susie emerged from the sea of collective subconsciousness onto a street close to Empress Borough.

They didn't rush home but instead strolled along the street, savoring the mundane pleasures of daily life.

No one noticed them, nor did anyone realize that the daughter of Earl Hall was wandering through the crowd without a maid or bodyguard, looking around curiously.

At this time, well-dressed gentlemen in silk top hats and ladies with parasols were moving in and out of department stores, upscale cafés, and opera houses. Two- or four-seater carriages hurried by, while a small circus performed by the fountain, surrounded by children. In the distance, a steam-powered four-wheeled vehicle chugged away, its vibrations gradually fading into the road.

Justice Audrey observed the scene with focused attention, making no effort to hide her nostalgia.

Suddenly, she sensed something unusual and turned her gaze toward a man and a woman about to board a four-seater carriage.

The man was dressed in a black suit, and the woman wore a yellow, flowing gown of sheer fabric with a fresh touch of makeup.

The moment Justice Audrey looked their way, the pair froze abruptly.

Plants—some brownish, others greenish—burst wildly from their tear ducts, nostrils, mouths, ear canals, and even pores. There were branches and vines.

Their bloodshot eyes, now tainted with a crimson hue, radiated intense malice as they turned to glare at the coachman and the surrounding pedestrians.

However, they seemed to 'decide' to hold back, waiting until they were in a better state before launching an attack.

But their transformations did not go unnoticed. Screams of terror pierced the peaceful and lively street, echoing far and wide.

The pedestrians fled desperately. In just seconds, the area around the man and woman became desolate.

Their madness erupted. With a loud bang, chunks of flesh mixed with green plants and crimson moonlight splattered outward.

Soon, a team of Nighthawks bearing the Dark Sacred Emblem arrived.

They swiftly dealt with the nauseating flesh and remnants.

The fleeing pedestrians suddenly slowed, some returning to their conversations with companions, others stepping into nearby cafés to order coffee with desserts, appearing relaxed and at ease. □

The coachman returned to his carriage, gazing into the distance, waiting for passengers.

None of them paid any attention to the Nighthawks' cleanup or even glanced in their direction.

It was as if they had completely forgotten what had just happened, returning to their daily lives.

Justice Audrey stood watching for a while, sighed, and continued walking toward Empress Borough.

Before long, she and Susie entered the sea of collective subconsciousness again, emerging in a corner of her long-unvisited bedroom.

Inside, another Audrey, dressed in a green-and-white gown, sat at the dressing table, fastening a pair of petite pearl earrings.

She turned her body and looked at Justice Audrey, her expression lighting up with joy. 'You're finally back!'

She then asked in a verifying tone, 'You've become an Angel?'

Justice Audrey smiled and nodded. 'Yes. It took a long time to prepare for the ritual, but I completed it three months ago.'

The advancement ritual for a Sequence 2 Discerner in the Spectator pathway required delving into the subconscious of at least ten thousand humans, uncovering their deepest fears, most primal desires, and the root of all their psychological issues, then leaving a mark of oneself.

This was not only tedious but also dangerous. Every human carried godhood and was subject to the erosion and influence of the sea of collective subconsciousness, inheriting the most profound cognition and impressions of ancient humanity. Chaos, madness, and primal instincts lurked deep within their subconscious. Exploring these depths risked corruption, mental instability, or even derangement.

In this ritual, the quantitative requirement could be reduced by targeting higher-ranked Beyonders, but this entailed greater risks. For example, delving into the subconscious of Madam Magician could mean encountering the mental imprints or past shadows of The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. Choosing Lumian as a target would suffice for the ritual but would involve facing the most primal and frenzied mind, even glimpses of the Original Creator or the Primordial God Almighty.

'Wasn't that dangerous?' Audrey, now wearing her pearl earrings, asked with curiosity.

Though over twenty years old, with mature demeanor and temperament, a trace of girlish innocence lingered in her tone.

Justice Audrey smiled. 'It was indeed dangerous. During the preparation, I witnessed the worst of human nature, the wildest desires, the most chaotic perceptions, and also the noblest virtues, the most beautiful emotions, and the highest ideals. Sometimes, these contradictory elements existed simultaneously in a single person's subconscious.'

'Human nature is complex,' Audrey agreed with a nod.

After observing Justice Audrey for a few seconds, she sighed and asked nostalgically, 'You've been to many places over the years, haven't you?'

Justice Audrey smiled gently. 'I lived in East Borough for a year, then south of Trier's Quartier du Jardin Botanique for another year. I spent a year in the Southern Continent and nearly two years along the coastal cities of Midseashire. Those are lands of steel and steam. Their architecture resembles towering iron trees standing close together, their 'branches' interconnected. Each 'bark' and 'leaf' is a room housing a family of workers. Only a few 'leaves' and 'bark' receive sunlight…'

Audrey listened intently, as if she too had traveled to those places and witnessed those sights.

After a long pause, she asked with anticipation, 'Do you have an answer now?'

'There isn't one answer to all questions.' Justice Audrey gave a self-deprecating smile. 'I only understand one thing now: Humanity must unite and show collective strength to the deities to gain a higher status, just as workers, farmers, herders, and clerks must overcome fear and band together to demand better treatment and greater security from those in power.

'That's why we cannot side with beings born as gods. They don't need anchors; humanity is meaningless to Them. If They achieve ultimate victory, our existence, joys, and sorrows will depend solely on Their whims and chaotic intentions, leaving us utterly powerless.'

Audrey caught the melancholy and worry in Justice's tone and playfully comforted her, 'We may not need those born as gods, but we were born noble.'

'No.' Justice Audrey shook her head and said with a faint smile, 'Nobility isn't about lineage, status, or position; it's about one's heart and character.'

She extended her right hand toward Audrey, who was dressed in the green-and-white gown.

'Welcome home~' Audrey said with a smile, lightly clapping her hand against Justice Audrey's.

With a crisp clap, the two figures suddenly merged into one, inseparable ever again.

Audrey now donned the green-and-white gown, fastened the pearl earrings, and applied simple makeup. Leaving the bedroom, she descended the stairs, passed through the hall, and arrived on the second floor of the ballroom, accompanied by a lady's maid and Susie.

Crystal chandeliers hung overhead, an orchestra played, and men and women in formal attire mingled elegantly, chatting in small groups with drinks in hand or dancing gracefully in pairs on the ballroom floor.

Audrey took a glass of pale-golden champagne from a passing tray and stood by the railing, gazing down with a gentle smile. She watched her father, Earl Hall, her

mother, Lady Caitlyn, and the familiar nobles chatting, as well as her elder brothers waltzing with their partners.

She didn't join them, content to watch with a smile.

Late that night, the entire population of Backlund shared the same dream.

In the dream, a voice seemed to say: 'Mr. Medici, Lumian Lee wants to meet you. You may choose the time and place.'

Normally, this voice would only echo in the dreams or minds of Backlund's residents, slowly spreading to other cities and nations through the sea of collective subconsciousness. This time, however, it reached beings outside Backlund almost instantly, with hardly any delay.

…

'Mr. Medici, Lumian Lee wants to meet you. You may choose the time and place.'

Red Angel Medici, with His feet propped up on a table, scratched His ear and sneered.

'Only now did he muster the courage to make this decision?

'I've been waiting nearly a year.'

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1120: Negotiation

Greater Trier, in an ancient castle.

Red Angel Medici sat on a throne pieced together from iron-black weapons, gazing at the hall splattered with dark red blood-like stains. He lifted His right leg, resting it on His left knee.

Before Him, Lumian's figure, bearing three heads, swiftly materialized.

Dressed in a white shirt, black vest, and dark trousers, Lumian looked at Red Angel Medici and spoke in a mocking tone, "I thought you'd first hide, only showing up once you confirmed I didn't bring reinforcements."

As he spoke, violet flames ignited behind Lumian, quickly solidifying into a massive, bloodstained, iron- black chair.

"Aren't you worried there might be a deadly trap here?" Red Angel Medici shook His right foot, sneering in return.

Lumian sat down, leaned back against the chair, and answered indifferently, "I'd welcome a deadly trap. It might even be a blessing in disguise."

Red Angel Medici, His long blood-red hair flowing down, placed His right palm on the longsword armrest of the iron throne and asked disdainfully, "What do you want from me?"

With unusual sincerity, Lumian replied, "I want to ask you to hand over the two Conqueror Beyonder characteristics within you."

"Haha." Red Angel Medici burst into laughter. "I've lived for thousands of years and never heard such a request. Even Alista Tudor didn't dare say something like that. He knew well that what couldn't be won in war wouldn't be secured in negotiation."

Lumian seemed deaf to Red Angel Medici's taunts, continuing as if He hadn't heard.

"The Northern and Southern continents have already been effectively destroyed. If not for the one worshipped by the Aurora Order forcibly accommodating the Chaos Sea, buffering the initial impact of the Mother Goddess of Depravity's descent, and if not for the cooperation between Him and Mr. Fool in creating protected zones, human society would have long since collapsed. All of us, myself included, would be dead by now-only to be "reborn" into something else…"

At this point, Red Angel Medici Interrupted, "The main reason wasn't Adam or The Fool saving us. They couldn't even protect Themselves back then.

"We're still alive because the Mother Goddess of Depravity targeted the Western Continent, aiming at the Brood Hive."

Lumian didn't deny Red Angel Medici's assertion but calmly added, "If not for Mr. Fool exploiting the Mother Goddess of Depravity's instinctual desire, luring Her to breach the Celestial Worthy's barrier sealing the Western Continent, then reinforcing the seal using Her connection to it... If not for the Western Continent's Celestial Master and others burning their life forces and utilizing the powers of the sefirot to sustain the barrier... Even the naturally dissipating power of the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the symbolic instincts She represents wouldn't have allowed the protected zones to last this long.

"But even those measures are nearing their limit. Two months ago, the Mother Goddess of Depravity captured the Brood Hive within the gray-white fog sealing the Western Continent. The Brood Hive yearns to see its eldest daughter, Omebella, truly reborn, but it resists re-merging with the Mother Goddess of Depravity. It has developed self-awareness and enjoyed Its completed form for seven or eight millennia, maybe longer-It certainly doesn't wish to perish now.

"At present, the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the Brood Hive are locked in a tug-of-war. Both the World of Ruins and the Western Continent have attained a fleeting peace, with only the naturally dissipating forces and maternal symbolism still exerting their effects.

"This may be our last peaceful respite. No one knows how long it will take for the Mother Goddess of Depravity to utterly crush the will of the Brood Hive and fully accommodate this sefirot. Perhaps a year, or maybe only two or three months remain.

"We don't have much time, which is why I've come to you."

Red Angel Medici sneered, "How noble, how sanctimonious. But why should I hand over two Conqueror Beyonder characteristics to you?

"Why not give yours to me, voluntarily withdrawing from the competition for the Red Priest position?

"Sacrifice is something you say to yourself, not to others."

Lumian laughed, a laugh that gave Red Angel Medici the sudden feeling that He'd stepped into a trap.

With a relaxed smile playing across his features, Lumian replied, "Sure! I'll agree to that!

"I'll hand over my Conqueror Beyonder characteristic to you right now, along with a Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder characteristic. At that point, my body will

lose its balance, and I'll inevitably die. Then you won't have to worry about anyone competing with you for the Red Priest position."

He spoke rapidly, as if unwilling to give Medici the chance to change His mind.

Red Angel Medici focused intently on Lumian, as though evaluating the sincerity and truthfulness of his words.

Relaxing his posture further, Lumian continued, "My only condition is that you must inherit my fate, my identity, this half of my body, and this head."

As he spoke, he raised his right hand, lightly tapping the dark-gold peculiar mask at the center of his left- side head.

Red Angel Medici's gaze lingered on the mask, Alista Tudor's handsome face, and Cheek's maternal visage, moving back and forth several times before He sneered, "Do you think I'd accept that?

"Inheriting this mess? I'd rather perish when the apocalypse comes."

"And where's your courage?" Lumian provoked.

"Courage and wisdom aren't mutually exclusive, nor do they prevent me from discerning good from bad," Red Angel Medici retorted, changing His posture and crossing His left leg over His right, His foot shaking rhythmically.

Lumian taunted Him with a look of disappointment, "Then why bother vying for the Red Priest position?

"Without relying on the unique nature of this head and this half of the body, can you become the Red Priest without performing the ritual? Can you meet the requirements for the apotheosis ritual in such a short time?

"Without the unique qualities of this head and body, can you locate and defeat Primordial Demoness Cheek in time?

"Without these unique traits, can you subdue the malevolent dragon and fully accommodate the City of Calamity before the Mother Goddess of Depravity accommodates the Brood Hive?

"Even if you somehow became the Origins of Disaster, the Calamity of Destruction, before the apocalypse, your utility would pale in comparison to the existence of this head and body's unique advantages. You'd still perish.

"We're in a dire position. To save ourselves, others, and the world, every unique advantage must be exploited to the fullest. Only then is there even a sliver of hope.

"Medici, you're a coward. I despise you!"

Red Angel Medici chuckled. "There's no need to provoke me. I've never made decisions based on that."

After a few seconds of silence, He continued, "You're right. To become the Origins of Disaster before the Great Mother accommodates the Brood Hive, unique traits are essential. But how long would such an unstable existence last after the advancement?"

"I don't know," Lumian admitted candidly. "Maybe minutes, maybe years or decades. Perhaps, with some help and special methods, it could last millennia-or even longer."

Red Angel Medici stared at Lumian and the head for a long while before shaking His head, "If it were just sharing one body with multiple consciousnessed, I'd accept it-I've had ample experience. But the thought of being stuck with Alista Tudor forever, especially in a form beyond just Beyonder characteristics, is unacceptable."

Lumian's left-side head turned slightly, Alista Tudor's handsome, masculine face glaring at Medici.

With a slight shake of His head, He looked contemptuous.

"Coward. Where's your courage? Is your sharp tongue the only thing that's left undefeated?" Lumian voiced Tudor's sentiments on His behalf.

Red Angel Medici sneered, "Giving the order to retreat and giving up also requires courage."

Lumian sighed and asked, "So, do you agree?"

This referred to Medici extracting the two Conqueror Beyonder characteristics and handing them over to Lumian.

With a curving of the corner of His lips, Red Angel Medici replied, "Not yet. We're missing one thing.

"I'm considering whether we should duel for it - the loser takes this path - or..."

He paused before flashing a brilliant smile, "Why don't you beg me?"

Lumian froze for a second, then stood and spoke seriously. "Oh great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife, I beseech you. I beg you to save this world. I plead for the two Conqueror Beyonder characteristics..."

At the phrase "save this world," Red Angel Medici's expression subtly shifted, as though caught between sneering and being stunned, as if a memory had been jolted awake.

When Lumian finished, the King of Angels mocked, "What happened to your dignity?"

Before Lumian could respond, He tilted His chin slightly, "Fine. I agree, but under three conditions."

"Please, state them." Lumian's attitude remained excellent.

Red Angel Medici mulled over it and said, "First, if you truly become the Origins of Disaster when the apocalypse comes, spare the Einhorn and Sauron families if you can. Also, protect my descendants like Albus."

"No problem," Lumian agreed without hesitation.

Red Angel Medici smiled again. "Second, after becoming the Origins of Disaster, you'll need only one Conqueror characteristic to stabilize yourself. At that point, remember to extract the other two and return them to me."

To reach an Above the Sequences or Great Old Dominator, one needed the corresponding sefirah, the Uniquenesses of the corresponding pathways, and a singular Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of each pathway.

"That's fine," Lumian said without concern.

Red Angel Medici lowered His left leg and slowly stood.

"Third, give Adam a punch for me and tell Him, "Don't get mad. This is a necessary sacrifice."

"That's it?" Lumian raised an eyebrow.

Medici chuckled. "What else? Kill Him and doom us all?

"If He'd been honest with me back then, I might have joined His experiments or even sacrificed myself first. Do all Spectators eventually become this dark, perpetually distrusting others?"

After finishing, Red Angel Medici added mischievously. "I can't separate the highest Sequence Beyonder characteristics in myself. You'll need your godfather's help. But I won't speak His name."

Lumian nodded and solemnly recited in Hermes, "The shadow wandering through fate, the past God of Deceit, the destined messiah..."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1121: Entrustment

After Lumian recited Amon's current honorific name, a light full of redemptive power emerged from the void, from the River of Fate, condensing into the form of Amon, wearing a pointed soft hat and a monocle.

Amon glanced left and right before smiling and saying, 'So, have you concluded your negotiations? Or would this be settled with a duel?

'You Hunters really have patience. This matter, which should've been discussed last September, dragged on until now.'

As He spoke, Amon lightly clapped His hands in mock applause for the patience of the two Hunters.

Red Angel Medici sneered, 'You've changed pathways, yet you're still cawing like a raven.

'Let's begin; don't waste any more time.'

Stealing the highest Sequence Beyonder characteristics from another wasn't a simple task. Even if the target stopped resisting and actively cooperated, the process would still take significant time and carry a notable risk of failure. Moreover, it required an exceptionally high level of authority.

After urging Amon, Red Angel Medici sat back down on His iron throne, leaned against the backrest, and crossed His right leg, assuming His usual arrogant posture.

His expression showed neither fear nor despondency—only a hint of emptiness in His gaze, as if reminiscing.

'What's on your mind?' Amon asked with a smile.

Red Angel Medici chuckled. 'About things that happened before you were born.'

Amon shook His head and adjusted the monocle clasped to His eye socket with His right hand.

His left hand produced a red apple, which He brought to His lips, taking a crisp bite.

'I've waited a long time for this day,' Amon said with a smile, as the monocle on His face suddenly gleamed.

He extended His right hand toward Red Angel Medici, His wrist rotating slowly and heavily.

Red Angel Medici was abruptly set ablaze, engulfed entirely in bright violet flames.

Despite the excruciating pain, He maintained a mocking smile.

Burning in the flames. Eternal in the flames.

…

After extracting the two Conqueror Beyonder characteristics from Red Angel Medici and handing them over to Lumian, Amon departed from the protected zone.

He stood above the valley of the still-rushing Srenzo River, gazing out at the distant world.

Enormous oak trees, so large they seemed to reach the sky, stood tall upon the land. Verdant green blanketed the remnants of human civilization, and intermittent cries of 'waaah, waaah, waaah' echoed, accompanied by the sound of flocking movements.

Suddenly, a figure staggered out from the faint grayish-white fog.

The figure had a handsome appearance and wore formal attire, with scarlet eyes—a Sanguine of a not-insignificant Sequence.

Yet, once outside the protected zone, the Sanguine's body rapidly mutated.

He collapsed into a mass of flesh and blood, sprouting numerous reproductive organs, some male, some female, and some belonging to peculiar creatures.

These interacted with one another and with the surrounding stones, wood, and vines, giving birth to strange new life forms.

Amon watched this with interest for a moment, then raised His right hand and flicked forth a nearly invisible and formless flame.

The flame fell upon the writhing, ever-procreating mass of flesh, instantly setting it ablaze, reducing it—and the nascent life within it—to ashes.

Amon's gaze then turned toward the edge of the gray-white fog, where three Sanguine were watching Him. Leading them was Mr. Moon Emlyn, wearing a silk top hat.

Amon smiled faintly before turning His attention back to the towering oaks.

Tonight, He was on watch duty.

Emlyn, who had come to clean up the mutants, observed Amon for a moment before stepping out of the gray-white fog. Enduring the pain of the crimson moonlight, he retrieved the severely corrupted Beyonder characteristic.

Exchanging silent glances with the two other Sanguine, he returned to the protected zone.

After sealing the Beyonder characteristic, Emlyn returned to his residence in Backlund, sitting by the floor-to-ceiling window and gazing at the crimson moon high in the sky.

Only within the protected zone could he experience the peace, spiritual growth, and unique beauty brought by the crimson moon.

Under the crimson moonlight of the World of Ruins, however, Sanguine like him felt nothing but pain, as though the light sought to ignite them and burn them into pure spirituality.

Reflecting on his recent experiences, the once-confident Emlyn couldn't help but feel weighed down.

In the past, he often proclaimed his ambition to be the messiah of the Sanguine, full of drive and determination. But that was when the prophecy of the Sanguine's end of days was distant, and their Ancestor still existed. Now, the end of days had truly arrived—and was unfolding before his eyes.

Compared to other pathways' Beyonders, Sanguine and Planters had suffered far deeper and more severe impacts since the descent of the crimson moon. Over the past year, Emlyn had witnessed countless Sanguine mutate into monsters or transform into their most ferocious enemies—and he had personally dealt with many of them.

Familiar faces disappeared daily. Sorrowful events occurred without end.

This was the apocalypse.

Now, the Sanguine's population had been halved compared to the time before the crimson moon's descent.

What can I do to save them… The Moon Emlyn pondered deeply, no longer indulging in fanciful ideas or overconfident thoughts.

Influenced by the crimson moon's descent, Sanguine dukes dared not act freely, fearing they would lose control and mutate. Thus, Emlyn and other marquises represented the strongest forces the Sanguine could muster.

With a vague understanding of why the crimson moon—the Great Mother—brought such catastrophic influence, Emlyn spent an entire night pondering but still failed to find a way to save his race.

When the sun rose and daylight arrived, he drew the curtains, lay on his bed, and drifted into slumber, hoping his active spirituality might offer some insight through dreams.

Amid his grogginess, a familiar female voice suddenly reached him: 'Emlyn… Emlyn…'

Emlyn looked in the direction of the voice, dazed, and vaguely saw a voluptuous, graceful figure.

Instinctively, he called out, 'Ancestor!'

The voice spoke with a slightly ethereal tone, 'There is something I need to entrust to you.'

In the past, such words would have filled Emlyn with joy, pride, and self-satisfaction, as it signified him becoming the messiah of the Sanguine. But now, he felt only a heavy weight on his shoulders, as though his body could no longer bear the burden.

After a few moments of silence, he answered in a low voice, 'Yes, Ancestor.'

The voluptuous and graceful figure, radiating maternal warmth, said gently,

'I will give you a Beauty Goddess Beyonder characteristic, containing my spiritual imprint and residual self-awareness.

'Safeguard it. Someday, I may be able to be reborn through it.

'It also contains an extra Life-Giver Beyonder characteristic, which I will pre-separate for you. Afterward, retrieve supplementary ingredients from the treasury and strive to complete your advancement in a short time. When the apocalypse arrives, protect the remaining Sanguine as best as you can.'

Emlyn felt no joy but instead asked in confusion and concern, 'What about you, Ancestor?'

Why make preparations for rebirth and resurrection?

The voluptuous and graceful figure said with a smile, 'Some things must be done. Some hopes must be fought for.'

Emlyn froze, hearing the resoluteness hidden in Ancestor Lilith's tone.

Without further explanation, the voluptuous figure spoke in a motherly tone, 'My child, as long as all of you survive, as long as my bloodline remains unbroken, and as long as someone remembers my name, I will live forever…'

Her voice gradually faded, disappearing into the dream.

…

The voluptuous and graceful figure emerged from the starlight-woven dreamlike gate, arriving at a majestic and ancient palace enveloped in gray-white fog.

Seated at the head of the bronze table was The Fool, wearing a half-silk top hat and a black trench coat.

It was an avatar—a mere projection of His true self.

'So this is Sefirah Castle?' the beautiful woman radiating maternal brilliance asked as She sat in the chair at the far end of the mottled table.

She was Earth Mother Lilith.

'The external manifestation and extension of Sefirah Castle,' Mr. Fool replied in a calm tone. 'You reached out to me through your dream while asleep. What is it you need?'

Lilith cradled an imaginary infant, her smile soft yet firm. 'I wish to ask you to kill me.'

'What is the purpose?' Mr. Fool asked, neither hurried nor slow.

Earth Mother Lilith's smile remained gentle but resolute.

'The Mother Goddess of Depravity has leveraged my act of stealing Omebella's identity and destiny, using symbolic manipulation to trap me in this undead state. However, we can turn this against Her.

'Since I am symbolically equivalent to Omebella, killing me will also kill the true Omebella. As She is the link between the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the Brood Hive, severing this connection would significantly delay the Mother Goddess of Depravity's progress in accommodating the Brood Hive, buying us more time.

'The Mother Goddess of Depravity can use symbols, and I believe you, Mr. Fool, are fully capable of doing the same. As the master of Fooling, you are undoubtedly a master in this domain.'

'The equivalence of your symbolic identity to Omebella does hold,' Mr. Fool acknowledged with a slight nod. 'But killing Omebella now would turn the Brood Hive against us, prompting it to rejoin the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

'To the Brood Hive, Omebella is the first child It bore after attaining self-awareness, Its mystically significant eldest daughter, just as the Mother Goddess of Depravity is the Firstborn of the Original Creator. The Brood Hive values Omebella deeply.'

Before Earth Mother Lilith could respond, Mr. Fool tapped the edge of the bronze table with his fingers.

'This can be exploited, but the timing is not yet right.'

Earth Mother Lilith's smile appeared once more.

'Good. At least I can still serve some purpose with my death.

'I will await the correct moment.'

With that, Mother Earth stood, leaving the area above the gray fog in measured steps.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1122: Choice

At the bronze table, in the seat belonging to The Chariot.

Light surged and solidified into Lumian's figure, bearing three heads.

He looked toward the head of the mottled bronze table and said, "Mr. Fool, I've obtained the remaining Conqueror Beyonder characteristics from Red Angel Medici. I'd like to go to Morora as soon as possible."

Mr. Fool gently nodded and replied, "You may go anytime. I will provide the necessary assistance."

Lumian understood that the help Mr. Fool referred to wasn't about entering Morora but rather offering necessary aid in handling 0-01.

Considering Mr. Fool was already maintaining the outer barrier in the astral world, reinforcing the Celestial Worthy's seal, and hiding the protected zones to sustain human society-tasks nearly impossible without the three Mysteries pathways' ability to divide attention - Lumian carefully added.

"I'll do my best to handle it myself, but for that, I'll need to visit the Forsaken Land of the Gods first.

"When the time comes, unexpected events may occur, so I'll need you to keep an eye on things in advance."

"No problem," Veiled in gray fog, Mr. Fool calmly assured him.

…

On the peaks of the Forsaken Land of the Gods's endless mountains.

Lumian's figure swiftly materialized, facing a man with silver hair cascading down His shoulders, clad in a linen robe, His features soft and graceful.

"Angel of Fate Ouroboros?" the central head of Lumian spoke.

The man, his expression gentle and tone indifferent, replied, "What do you want?"

He did not deny being Ouroboros, the Angel of Fate, the King of Angels from ancient times.

"I want to meet Grisha Adam, or Adam Grisha." Lumian said with a smile.

The Angel of Fate Ouroboros stepped aside, revealing a massive cross behind Him. However, it was empty, devoid of any divine presence.

"The Lord was, is, and ever shall be," Ouroboros declared devoutly. "If you cannot see Him, that is your own problem."

Unaffected by the Angel of Fate's response, Lumian stared at the enormous cross and burst into laughter.

"I bring a hope for saving the world. Will you meet with me or not?

"As the most skilled Telepathist, you should know I'm not lying."

From beneath the massive cross surged an ocean that seemed to encompass every color, engulfing the entire mountain range except for where Lumian and Ouroboros stood.

On this chaotic "sea," a humanoid figure walked on the black void-like surface, seemingly connecting heaven and earth.

The figure retained a human visage, His lower face covered with a fine golden beard. His golden eyes were as pure as those of a newborn, but His body was no longer tangible, entirely composed of light and shadow. □□□

Trailing behind Him was a long black shadow, distinct from Him, bearing five heads. Behind His head rose a radiant golden sun.

"I see Him," Lumian turned his head and smiled at Ouroboros.

Then, he expanded his form into a towering steel giant wreathed in violet flames, smiling radiantly at Grisha Adam.

"Before I share that hope, I'd like to punch you."

Grisha Adam's baby-clear golden eyes remained unmoved. His majestic voice answered, "Okay."

Lumian's expression turned cold.

He teleported directly in front of Grisha Adam, clenched his left fist, and with violet flames blazing, struck the deity's right cheek with full force.

With a resounding explosion, Grisha Adam's head tilted to the side, His cheek caved in, His mouth split, and His flesh torn.

Lumian's right fist followed, its burning violet flames engulfing Grisha Adam's left cheek.

Boom!

Golden blood splattered, skull fragments shattered. and scorched marks spread everywhere.

When Lumian had teleported in front of the deity, the Angel of Fate Ouroboros bowed His head, devoutly and humbly praying repeatedly.

Retracting his fists, Lumian floated midair and arrogantly declared, "That punch was from Medici."

He then gazed into Grisha Adam's eyes and mockingly added, "Don't get mad. This is a necessary sacrifice."

Grisha Adam's golden eyes remained pure-without anger, resentment, mockery, or rebuke. They were so clear they reflected Lumian's image.

The flames on His face continued to burn, His wounds unhealed.

Lumian's smile gradually faded.

After a few seconds of eye contact, he smirked and said, "That hope is..."

He raised his right hand, pressing it against the peculiar dark-gold mask in the center of his left-side head, "I will remove this."

Grisha Adam gazed at him warmly, neither questioning nor rushing him.

Lumian continued, as if talking to himself, "This face should have originally belonged to the Creator, but after losing the balance and regaining balance via the addition of Mother's powers, it became the resurrection cornerstone for that Primordial God Almighty.

"If I remove the Celestial Worthy's mask, something very interesting will happen."

With a lighthearted tone, Lumian said to Grisha Adam, "The Primordial God Almighty's consciousness is competing with you for control of the Chaos Sea and this body. At this moment, if another resurrection opportunity suddenly appears, what will He choose?

"If He diverts His focus to influence this head and face, symbolically, it would mean abandoning the contest with you. Your disadvantage would instantly reverse, giving you the upper hand. Perhaps then, we'll gain a new pillar-a pillar standing with us to face the apocalypse, greatly increasing our chances of survival.

"If the Primordial God Almighty refuses to retreat or give up, the revival of this head and face will stagnate. Yet, their unique qualities will remain intact, and I can accomplish much with them. Hope for saving this world will arise from that-heh heh, well, maybe. Just maybe."

Looking into Grisha Adam's golden eyes again, Lumian grinned, "I look forward to the Primordial God Almighty's decision."

Without hesitation or delay, he pressed against the mask and pulled it off.

From the mask's depths emerged a door of light tinged with faint bluish-black hues. It quickly detached and disappeared into the grayish-white fog that had unknowingly spread across the sky.

In the next moment, Lumian removed the peculiar dark-gold mask.

Beneath it was a vortex-like face-no eyes, nose, or mouth, no bones-composed entirely of a chaotic liquid embodying every color.

Lumian eagerly observed the face, waiting for further changes.

However, the chaotic vortex remained motionless, showing no sign of forming a normal face.

The faces of Tudor and Cheek on either side of this head contorted slightly, as if experiencing some form of pain.

Lumian clicked his tongue and said, "What a pity..."

He made no effort to conceal his disappointment, turned around, and returned to the Angel of Fate's side.

Behind him, the giant radiant figure sank slowly, its shadow with five heads and the golden sun disappearing into the Chaos Sea.

Above him, the grayish-white fog in the sky gradually dissipated into nothingness.

Lumian tossed the dark-gold mask into the air and caught it repeatedly, sighing as he looked at Ouroboros. "Why don't you pursue the President of the Life School of Thought?"

Lumian's own face and the vortex-face simultaneously turned to Ouroboros.

With a gentle expression and indifferent tone, Angel of Fate Ouroboros replied, "The opportunity has passed.

"What remains now is waiting and choosing."

Lumian chuckled twice and asked no further.

Cheek's beautiful eyes, lovelier than sapphires, reflected a layered, ethereal, shadowy world.

Lumian's figure vanished, flamboyantly traversing through the special mirrored world to the City of Exiles, Morora.

Here, the seals indeed opened a gap for him.

Lumian's feet landed on Morora's disaster-scarred streets. Among the potholes and ruins, he walked step by step toward the entrance of the underground mausoleum.

His gaze swept casually, noticing how the grotesque residents of Morora tried to avoid him in terror upon seeing his three heads.

However, they could not act on their thoughts. They were mesmerized by the maternal radiance emanating from Demoness of Apocalypse Cheek's stunningly beautiful face. Others, under the gaze of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, lowered their heads and knelt, completely submissive. Some stared fixedly at the vortex face.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Some burst into flames, others turned into mirrors. some grew dense fish scales, while others' skin cracked open, sprouting countless cold, emotionless eyes.

They had gone mad, lost control, merely from gazing upon the vortex face.

Don't look directly at God!

Amid the outburst of violent, frenzied, and destructive emotions, Lumian walked step by step into the underground mausoleum.

He arrived at a dark wasteland and stood before a mountain of corpses.

He raised his head, looking at the flagpole, iron-black with scorched marks and numerous dangerous blood- red spots.

0-01, Salinger's Blood Banner!

Lumian smiled and "humbly" said, "Boss, I've come to see you."

As soon as he finished speaking, bright red blood seeped from his brow, forming a blood-colored banner.

He had completed his prayer, beseeching power from the Origins of Disaster, the Calamity of Destruction.

He had become the priest of war and apocalypse, the embodiment of destruction and chaos.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1123: Raising the Banner

Sensing the change in Lumian's aura, the scorched banner-like 0–01 reacted immediately, its bloodstained surface rippling violently.

Deep within Lumian's heart, a surge of emotions such as terror, awe, and worship erupted. It felt as if the air above him transformed into a crushing mountain, an iron-forged hand pressing down on his head, forcing him to bow, break his spine, and bend his knees.

Instinctively, he wanted to submit. Yet this submission wasn't merely spiritual but encompassed his mind, body, and soul. If he yielded, he would immediately become a puppet of 0–01, stripped of his own will.

Lumian's body ignited in flames, his iron-black bones creaking and groaning under the strain.

The blood-red mark on his brow glowed even brighter, instilling him with renewed courage. It kept his head upright, resisting the pressure.

How could a Blessed of the City of Calamity submit to the Uniqueness of the Red Priest?

Drawing on the essential power he had prayed for in advance, Lumian staggered yet resolutely ascended the mountain of corpses.

Suddenly, Abscessed Hand Zedus—akin to a beautiful work of art—along with numerous steel puppets and undead soldiers, appeared before him. They formed a blockade, attempting to halt Lumian's advance.

At the same time, the numerous darkened bloodstains on the scorched banner regained their vibrancy.

This caused Lumian's three heads to feel an invisible force tearing at them, as if they were about to be ripped from his body along with their bloody spines.

The head on Lumian's left shoulder turned abruptly, and Alista Tudor's face, now softer and more beautiful, gazed at Zedus.

The puppet-like, blank-faced Abscessed Hand Zedus froze in place, motionless.

He felt as if He were facing Himself.

How could I be a traitor?

How could I fight against myself?

His confusion caused the steel puppets and undead soldiers following Him to stop as well.

Just as 0–01 was about to issue new orders, Alista Tudor's face tilted upward and looked at the scorched banner.

A resonance and recognition rippled through the void. The still-dormant 0–01, which was only acting reactively, suddenly calmed down.

Lumian's figure vanished and reappeared in front of Deity's Fallen Banner—0–01's other name.

He extended his right hand toward the iron-black flagpole.

Instantly, his body began to rot. The violet flames and the intricate metallic bones entwined with runes deteriorated, dripping with vile yellow-green pus.

His soul also began to die, his thoughts teetering on the brink of eternal slumber.

The head on Lumian's left shoulder straightened, the chaotic vortex face turning toward 0–01.

Decay, ruin, death, and eternal slumber—all of it paused momentarily, as though cowed by some force.

Some of this power converged toward the vortex face, becoming a fraction of the infinite possibilities it embodied.

Seizing the moment, Lumian grasped the ice-cold, sharp-edged flagpole.

Before 0–01 could fully awaken, still partially sealed, Lumian transformed into a towering steel giant wreathed in violet flames and forcibly pulled the bloodstained, scorched banner from the mountain of corpses.

Rumble!

The entire City of Exiles shook violently, as though struck by the most catastrophic earthquake in human history. Buildings collapsed, and fissures swallowed countless prisoners who couldn't escape in time.

Rumble!

The wasteland surrounding the mountain of corpses, along with the entire underground mausoleum, crumbled toward the Salinger's Blood Banner in Lumian's hand. Entire sections slid into the void, a chaotic blackness where time and space twisted as if condensing into a singularity.

The underground mausoleum was being destroyed, Morora was being annihilated —this was the mutated power caused by the Red Priest Uniqueness being corrupted by a tributary of the River of Eternal Darkness.

This destruction was about to engulf Lumian and the 0–01 in his grasp.

Caught in the chaotic space-time, Lumian couldn't escape. He stood atop the mountain of corpses, smiling as he raised the scorched, bloodstained banner like a soldier who had claimed the enemy's flag in battle.

The next second, he pressed 0–01 against the vortex face of the head on his left shoulder, embedding it in the brow of that faceless, chaotic visage.

0–01 trembled violently.

Without fully awakening from its seal, Lumian had inserted it into the face with no eyes, nose, or mouth—a chaos vortex—right into the middle of the brows.

Alista Tudor's face bellowed angrily, but He was powerless to snatch 0-01 from him.

Lumian didn't allow 0-01—the charred, blood-stained banner—to fully merge with the face of chaos. It was only embedded—half inside, half outside.

The liquid embodying all colors from the vortex seeped onto it. The collapse and destruction of the mausoleum and Morora slowed, and the vast wasteland haltingly stabilized, its descent into the void ceasing.

Lumian placed the strange dark-gold mask back over the vortex face, shielding the unseeable god and covering 0–01.

Above, grayish-white fog reappeared, with faint constellations shimmering in and out of view.

Starlight descended, merging with the strange mask and completing the basic sealing process.

Only 0–01 needed sealing, and only temporarily. There was no need to invoke the full power of Sefirah Castle as before.

The vortex face had ceased changing—blocking Its unique properties and concealing Its form sufficed.

When the mask was securely in place, the destruction of the mausoleum and Morora came to a complete stop. Parts of the city, already consumed by nothingness, began to repair. Collapsed buildings and rubble-strewn streets remained.

Once time and space stabilized, Lumian teleported away from the mountain of corpses.

Zedus and the other soldiers of 0–01 were sealed there, awaiting the day Lumian became the Red Priest to return to their ranks.

Lumian appeared on a relatively intact street in the City of Exiles, Morora. Surveying his surroundings, he broke into a smile.

High above, meteors streaked across the sky, blazing as they rained down upon the city.

Rumble!

Morora faced utter devastation. Its condemned prisoners finally met their apocalypse.

Amid the thick dust and smoke raised by the falling meteors, Lumian's figure vanished.

…

Trier, inside the luxurious villa.

Lumian's figure materialized in the center of the living room.

'Did you get 0–01?' Franca, who had been waiting, asked with both concern and curiosity.

Lumian chuckled. 'An item that was already sealed? Wouldn't it be easy?'

'I doubt it was that simple. The Church of Knowledge couldn't effectively use it; they could only seal it. You must have prepared extensively to succeed,' Franca said skeptically.

Lumian sank into a single-seater sofa, looking at Franca, Anthony, and Ludwig.

'A bit. First, I went to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and 'visited' the one worshiped by the Aurora Order.'

'And then?' Franca pressed.

Lumian chuckled. 'Then I gave Him two punches.'

'How is that preparation?' Franca exclaimed, caught between shock and amusement.

He really went and punched Him twice?

One punch was even on behalf of Red Angel Medici.

Lumian responded with a smile, 'Don't ask about the rest.

'Let's just say that with the apex power of the two Calamity pathways, Zedus's portion within me, Alista Tudor's face, and the unique properties of this head, I passed 0–01's trials and claimed this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.'

As he spoke, Lumian flicked the strange dark-gold mask.

'What about 0–01?' Franca finally remembered to ask. 'You didn't accommodate it already, did you?'

'Of course not,' Lumian replied with amusement. 'While many things no longer affect me, there's one rule I must follow—or rather, something I must respect before completing what I set out to do.

'I can't disrupt the delicate balance of this body. If I were to accommodate 0–01 and Medici's Conqueror characteristics now, the balance of yin and yang would shatter instantly, and I'll be beyond saving. At that point, both the true gods and evil gods would have to face the monster They wouldn't like to see.'

Franca was enlightened. 'You'll need to find Primordial Demoness Cheek first and acquire Her Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics.'

'But the Primordial Demoness is still a true god, one that's free to act. The other true gods likely can't focus on dealing with Her,' Anthony voiced his concern.

'Don't worry,' Lumian said with a smile. 'A destined messiah will lend a hand. For every sin committed, there's an equal redemption to be made.'

'A temporary dual-path true god, combined with you as a King of Angels and the Tarot Club's Angels, does give us a shot,' Franca said, sitting up straighter, a fiery determination lighting her lake-blue eyes. 'Now the question is, how do we find Cheek?'

Lumian's expression turned adrift, as though recalling something he deliberately avoided thinking about.

He smiled again. 'Part of Cheek is within me. We share the strongest mystical connection. With it, we can ask Mr. Fool, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Queen Mystic, or Ma'am Hermit for effective prophecies or revelations.

'And besides…'

He pulled out the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture from his Traveler's Bag, laughing lightly.

'Let's see what kind of prophecy this damn book will offer.'

The ancient parchment book fluttered open in his hands.

When Lumian stopped flipping, silvery mercury-like words rapidly appeared on the exposed page: 'Lumian Lee will encounter Primordial Demoness Cheek in the

World of Ruin.'

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1124: The Visitor

"This damn book finally has some use," Lumian said, showing the contents of the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture to Franca and Anthony.

Franca pondered for a moment before saying, "Given the nature of the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture, even if this prophecy is false, as long as we believe in it and prepare accordingly, it will eventually come true.

"The question is, if it's a false prophecy, can it even affect a true god like the Primordial Demoness?"

"I don't know," Lumian replied, shaking the central head of his three. "Anyway, we're not relying solely on this for predictions."

"Then should we contact Ma'am Hermit now?" Franca suggested.

In this matter, splitting up wasn't an option. The critical medium for prophecy or divination was Lumian's Cheek face-the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Demoness of Apocalypse already integrated into his body.

Lumian nodded at first, then gave a self-deprecating smile. "Not yet. The 'occasional' state is about to end."

Franca pursed her lips, stood up, and said, "Then let's head outside the protected zone.

"Anthony, you'll handle the matters of the Sick Church for now. You still have Ice Mirror Charms, right?"

"I do," Anthony replied steadily.

After Lumian and Franca left the villa, Anthony retrieved the mirror representing the Sick Church's pope from his Traveler's Bag. He reviewed the accumulated messages and replied to each one using the Ice Mirror Charm.

Meanwhile, Ludwig sat on the sofa, eating roasted sweet potatoes while casually watching Anthony work.

After a while, just as Anthony was about to put away the mirror, Ludwig suddenly asked, "Is human life always full of suffering?"

Anthony lifted his head, looked into Ludwig's brown eyes, and nodded. "Yes."

Ludwig continued, "If you had a chance to start over, would you still choose to be human?"

"Probably," Anthony said with a small smile. "After all, I have no experience being another species."

"But if human life is so full of suffering, why would anyone want to be human?" Ludwig asked, puzzled.

Anthony thought for a moment before answering.

"Most of humanity's suffering comes from the brevity of life and the frailty of our existence-from constantly thinking about these things. But if we stopped thinking, our existence would lose all meaning.

"Perhaps it's precisely because life is short and fragile that we always want to do something, to create something. We have no choice but to rely on and help others. We huddle together for warmth, dream together, and create fragments of beauty. And because of that, we suffer.

"A poet once said - I don't know who, but it wasn't Emperor Roselle. I wholeheartedly agree with what he said: 'If I have never felt pain in life, it means I have never truly loved my life'."

Ludwig's face was filled with confusion.

Anthony added calmly, "Pain comes from love and desire.

"Words like beauty, hope, and yearning are like flames - they make humans feel pain, yet they also make us like moths drawn to the flame, burning brightly for a moment before turning to ashes.

"Franca once told me that the fundamental tone of the universe is darkness. We short-lived humans exist to create moment after moment of light, generation after generation."

Ludwig, chewing on a roasted sweet potato, earnestly summarized, "I still don't understand why."

Anthony laughed.

"Honestly, neither do I.

"If someone claims to truly understand humanity and life, it means they don't understand it at all.

"Perhaps it's precisely because we don't understand that life is so intoxicating."

With that, he stood up and walked toward the edge of the living room.

Ludwig didn't ask where Anthony was headed. He remained on the sofa, quietly repeating two words to himself, "Beauty... pain..."

The young boy seemed to be pondering some philosophical question, muttering to himself, "These things aren't unique to humans..."

After finishing his roasted sweet potato, Ludwig shook his head and picked up an Intis general education textbook from the coffee table.

Flipping through it, he muttered, "Inefficient method of transmitting knowledge..."

Outside the villa, Anthony strolled aimlessly along the shadowed streets, basking in the bright sunlight.

For now, he had no main task.

He was responsible for two things:

First, managing the Sick Church's affairs when Franca was busy. He was effectively the pope, though he could tell Franca hadn't truly come to terms with Jenna's death. She still held onto the hope that Jenna might one day return, which made her reluctant to officially pass on the title of pope.

Second, assisting the official Beyonders in identifying corrupted humans or latent anomalies via monitoring the sea of collective subconscious. The symbols and powers of the Great Mother had broken through the barrier. Even though She wasn't currently focused on the protected zones, Her influence naturally caused sporadic mutations, especially among Beyonders of the Planter and Apothecary pathways.

As Anthony walked, he noticed a street musician performing in a small square. Many Trier citizens had gathered to listen, some even dancing joyfully.

Anthony gazed at the scene, his expression turning adrift.

He decided to treat himself better.

The time to enjoy life before the apocalypse was growing shorter.

He sat at an outdoor table at a café, ordered a strong cup of Intis coffee and a pork sausage, and let his thoughts drift while enjoying the music in the square. Occasionally, he'd cut a piece of sausage to eat or take a sip of coffee.

The bright sunlight carried the heat of summer.

Just as Anthony was about to leave, an elderly man in a worn blue military jacket and white trousers approached.

The old man glanced around and saw that Anthony's table was the only one with an empty seat.

Without hesitation, the man sat down and ordered a glass of Nepos liquor with tomato juice - a drink commonly referred to as "Harlot" in Trier's bars and dance halls.

The white-haired man looked at a barricade in the corner of the square and said to Anthony, as if they were old acquaintances, "Don't you think Trier has changed? It's not as lively as it used to be."

"What makes you say that?" Anthony, while already understanding his meaning, played along.

The old man tapped his cane on the ground and said, "In the old Trier, there wasn't a year without some ambitious fellow planning a riot, no year without chases over barricades, gunfights, and thrown projectiles.

"And now? The young people today have no vitality. They only dare to sneak around and pickpocket."

This has to do with the unique nature of the protected zones. An individual's outburst might implicate thousands, so every individual in the protected zones has their subconscious minds subtly influenced, providing them guidelines on what and what not to do... But this can only decrease the Great Mother's influence the frequency of mutations-but can't eliminate them entirely... Anthony answered inwardly.

"Did you participate in those street riots?" Anthony asked.

The old man snorted, "When I was in the military, I was responsible for suppressing those riots and demonstrations. Overnight, they'd build up barricades and resist with everything they had-Molotov cocktails, makeshift weapons.

"Later, I left the army, suffered injustice in Trier, and became a demonstrator myself…"

The man reminisced about his past, speaking at length.

Anthony didn't show the slightest impatience, treating it like reading a biography.

After the man finished and began sipping his Nepos liquor mixed with tomato juice, Anthony asked, "Why did you join the military in the first place?"

The old man laughed.

"For wealth, women, and becoming an officer, of course!

"I came from a poor background. Whether as a farmhand, shepherd, factory worker, or laborer, I couldn't make a living, let alone get rich. Joining the military at least gave me a chance-be it earning merits or looting corpses. At worst, I'd die early."

The man looked at Anthony, "You were a soldier too, weren't you? You have the air of one."

"Yes," Anthony admitted.

The old man grinned. "And why did you join?

"Surely it wasn't for wealth and women?"

Anthony shook his head and redirected his gaze to the musicians and onlookers. He didn't answer.

Draining his coffee before the man could ask further.

Anthony stood up.

Suddenly, a four-wheeled carriage stopped near the café.

The carriage door opened, and an elderly man in a black suit with a dark tie and a half-height silk top hat stepped out.

His neatly trimmed white sideburns framed a face with sharp features and icy blue eyes.

Anthony immediately recognized that this elderly man had come for him.

"Excuse me, are you Monsieur Anthony?" the man asked politely.

His icy blue eyes were surrounded by faint but visible blood vessels.

Anthony carefully replied, "I am. Who might you be, and what business do you have with me?"

The elderly man smiled and said, "You may call me Naboredisley."

Naboredisley? The suspected incarnation of one of the ancient gods-Devil Monarch? Anthony was taken aback.

He recalled Lumian mentioning that Naboredisley's true body resided on Hanth Island, protected by Earth Mother to prevent full corruption from the Mother Tree of Desire. However, with Earth Mother now dormant, it was unlikely She could provide the Devil Monarch's avatar any further assistance.

Lumian had speculated that Naboredisley might have been dragged into the Abyss and destroyed.

Yet here he was, alive and seemingly well, in the protected zone!

The icy-blue-eyed elder who self-proclaimed to be Naboredisley smiled and explained His purpose, "I wish to meet Monsieur Lumian Lee."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1125: The Request

Inside the luxurious villa where Lumian and his companions resided.

Anthony openly observed Naboredisley, who was seated on the sofa diagonally across from him. He appeared exceptionally calm, neither anxious nor impatient, sipping His coffee gently.

This was unlike the Devil pathway Beyonders Anthony was familiar with. Naboredisley's emotions were stable, His demeanor relaxed, and His normalcy gave off an air of abnormality.

Gulp. Ludwig, seated next to Anthony, swallowed audibly.

He, too, was scrutinizing Naboredisley, dressed in formal attire with a neatly tied bow tie.

Naboredisley did not inquire about Lumian's return. Instead, He naturally engaged Anthony in casual conversation about the current state of the protected zones.

After some time, the figures of Lumian and Franca appeared at the edge of the living room.

Lumian instinctively glanced at Naboredisley, smiling without concealing his surprise.

'I thought you'd been dragged back into the Abyss.'

Naboredisley stood up and, unfazed, responded with a smile, 'My condition has actually improved.'

'Isn't Earth Mother already asleep?' Lumian asked, sitting on another sofa.

Franca sat close beside him, her expression tinged with curiosity.

The ice-blue-eyed demon Naboredisley sat back down, His tone calm as He explained,

'Before the descent of the crimson moon, another major event occurred, one you should remember—the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty stirred, and His spirit became active.'

'What does that have to do with your improved condition?' Franca asked inquisitively.

Naboredisley smiled but gave no answer.

Lumian glanced at Franca and then shifted his gaze toward Anthony and Ludwig.

The others understood and tactfully left—Franca heading to the second-floor studio, Anthony to the kitchen, and Ludwig to the living room to handle matters of the Sick Church.

Only then did Naboredisley smile and speak to Lumian. 'At that time, I, too, experienced the revival of the malicious consciousness and frenzied spirit of the Primordial God Almighty within me. To a certain extent, it balanced the corruption of the Mother Tree of Desire, allowing me to regain a semblance of peace.

'Unfortunately, the revival of the Primordial God Almighty was short-lived, with His consciousness retreating to the Chaos Sea. He left only His malicious spirit, preventing a true balance. I remain unable to fully escape the control of the Mother Tree of Desire. However, my condition has relatively improved—I no longer rely on Lilith's aid. Maintaining even this state is difficult, though. Once the Mother Tree of Desire breaches or bypasses the astral world's barrier and descends into our world, the rope keeping me from falling further will snap immediately.'

'You experienced the revival of the malicious consciousness and frenzied spirit of the Primordial God Almighty?' Lumian echoed, already guessing why.

A faint smile played at the corner of the central head's mouth as he raised his right hand and flicked the forehead of the strange dark gold mask.

With a clang, Naboredisley smiled with some appreciation in His gaze.

'Yes. Others might not guess why, but you should find it obvious.'

'This is because the Primordial God Almighty once accommodated the sefirah corresponding to the Chained and Abyss pathways—Tenebrous World.'

'He even accommodated the 'Tenebrous World?' Lumian, though he had anticipated it, was still a little surprised.

The Abyss pathway's Tenebrous World and the Sun pathway's Chaos Sea were fundamentally incompatible. Could they really coexist?

Was the Primordial God Almighty already mad, unable to suppress His instinct to converge?

Did He first accommodate the City of Calamity?

In a reminiscent tone, Naboredisley continued, 'Before the First Epoch, in a more ancient age, there was a myth: the God Almighty of Heaven created a divine child. Several Angels, led by an Archangel, rebelled. They were defeated, cast into the Abyss, creating Hell, and turning them to devils.

'I've studied the honorific names within the Sick Church. I believe you've heard this myth.'

'I have,' Lumian replied calmly.

Naboredisley nodded slightly. 'According to what I know, this myth may never have actually occurred. Instead, it represents a tendency—a connection between Heaven and the Abyss. Thus, when instinct drives convergence, that deity might prioritize such associations.

'This is also consistent with mysticism. The phrase 'the degenerate nature of all living things' is undoubtedly familiar to you. The Abyss has two entrances—one in the Sunken Continent of the real world and another within the depths of every human heart, in their propensity to degenerate.'

'No wonder your condition improved after Earth Mother fell asleep,' Lumian said with a slight nod.

Then he asked, 'Are you also a remnant of a previous epoch?'

Franca had speculated about this before, noting how many of Farbauti's aliases resembled the names of great devils in ancient myths.

Naboredisley smiled and said, 'Suddenly, it was all gone—suddenly, only darkness.

'When I recovered fragments of thought and memory, I was already a great devil. Those fragments were soon drowned out by madness and bloodlust, only returning near the end of the First Epoch.

'The old age was utterly destroyed, leaving only us remnants.

'Haha, for me, that was actually a good thing. I lived for thousands of more years. I ruled the Abyss and the land, enjoying everything denied to me in the old age.'

Naboredisley laughed with wild abandon, unabashedly revealing His desires and malice—entirely different from His earlier calm demeanor.

Perhaps this was His true nature.

Lumian wasn't surprised. He waited for the Devil Monarch to finish laughing before asking, 'What do you want from me?'

Naboredisley returned to His calm state and spoke earnestly, 'I'd like to ask for your help. If successful, my sealed Abomination avatar will die, and you may claim its resulting Beyonder characteristic as your own.'

After the crimson moon's descent, most of the Southern Continent's inhabitants were also drawn into protected zones, including Abomination Farbauti hidden in the Dream Festival's grave.

The indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought and the adherents of the Primordial Moon mostly remained outside the protected zones, especially those with the corresponding pathway's Beyonder characteristics. Any cultists forcibly brought into the zones were eventually purged.

'Quite generous. What's the matter?' Lumian smiled at Naboredisley.

Naboredisley took a sip of coffee before answering, 'I intend to accomplish something on the Western Continent before the Mother Goddess of Depravity accommodates the Brood Hive and the astral world's barrier completely shatters.

'Currently, only The Fool and you can help me.'

'Me? I can't help you bypass the Celestial Worthy's seal,' Lumian questioned. 'Even Mr. Fool can't do that right now. To protect the Western Continent, he's strengthened the seal. Sending you through would require waiting for an opportunity—when the seal can be temporarily undone.'

Naboredisley smiled and said, 'Thanks to Alista Tudor and Cheek's mad attempt, the secrets of the City of Calamity are now known. In your current state, you can perform a deep secret deed without relying on Their special corpse wax candles. That's equivalent to establishing contact with the Western Continent.

'What I need you to do is this: When you next perform a deep secret deed, projecting your spirit and consciousness into the City of Calamity, take my mental imprint with you. You're bound to engage in a deep secret deed again, given your intention to accommodate the City of Calamity.'

'Take your mental imprint… What's the point of that?' Lumian asked.

He didn't refute Naboredisley's last statement.

Naboredisley patiently explained, 'I need to establish a preliminary connection with the Tenebrous World.

'Normally, this would be impossible. But the Primordial God Almighty once accommodated the City of Calamity. The two have mutually corrupted each other. Through the Tenebrous World's corruption within the City of Calamity, I can establish an initial connection.

'This would benefit you as well. My mental imprint, fused with the Tenebrous World's corruption, would mitigate related risks when you accommodate the City of Calamity, reducing potential dangers to some extent.'

'Would this let you become an Above the Sequences?' Lumian asked thoughtfully.

Naboredisley shook His head. 'No, I lack the necessary Uniquenesses, and my current condition doesn't permit it.'

He calmly added, 'However, I would be able to help the Tenebrous World manifest greater power.'

Lumian nodded slightly, then smiled and asked Naboredisley, 'Do you think I'll agree?

'Allowing a great devil's mental imprint into one's own mind and spirit is extremely dangerous.'

A secret deed involved the union of consciousness and spirit with specific entities, unrelated to the physical body. Thus, in secret deed experiences, all items originated from the projection of one's spirit, not their actual counterparts. This meant Naboredisley could only participate in the secret deeds by placing His mental imprint within Lumian's soul, mind, and consciousness.

Naboredisley met Lumian's gaze and replied with a smile, 'I think you will.

'Because you and I are the same. In madness, we're most 'normal,' and in clarity, we're most insane.'

Lumian laughed, and his laughter lingered for a long while.

Finally, he restrained his smile and said to Naboredisley, 'Alright, I agree.

'I'll inform you before I next perform a deep secret deed.'

Naboredisley stood, satisfied, and extended His hand. 'Pleasure working with you.'

'Pleasure working with you,' Lumian casually shook His hand. *ra n obes*

Taking His silk top hat, Naboredisley placed it atop His head and asked with a smile, 'Aren't you worried about creating such a devil could harm human society?'

Lumian smiled and replied calmly, 'If we don't survive the apocalypse, there won't be any human society for you to harm. If we do survive and I'm about to perish, I'll drag you down with me.

'If neither of those scenarios happens, either I or Mr. Fool will deal with you in the end—by killing, sealing, imprisoning, or banishing you.'

Naboredisley wasn't surprised by this response.

He smiled and sighed. 'Thank you for your honesty.'

With His silk hat securely in place, He left the luxurious villa at a steady pace.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1126: The Future

As Naboredisley departed, Franca descended from the second floor, immediately asking Lumian, "What did He want from you?"

"Self-preservation," Lumian replied succinctly.

Franca's thoughts raced as she speculated aloud, "You're not connected to either the Abyss or the Chained pathways. How could He use you to save Himself?"

"By leveraging my deep secret deed with the peak powers of the Calamity pathways," Lumian answered, the central head on his shoulders smiling. "Don't ask for details."

"I get it. I'm not an Angel yet," Franca quipped, self- mocking.

Looking at Lumian, she mumbled, "Honestly, do I really have to wait for the final showdown to find the opportunity to complete the ritual to advance as a Demoness of Catastrophe?

"No alternatives in the meantime?"

Lumian considered this seriously before answering. "The advancement ritual is to 'create a disaster that affects an entire continent as a participant and advance amidst it.' The word 'participant' means you don't need to be the instigator- contributing to a small part of the disaster is enough. 'Affecting an entire continent' is a vague description. Continents vary in size, population, and significance. What kind of continent would fulfill the requirements?

"My personal understanding is that this equates to 'a disaster with a wide-reaching impact, involving hundreds of cities or settlements, and causing significant damage.'

"From that perspective, there's an upcoming disaster that fits the criteria."

Franca's eyes lit up. "What disaster?"

She immediately followed up, "Is it related to your plans against the Primordial Demoness?"

Lumian nodded. "Yes. We're about to bring a disaster to the Demoness Sect. This will take place outside the protected zones. If I succeed, it will inevitably involve the fall of the Primordial Demoness.

"As you've seen, the fall of the Eternal Blazing Sun had global repercussions. Many witnessed it firsthand. Even now, there's no sun in the World of Ruins; the rebirth forces of the Great Mother maintain nature's cycle. Referring to that example, if the Primordial Demoness perishes, it's highly likely to trigger a disaster that affects the entire world, which would fulfill the ritual's requirements.

"After all, the protected zones have the power of two existences to block the disaster. The Western Continent is sealed off by the Celestial Worthy, and the living beings still active in the World of Ruins are either the Mother's followers or outcasts like cultists and high-ranking members of the Demoness Sect. It's fitting for them to suffer."

"Hmm, my fight against the Demoness of Black and other Saint-level witches qualifies me as a participant," Franca agreed, then self-deprecatingly added, "A few years ago, when I first became a Witch, I never imagined that my advancement ritual would involve the fall of the Primordial Demoness..."

Back when she'd just become a Witch - or even when she became Unaging - she wouldn't have dared to think this far.

Lumian continued, "Let's go visit Ma'am Hermit."

…

The deep blue sea stretched out as the crimson moon replaced the setting sun, bringing darkness in its wake.

The Future-flagship of the Queen of Stars, Cattleya - sailed silently across the waves, as if in slumber.

As Lumian and Franca's figures emerged on the deck, a sailor approached with a bright smile, saying, "The captain asked me to bring you to her quarters."

"She foresaw our arrival?" Franca asked in surprise, glancing at the dark gold mask on the head over Lumian's left shoulder.

Wasn't it said that true gods and most great existences couldn't foresee this head's actions?

The sailor, still smiling, responded to Franca's question.

"The captain foresaw your arrival."

Fine, that's on me... Franca muttered inwardly.

Only then did she notice something peculiar about the sailor: a massive, red-and-white mushroom grew on his head, large enough to serve as an umbrella. The mushroom's roots seemed to pierce into his scalp and skull, while two tentacle-like appendages dangled from the mushroom, resting on the sailor's shoulders.

Suddenly, a name flashed through Franca's mind: Li Keji!

No, in the outside world, he was respectfully known as the Great Druid Frank Lee!

"Is that the latest type of mushroom?" Lumian asked, pointing to the sailor's head as they followed him toward the cabins.

The sailor beamed. "Yes, its tendrils can extract moisture from the air and turn it into milk. It can even continuously fish to provide protein.

"It's in symbiosis with me now, supplementing my body as needed."

As he spoke, the mushroom's cap and stem extended their tendrils outward into the air.

At the same time, the sailor grabbed one of the tentacle-like appendages draped over his shoulder and stuffed it into his mouth, sucking enthusiastically.

Milk trickled from the corner of his mouth, only to be reabsorbed by the tendrils.

"See? This way, I'll never go thirsty. No matter where I am, I'll never go thirsty! Haha, I'll never go thirsty!" The sailor laughed spiritedly.

Damn, has he been corrupted by Frank Lee, or has he been mutated by the Great Mother? Franca suddenly began to understand why Bella, who cared for Jenna's brother, was so terrified of being sent back to the Future.

Following the sailor, they entered the cabin. As they passed the staircase to the lower levels, he suddenly lowered his voice and spoke in a secretive, fearful tone, "Never go down there."

Franca nodded quickly, taking his advice without question.

When they reached the captain's quarters, the sailor knocked, waited for permission, and then opened the door, gesturing for them to enter.

Lumian and Franca walked in side by side. Standing by the window, dressed in a black warlock's robe and wearing thick glasses, Ma'am Hermit Cattleya greeted them with a gentle smile and a nod, "Good evening, Mr. Chariot, Ms. Two of Cups."

"Good evening, Ma'am Hermit," Lumian and Franca replied politely.

Franca glanced at the now-closed door to the captain's quarters and hesitantly asked.

"Ma'am, shouldn't you address the mushroom experiments being conducted on crew members? That sailor wasn't a criminal or a prisoner of war-he was a legitimate sailor."

The Hermit Cattleya paused for a moment before explaining, "In reality, it isn't so. What you saw was an illusion.

"An illusion?" Franca asked in surprise.

"In the protected zone, certain wild, unrestrained ideas can influence those nearby, creating surface-level abnormalities. In reality, that sailor doesn't have a mushroom growing on his head," Ma'am Hermit explained before adding. "Even for criminals and prisoners of war, unless they're beyond redemption, I don't let Frank experiment on them. At most, they're required to observe his experiments periodically."

Well done! Franca wanted to applaud Ma'am Hermit.

Understanding the nature of the protected zones, she found it easy to grasp Ma'am Hermit's explanation.

With a smile, Lumian said, "Ma'am, I'd like you to use Cheek's face on my left shoulder to divine Her whereabouts."

"Alright." Ma'am Hermit didn't ask further, removing her heavy glasses.

She was already a Sequence 2 Sage.

In the early months after the protected zones were established, frequent disasters involving high-level powers occurred. Demigods were stretched thin trying to manage them. Most were resolved by Amon, while others were stopped by Archangels and Angels, or delayed until reinforcements arrived.

These conditions had given Cattleya the opportunity to complete her ritual.

She wasn't particularly happy about it-she would have preferred no such opportunity, for humanity to continue living normal lives outside the protected zones.

The Hermit Cattleya's gaze shifted to the head on Lumian's left shoulder, but she didn't dare linger on the face adorned with the dark gold mask.

The head on Lumian's left shoulder turned towards The Hermit Cattleya, radiating maternal radiance. Cheek's beautiful and exquisite face beamed with anticipation.

The Hermit Cattleya's deep-purple, nearly black eyes turned abyssal, unfocused.

Faint images flashed within the mercury-colored rivers appearing and vanishing.

She abruptly tilted her head back as blood trickled from the corners of her eyes. *ra n o bes*

In a distant, detached tone, she said, "I see you fighting Cheek in the primeval rainforest of the Southern Continent."

"Thank you," Lumian said earnestly.

He then said, "I'd also like you to contact Queen Mystic. I'd like her to perform a divination as well."

"Alright," The Hermit Cattleya agreed, wiping the blood from her eyes. However, she asked in confusion, "Why did you ask me to divine?"

Wouldn't it have sufficed to go directly to the Queen?

Lumian chuckled.

"For one, different people may see different visions during divination. By comparing them, we might glean additional information. Second, this helps you digest the Sage potion. If your divination ultimately leads to the fall of a Calamity-representing evil god, wouldn't that perfectly embody the essence of a Sage?"

Ma'am Hermit remained silent for a couple of seconds before replying, "I'll contact the Queen soon to arrange a time and place, then inform you."

"Alright, thank you." Lumian and Franca vanished from the captain's quarters.

After watching them leave, The Hermit Cattleya didn't immediately put her heavy glasses back on. Instead, she gazed out at the deck.

Gradually, the deck, the cabin, and the entire ship became illusory in her vision, fading rapidly. The surrounding deep-blue, near-black seawater also lost its color, revealing a murky quality.

Within the murkiness, tens of thousands of overlapping human figures formed a massive sphere. Among them were the sailor from earlier and Cattleya herself, all with their eyes closed.

Many similar human spheres floated densely in the depths of the murkiness.

***

Thanks to the users "**Максим Довбняк**", "**TempestUknow**" for the chapters provided!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1127 Suggestions

1127 Suggestions

The next day, in Trier's Avenue du Boulevard, within a garden apartment not far from the Grand Palace.

Lumian and Franca, under the guidance of The Hermit Cattleya, arrived at a third-floor terrace. There, they saw Queen Mystic Bernadette dressed in hunting attire, holding a watering can, tending to several potted plants placed around her.

"Long time no see," Queen Mystic said, setting down the watering can and turning to the visitors.

"Long time no see," Franca replied. In the dream city, she and the Queen had not only collaborated but also chatted a few times. With their shared connection related to transmigrators, Franca felt more respect than fear—perhaps even a sense of closeness.

"I thought you'd be at sea," she began chatting.

Queen Mystic Bernadette smiled faintly. "Before the apocalypse, I prefer to stay in Trier. Moreover, as a Sage and former princess of Intis, I feel it is my duty to protect the citizens here, prevent various disasters, and maintain stability and order. This environment is particularly conducive to digesting the Sage potion, especially in the first couple of months."

As she said this, Bernadette glanced at The Hermit Cattleya, seemingly imparting a lesson.

"Ah, that makes sense." Franca nodded in understanding. "So, are you almost done digesting your Sage potion?"

"Almost," Bernadette replied succinctly.

She turned to Lumian. "You want me to divine the whereabouts of the Primordial Demoness?"

"Yes, please help us," Lumian said sincerely.

Queen Mystic Bernadette's eyes grew deep, like the sea before a storm—boundless and unfocused.

Faint, blurry images flickered across her vision, as if mercury-like rivers emerged and vanished.

Two streaks of crimson tears trickled down Bernadette's cheeks as her detached, ethereal voice sounded.

"I see the Primordial Demoness smiling, an abyssal mirror world, and a crimson full moon."

Crimson full moon… The phrase sent a shiver down the spines of not only Lumian and Franca but also The Hermit Cattleya.

To Beyonders aware of the protected zones' truths, the "crimson full moon" was like a trauma etched deep into their consciousness. Its mere mention brought it vividly to mind.

This prophecy differs significantly from Ma'am Hermit's, even containing contradictions… Clearly, consulting multiple high-level individuals skilled in divination and prophecy would allow me to piece together more useful revelations. It's like the story Aurore once told about blind men piecing together the image of an elephant—each by touch alone can only describe a part, and the complete truth requires combining their perspectives. Lumian's central head nodded slightly in acknowledgment.

He began considering the connections between the three prophecies.

The Post-Apocalyptic Scripture claims I will encounter Cheek in the World of Ruins. That could be false, but treating it as true and preparing accordingly might make it true. The variable is whether it can influence a true god.

Ma'am Hermit's prophecy points to the primeval rainforest of the Southern Continent, aligning with the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture's basic premise.

Queen Mystic's prophecy doesn't clarify if it's in the protected zones or the World of Ruins. However, if a crimson full moon rises in the World of Ruins, things will become troublesome—gravely so. At best, it means the Mother Goddess of Depravity has turned Her gaze upon us…

Lumian shared the prior prophecies, hoping to see how the former Clairvoyants, now Sages Bernadette and Cattleya, would interpret them.

"Somewhere in the World of Ruins' mirror world—or perhaps within the special mirror world," Queen Mystic speculated.

The Hermit Cattleya added, "The features there reflect the primeval rainforest of the Southern Continent.

"The crimson full moon may also be a product of the mirror world's reflections. For now, its symbolism remains unclear."

Lumian nodded and said to Franca and Ma'am Hermit, "Mr. Fool has entrusted me with something to discuss with the Queen."

Though now an Angel, Cattleya didn't assert, "There's nothing I can't hear." Instead, she led Franca to a small lounge on the first floor to enjoy tea and snacks.

"What does Mr. Fool need?" Queen Mystic Bernadette withdrew her gaze from the terrace's exit and inquired of Lumian.

She had not foreseen this request but now carried some guesses.

Lumian smiled. "Mr. Fool wants me to relay a message to Genie."

Bernadette nodded slightly, extended her right hand, and traced numerous starlit words in the air. These words intertwined into strange symbols, opening a "secret door" to an unknown location.

The door swung open swiftly, and a howling gale emerged, coalescing into a figure—a man with his head wrapped in white cloth, his upper body human-shaped, and his lower body composed of flowing air currents.

"Magic Wishing Lamp," Bernadette addressed in her usual tone.

The man respectfully retrieved an object from within his wrapped layers—a gold, intricately patterned vessel resembling a small lamp.

"0-05—Magic Wishing Lamp."

Bernadette ran her fingers over the lamp's golden surface and called its name, "Genie."

The lamp's wick ignited with a flash, releasing a thick, golden radiance akin to viscous liquid.

The light hesitated, reluctant and resistant, before forming a hazy, distorted figure with a blue-white interior and a faint golden outer layer.

The resilience of a Great Old Dominator is truly amazing. Even after losing their sefirah, Uniqueness, and Beyonder characteristics, reduced to mere consciousness, spirit, and status, He has recovered enough within a year after suffering severe trauma to respond. Though feeble, He is far from permanently comatose or deeply asleep… Lumian thought wistfully.

Genie surveyed the room, ready to utter some perfunctory remarks before retreating back into the Magic Wishing Lamp, but Lumian interrupted, "If I were you, I'd hear what Mr. Fool has to say. It concerns your future—perhaps even your end."

Genie's grand, majestic voice replied, "My future is already determined unless He chooses to break His promises."

Lumian detected the undeniable frailty in Genie's voice and smiled.

"Mr. Fool will undoubtedly honor his promise, but that time hasn't arrived yet, isn't that so?

"He posed a scenario: what if he perishes before that time comes? In matters of fulfillment, this is considered force majeure. And His 'successor' might be someone you wouldn't want to see—someone for whom breaking promises and deceiving rules is as effortless as breathing."

Lumian paused briefly before continuing, "Let's consider another possibility. If the Great Old Ones breach the barrier before we can respond adequately, killing Mr. Fool, Grisha Adam, and other true gods, might one of Them target the Nation of Disorder?

"Although They can no longer accommodate Sefirah Castle or the Chaos Sea, proximity might allow them to accommodate the Nation of Disorder. At that time, what attitude would the successful one adopt toward a weakened you? If They freed you from the Magic Wishing Lamp, would you dare emerge? No, by then, the Magic Wishing Lamp might no longer be capable of protecting you."

"Eventually, They would pursue the Uncertain Mist, completing the Son of Chaos. Your spirit may indeed persist, but only to wail eternally within Their belly, enduring perpetual torment."

Genie remained silent.

Lumian smiled and continued, "You know Mr. Fool's credibility. As long as he lives and the world endures, he will fulfill his promise and return you to the cosmos."

Seeing Genie about to respond, Lumian added, "No need to argue with me or twist my ideas. I'm merely the messenger for Mr. Fool—not the decision-maker."

After several seconds of silence, Genie's majestic voice reverberated. "What does He wish to say?"

Lumian smiled. "Mr. Fool hopes you can offer some advice for the impending apocalypse.

"He knows you're currently weak and unable to grant wishes or accomplish much, but your status and insight remain."

Genie gazed at the head on Lumian's left shoulder for a while, then spoke grandly, "Three hints:

"First, the Circle of Inevitability will bring calamity but is also the universe's most powerful and genuine Angel of Redemption."

This seems to suggest utilizing the godhood and symbolism of the Circle of Inevitability? Lumian refrained from questioning further, knowing Genie wouldn't elaborate.

"Second," Genie's voice rumbled solemnly, "your uniqueness and the symbolism of the Lord of Mysteries."

Lumian watched Genie silently, awaiting further exposition.

"Third, at critical moments, temporarily enhance the Nation of Disorder," Genie concluded.

Hearing this, Queen Mystic Bernadette frowned ever so slightly.

Genie's voice carried a trace of amusement. "This advice indeed benefits me to some extent, but you may choose to ignore it.

"Make haste; my elder sister will accommodate the Brood Hive faster than you think."

With that, the faint golden figure retreated into the Magic Wishing Lamp.

In His weakened state, Genie had no desire to remain exposed for long.

Bernadette mulled over the message briefly before telling Lumian, "I understand Mr. Fool's intentions now."

Lumian nodded, smiling as he took his leave.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1128 Another Prophecy

1128 Another Prophecy

Lenburg's capital, Azshara.

In front of the side gate of the grand and magnificent white tower, Lumian was greeted by a demigod from the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom—someone he had seen before.

After his experiences in the dream city, Lumian easily recognized her.

She was Edwina Edwards, formerly the Pirate Admiral, Vice Admiral Iceberg and now a high-ranking deacon of the Church of Knowledge.

Dressed more like a professional teacher than a pirate or clergy member, Edwina gestured invitingly without saying a word.

Lumian refrained from asking questions, silently following her through the door and into a dimly lit hallway lined with numerous gas wall lamps.

After walking in silence for a long stretch, Lumian suddenly asked, "Does knowing more—possessing greater knowledge—make one suffer more?"

Edwina replied with her usual calm expression, "I would rather suffer from knowledge than find happiness in ignorance."

Gazing at the seemingly endless corridor, Lumian changed the subject.

"If humanity were to acquire enough knowledge, what could it achieve without relying on Beyonder powers?"

Edwina glanced at Lumian and said, "Knowledge in mysticism is also knowledge."

After a brief pause, she continued, "If you exclude that, then perhaps one day in the future, humanity could find other ways to influence the rules and touch authority. But beyond that, it would be impossible—unless mystical elements were incorporated.

"My research focuses on enabling humanity to use Beyonder powers with less risk."

"That's nice…" Lumian remarked wistfully.

After another moment of silence, they stopped at the end of the corridor, standing before a pair of brass doors.

Lumian turned his head to study Edwina for a moment before asking thoughtfully, "Would you want to return to being Vice Admiral Iceberg?"

Without hesitation, Edwina shook her head. "I prefer my current life, where I can learn something new every day and make discoveries."

Lumian did not press further. Under Edwina's gaze, he pushed open the double doors.

Inside was a bright and clean library filled with numerous brass bookshelves.

For a moment, Lumian felt as though he had returned to his first visit to the City of Exiles, Morora.

He stepped inside, and the brass doors slowly closed behind him.

From behind a towering bookshelf emerged Heraberg, dressed in a plain white robe embroidered with brass threads and holding two books. His amber eyes remained warm and clear, showing no sign of cloudiness.

Seeing Heraberg did not surprise Lumian. He smiled and bowed slightly. "Your Grace, we meet again."

Heraberg gave a slight nod. "Your current state is very research-worthy, but time is running out."

He made no effort to conceal His regret nor was He worried about the emotional damage it would cause Lumian. He spoke plainly, as if discussing an ordinary breakfast.

"Indeed, time is running out," Lumian agreed.

Heraberg observed the head on Lumian's left shoulder for a moment before speaking calmly, "I had made a prophecy.

"You will encounter Cheek in the near future."

"I understand," Lumian replied with a smile.

He looked around the library and suddenly felt a pang of nostalgia. "Your Grace, did you ever foresee my current state?"

Heraberg looked at him and spoke with deliberate cadence, "If I were to say I foresaw your future entirely, that would be a lie. But if I claimed I had no foresight at all, that would also be untrue.

"I foresaw that you would gain something unique, but I didn't know what it would be. I am not omniscient or omnipotent. Among the contenders for 0-01, I favored you because of your excellent performance, ability to stay calm and study diligently, and borrowing books from the library again and again—unlike the others…"

As He spoke, Heraberg shook His head.

"I'm a lover of learning," Lumian said with a calm smile, laced with a hint of self-deprecation.

Heraberg said with relief, "If you truly grasp the allure of knowledge and understand the joy of learning, even a long life will not be plagued by emptiness or torment.

"Knowledge embraces everything. Knowledge is everything…"

His tone was patient, as though genuinely attempting to guide Lumian toward a fulfilling future.

Lumian listened quietly, not interrupting, though he knew it wasn't particularly important.

When Heraberg finished speaking, Lumian asked gravely, "Would you ever willingly give up your current life?"

"Child, our will may be free, but we are not alone in this world. Often, life is about choosing between the bad and the worse—there's no better option.

"In similar situations, some would choose to give up entirely. But I am greedy. I wish to keep living. The ocean of knowledge is boundless, and the pursuit of it is full of joy. I am not ready to die yet. This is the fundamental reason behind many of my decisions.

"Now, there are only a few options left before me. Since I still wish to live, I must choose the relatively less bad one.

"Wanting to live is not shameful."

Looking into Lumian's eyes, He concluded, "These are my thoughts and experiences. I hope they provide some value when you make your own choices in the future."

"Thank you," Lumian said sincerely.

Having obtained the prophecy and answers he needed, he prepared to leave. But then he recalled something. "Your Grace, where exactly is the City of Exiles, Morora?"

"It, along with the surrounding mountains, resides in my stomach," Heraberg admitted without hesitation.

Lumian was enlightened. "The Path of Exile leads to the astral world?"

Heraberg nodded. "Yes."

He then smiled faintly. "When you summoned a meteor to destroy Morora, it gave me quite a stomachache."

Lumian froze momentarily before letting out an awkward chuckle. "That might be the greatest prank I've ever pulled—if it even qualifies as a prank."

After leaving Azshara, Lumian returned to Trier.

"How did it go?" Franca asked with concern.

Lumian recounted the God of Knowledge and Wisdom Herabergen's prophecy before adding, "I have a general idea now. Time to make a plan."

Franca studied the head on Lumian's shoulder for a moment, rubbing her chin. "Why do I feel like you're in a better mood?"

As she spoke, she glanced around, seemingly looking for Anthony to confirm her observation. Unfortunately, Anthony had gone to report an anomaly in the sea of collective subconscious to the official Churches and offer assistance.

For the past year, Spectator-pathway demigods like Anthony had been monitoring, observing, and assisting without rest. Any slight oversight could lead to disaster, leaving the task of quelling anomalies and calamities to other high-ranking Beyonders. However, in emergencies, such distinctions would be disregarded.

As for unofficial Mid- to Low-Sequence Beyonders and ordinary humans, they remained unaware that the Southern and Northern Continents had been destroyed and that they were in protected zones. Continuing their normal lives—singing, dancing, and working—was the greatest help they could offer to the official organizations and true gods.

In the current situation, the anchors must remain stable. Even false happiness was preferable!

Smiling, Lumian replied, "I just listened to an elder share His life's wisdom."

"Sounds good," Franca said without probing further.

Eagerly, she said to Lumian, "Let's start planning how to bring catastrophe to the Demoness Sect!"

For nearly a year, Franca had waited patiently to exact vengeance for Jenna and Lumian.

She could barely hold herself back anymore. She was no gentleman; she wished for swift retribution.

Seeing Franca's enthusiasm, Lumian chuckled. "I need to report to Mr. Fool first."

…

Above the gray fog, within the majestic palace.

After Lumian's figure vanished from the The Chariot card's seat, Mr. Fool contemplated for a few seconds before summoning an impromptu meeting.

In an instant, beams of light surged upward, transforming into different figures seated in various positions.

They were the Major Arcana card holders—Madam Justice, Madam Magician, Mr. Star, and others—everyone except Lumian.

"The Chariot intends to bring catastrophe to the Demoness Sect. You are to assist him," Mr. Fool commanded.

"Yes, Mr. Fool," the Major Arcana card holders responded in unison, rising from their seats.

Mr. Fool nodded lightly, signaling them to sit back down. Then he addressed The Sun Derrick,

"I hope you will uphold your justice in this matter, fully digest your potion, and become an Angel as soon as possible."

After the fall of the Eternal Blazing Sun, under Mr. Fool's protection, Derrick had obtained the Lightseeker Beyonder characteristic.

Once The Sun responded, Mr. Fool turned to The Star Leonard.

"You and Pallez will both participate. Apply to the Church of Evernight for temporary use of a Sealed Artifact…

"During this operation, aim to acquire a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact or the Demoness of Catastrophe Beyonder characteristic. Then, exchange it with the Church of Evernight for the Servant of Concealment Beyonder characteristic.

"Bring fear to the high-ranking members of the Demoness Sect. Through this, you will fully digest your potion."

The Star Leonard discerned that the last two lines were not instructions or reminders but blessings from Mr. Fool.

Feeling a wave of emotion, Leonard stood and bowed. "Yes, Mr. Fool."

The Fool then turned to Madam Temperance. "You and Reinette will also participate. The indulgence faction may attempt to sabotage The Chariot's actions."

Temperance Madam Sharron raised a pre-written card. "Understood, Mr. Fool."

After issuing instructions to all the Major Arcana card holders, Mr. Fool concluded the impromptu gathering.

…

Cathedral of Serenity, Church of Evernight headquarters.

The Star Leonard met with the current Pope, Saint Dabomachie.

"Your Holiness, I wish to apply for temporary use of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact." Leonard drew a star sigil on his chest, making four sequential points.

"Which one?" Dabomachie, an elderly man with white hair and beard and a serene countenance, asked gently.

The Star Leonard replied in a deep voice, "0-17."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1129 A Chance Encounter

1129 A Chance Encounter

Another day began, and Lumian departed from the fog-shrouded protected zone.

The World of Ruins had no sun and was perpetually cloaked in night. However, the temperature wasn't particularly cold. Illuminating the surroundings was crimson moonlight, evoking a spring-like atmosphere with a climate that alternated between warmth and chill.

In the sky, the full moon was nowhere to be seen, the stars were dim, and the darkness was tinged with crimson.

Lumian turned his body slightly, glancing at Franca, who stood at the edge of the grayish-white fog. He gave her a subtle nod.

Franca responded with a warm, caring smile, waved at Lumian, and then vanished from sight.

Lumian shifted his gaze to the right, to the face of Cheek on the head that rested on his left shoulder.

Cheek's face, simultaneously stunningly beautiful, innocently pure, and radiating maternal grace, flashed a sweet smile.

She showed no signs of discontent with what Lumian was about to do—at least not outwardly.

"You're looking forward to this too, aren't you?" Lumian asked, his lips curling into a smirk.

Cheek's face couldn't speak yet, nor did She make any movement, neither confirming nor denying his words.

Lumian paid Her no further attention, turning his head instead toward the other faces—Aurore and Jenna.

Their eyes remained tightly shut, their faces bearing faint traces of bloodstains that seemed impossible to clean away.

Lumian let out a slow breath, striding toward the edge of the ruins of Trier, in the direction of the green domain dominated by towering oaks.

He wandered aimlessly, allowing the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence and the mystical connection between the main body and an avatar to work naturally.

This was the direction the previous prophecies had pointed toward.

The further he ventured beyond the ruins, the more deathly silent the surroundings became. Only from the green domain did occasional sounds drift over—cries of "wah, wah, wah" from infants and the fluttering of bird wings.

Suddenly, Lumian spotted a group of lively wild deer emerging from behind rows of abandoned buildings.

Their nimble steps carried them under the crimson moonlight. Every now and then, they paused to nibble at the green plants covering the houses and the fruits growing on them.

Thud!

One deer collapsed to the ground.

Its body began to decay rapidly, as if consumed by countless microscopic organisms. Within seconds, it had completely returned to the earth—including the pale white bones, leaving behind no traces.

Thud, thud! More deer fell to the ground.

Yet the remaining deer displayed neither panic nor fear. They continued leisurely eating, while simultaneously giving birth to blood-soaked fawns one after another.

By the time the herd moved out of Lumian's sight, only the newborn fawns remained, growing at an astonishing pace.

There's no way civilization can develop like this… Lumian suddenly thought.

He wasn't sure whether this was a deliberate act by the Mother Goddess of Depravity or simply the natural environmental influence of Her state. What came to his mind, however, was something Madam Magician had once mentioned: she had wandered to a distant planet in the depths of the cosmos, where the inhabitants worshiped the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Yet their rulers weren't even Angels but rather three divine offspring birthed from the union between the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the planet itself in ancient times. Despite their extreme reverence for motherhood and reproductive organs, they had managed to develop a unique civilization.

Perhaps like the World of Ruins, the Mother Goddess of Depravity's true domain, is like this—devoid of civilization but teeming with Mythical Creatures… On the other hand, planets worshiping Her elsewhere might still foster civilizations? Lumian pressed onward.

After walking a while longer, an expansive forest of colossal oaks unfolded before him.

At that moment, four figures emerged from the oak forest.

The four carried a heavy, unpainted coffin made of raw wood.

Three of them were golems formed from earth, while the lone human among them wore a brown robe adorned with the Sacred Emblem of Life. His face was covered in scruffy facial hair, and his expression was solemn, as though performing a sacred ritual.

He appeared to be a clergy member of the Church of Earth Mother who had "defected."

The Church of Earth Mother still existed, with Her Blessed maintaining a tenuous hold with the aid of other official Beyonder organizations to prevent the goddess from losing Her anchors entirely. If Earth Mother were to go mad or perish now, the astral barrier would immediately be shattered by the Outer Deities.

The Favored of Earth Mother had suffered significant losses. Many had mutated or lost control during the descent of the crimson moon, and subsequent blows had further diminished their numbers. Only in the past two months had they attained some measure of peace. Their numbers now were less than half of what they had once been, and even Matriarch Roland was now a puppet of the Mother Goddess of Depravity, wandering a certain part of the World of Ruins.

Carrying a coffin? Could this be a former Saint of the Church of Earth Mother, a Sequence 3 Pallbearer? Lumian wasn't surprised by this chance encounter with one of the Mother's children.

He scrutinized the individual, who he assumed was a Pallbearer, and mused, The title of Pallbearer in this Sequence should be symbolic, representing the act of returning life to the earth—an essential part of the Mother's pathway for constructing the cycle of reality, connecting concepts and powers related to death and return.

It's not meant to involve actually carrying a coffin—it's about the symbolic meaning…

As part of acting, this makes sense. But you've already mutated into a corrupted creature; what's the point of acting?

The coffin must hold something special. What's inside?

When it came to matters related to the Mother Goddess of Depravity, Lumian was more than willing to stop, observe, and study. He positioned himself directly in the Pallbearer's path.

Meanwhile, the head on Lumian's left shoulder swiveled, with Cheek's stunning face gazing at the target.

Sensing this, the Pallbearer turned to look at Lumian. His gaze immediately became sinister and ferocious.

Just as he was about to unleash his Beyonder abilities, his body suddenly underwent a transformation.

His skin cracked open, spilling clumps of brownish earth. The earth engulfed him, fusing with his body and sprouting various symbolic organs representing the Mother, some human, others not.

The Pallbearer quickly lost control and descended into madness.

This was the power of the Demoness of Apocalypse. If the Death pathway embodied death and eternal rest, the Darkness pathway silence and eternal darkness, the Giant pathway decay and the passage of time, and the Red Priest pathway conquest and the destruction wrought by war, then the Demoness pathway represented the arrival of the apocalypse and the return to chaos.

The apocalypse marked the ultimate eruption of all conflicts within a designated area, inevitably involving the entanglement of fate.

The apocalypse was also the end of destiny!

And Lumian bore the boon powers of Inevitability.

The Pallbearer had already been teetering on the edge of losing control due to his corruption. With the arrival of the apocalypse, this inner conflict naturally erupted under the influence of fate.

However, his transformation into a monster didn't prevent him from attacking Lumian. He threw aside the coffin and charged at Lumian with his earth golems.

The surrounding greenery, even several young oaks, instantly withered and turned yellow, drained of life.

After just two steps, the Pallbearer's body was suddenly coated in grayish-white.

In mere seconds, he froze in place, transformed into a stone statue.

His three earth golems met the same fate.

Without a sound, the ground beneath them split open, spewing forth molten lava that swallowed them completely.

The lava was followed by the collapse of the entire surrounding area. Earth, plants, abandoned buildings, and the melted statues all vanished into the dark void.

The localized "Apocalypse" that Lumian had targeted at a specific region had arrived in full.

Seeing deep brown, nearly black light gradually condensing in the void, Lumian stepped toward the raw wooden coffin, which he had deliberately spared from the effects of his influence.

With a single kick, he sent the coffin's lid flying off.

Inside was a mass of rotting flesh, resembling an unformed fetus or the corpse of a small animal.

It didn't seem to have a physical form. As soon as it was exposed to the crimson moonlight, it began to evaporate rapidly into wisps of black-brown gas.

Lumian filled the area with dense Fog of War, cutting off the crimson moonlight, but the rotting flesh continued to vaporize, accelerating as it did.

The face of Alista Tudor, positioned on Lumian's left shoulder, turned toward the coffin, His eyes pitch black and commanding, compelling submission.

The black-brown gas slowed its ascent but strangely fused with the surrounding environment, dissipating quickly.

Lumian hesitated for a moment but didn't remove the dark golden mask covering the central face on his left shoulder.

In the blink of an eye, the rotting flesh had completely evaporated, leaving only a few black-brown stains at the bottom of the coffin as proof of its existence.

Lumian stared at it for a few seconds before reporting the matter to Mr. Fool.

He didn't venture into the endless oak forest. Instead, under the crimson moonlight and the intermittent cries of infants, he skirted the edge of the ruins of Trier, heading in another direction.

Familiar streets and houses appeared before him in an unfamiliar manner.

This was the market district. This was Rue Anarchie.

Lumian buried his hands in his pockets, as though returning to his past.

He didn't expect to "encounter" Primordial Demoness Cheek directly but felt it likely he would cross paths with a high-ranking Demoness. For Demonesses to survive in the World of Ruins, they couldn't do so without the protection of the Primordial Demoness. This required them to gather in one place or a few limited locations. Encountering one would mean encountering a group.

I thought you'd come straight for me to fulfill your dream… Lumian turned his head slightly, addressing Cheek's face.

That face responded with a sweet smile but nothing more.

As he walked, Lumian suddenly stopped.

He realized it had been a long time since he had heard the cries of infants or the fluttering of birds' wings from the oak forest.

The entire ruins were unnaturally silent—deathly still.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1130 Initiative

Chapter 1130 Initiative

Faced with such an anomaly, Lumian smiled.

He withdrew his right hand from his pocket and continued walking forward.

As he proceeded, the buildings on both sides, including the Auberge du Coq Doré, began to twist and writhe, growing upward into swaying, grotesque trees.

These "trees" pointed toward the sky, resembling the primeval rainforests of the Southern Continent.

Raising an eyebrow, Lumian stopped in his tracks.

"So proactive, are we?" he remarked with a smile, glancing toward Cheek's face on the head resting on his left shoulder.

At that moment, the crimson moonlight in the sky, the dim stars, and the dark night all began collapsing and spinning toward a single point, quickly merging into a chaotic vortex that encompassed all colors.

From within the vortex, a figure wearing a bone-white dress emerged, descending from the heavens. The figure grew larger and larger, like an asteroid traveling across the boundless cosmos, unscathed by atmospheric friction.

The enormous figure had cascading black hair, slightly thick and waterfall-like, sapphire-like eyes gleaming with brilliance, and features both exquisite and dignified. On first glance, She appeared breathtakingly beautiful; upon closer inspection, her purity and grace stood out. She was none other than the Primordial Demoness, Cheek.

She did not reveal her Mythical Creature form. Apart from Her immense size, Her beauty defied belief, and Her charm was so overwhelming that even abstract concepts seemed unable to resist Her allure. She appeared as a normal human woman.

As She descended, the "trees" of the "primeval rainforest" shed their hard exterior, bending in various directions.

At this moment, they were no longer trees but thick, slick, black hair with distinct black-and-white eyeballs embedded within.

The hair swayed, turning the scene into one of surreal abstraction.

As Primordial Demoness Cheek descended, She smiled affectionately at Lumian and said, "I knew you'd come to find me."

…

Hidden in the darkness and trailing Lumian from nearly ten kilometers away, Franca relied on more than just subtle traces he had left behind, a Mirror Substitution he had entrusted to her, and the unique connection among their team members. She also relied on the mystical link they had established through their roles as Malady God and Malady God's Companion.

Franca had initially decided to include the title "Malady God's Companion" in her honorific name, hoping to anchor Lumian, who often succumbed to madness, with a "corrupted" connection. This would enable him to instinctively recognize that, in the mystical and Beyonder sense, they were companions—partners who supported one another. Combined with their existing emotional bond, this might prevent him from attacking her during moments of insanity and allow him to "heed" her suggestions.

After tracking Lumian for some time, Franca suddenly noticed that the sky had turned chaotic, the previous illusory ocean now engulfing it.

A gentle, soft voice whispered in her ear.

"You dare call yourself His mistress?

"I am His true companion."

As the female voice echoed, Franca's body stiffened instantly, grayish-white spreading rapidly across her skin and deep into her soul.

If not for her status as a demigod Demoness with some resistance to Petrification, she would have already turned into a statue upon hearing the voice!

Have I been drawn into the depths of the mirror world, into that special mirror world?

Is the Primordial Demoness targeting me first? Is it because of Her pathological possessiveness, and the fact that I'm currently Lumian's companion?

F*ck, I'm the one being cheated on here! I'm the real victim!

In that instant, countless thoughts raced through Franca's mind, yet she was powerless to resist.

That was a true deity, the Sequence 0 Primordial Demoness!

The next second, the petrification abruptly ceased.

Franca seized the opportunity, swiftly activating her Mirror Substitution.

With a crackling sound, she escaped her current position, gray-white stone shards scattering, and reappeared in another corner of the ruins now transformed into a primeval rainforest.

Deep within the rainforest, Lumian withdrew his right hand from the face on his left shoulder, holding the dark golden mask in his grasp.

The vortex-like face and the scorched flag partially embedded in chaos revealed themselves in the center of the head on his left shoulder.

The seal was undone!

Lumian's body swelled into a towering iron giant tens of meters tall, enveloped in ethereal, shapeless purple flames tinged with deep crimson.

At the center of his brow, a blood-colored banner emblem now glistened vividly, as though freshly dyed.

The moment the chaotic vortex-like face and the Salinger's Blood Banner manifested within the depths of the mirror world, the descending figure of Primordial Demoness Cheek froze for one second.

As a result, the petrification afflicting Franca ceased, sparing her from the fate of a Sequence 3 Saint dying abruptly in the chaos of a divine conflict.

On the face of Cheek on Lumian's left shoulder, her gem-like blue eyes layered with illusory darkness. Leveraging their mystical connection as companions both on the Beyonder level and within their Hunter team, Franca's figure was drawn into the projection.

Franca was immediately transported out of the depths of the mirror world.

In the next moment, she glimpsed an illusory and boundless web-like tunnel of mirrors.

Each passage reflected the ruins of Trier, where Demoness of Black Clarice, Saintess of White Katarina, and other colored Demonesses of Unaging appeared in various corridors.

…

Outside the mirror world, at the edge of the ruins of Trier.

A bent, spherical shadow suddenly emerged from the void, like a dolphin leaping out of the sea.

The shadow quickly unfurled, and The Magician Fors, dressed in a black robe adorned with silver stars, along with Justice Audrey and other members of the

Tarot Club, instantly exited their concealed states.

Objects not reflected in the mirrors could not be forcibly drawn into the mirror world. Furthermore, the one who had drawn Lumian and Franca into the mirror world did not want subsequent events to be disrupted.

Silver stars on the surface of The Magician's black robe lit up, creating a dreamy starry sky.

In the starry expanse, the stars shifted, forming a brilliant "key."

The key pointed toward a specific location within the mirror world, forcibly opening a gateway.

The Sun Derrick was immediately sent inside. Dressed in a simple white robe, his entire being radiated pure, brilliant, and holy golden light, like a sun descending upon the dark region where Franca was besieged by the Demoness of Black and other Saints, illuminating the darkness.

Beside him, howling gales followed closely.

Additionally, clouds gathered in midair, weaving into a massive sword, which descended to stand before Franca.

Justice Audrey did not enter the depths of the mirror world. Instead, she gazed toward another side of the ruins of Trier.

She transformed into a massive grayish-white dragon, revealing her Mythical Creature form.

On the far side of the ruins, a figure quickly materialized—mature, stunning, and clad in an aged gray robe.

Demoness of Gray, Judith!

Accompanying Judith, a woman in a yellow frilled dress with a playful bonnet and a sly smile stepped through the shattered glass of a ruined building.

Demoness of Yellow, Tissavica.

As Madam Justice revealed her mind dragon form with grayish-white scales, another version of herself wove itself into existence behind her, dreamlike and illusory.

This newly woven Audrey, clad in a white dress, lowered her head and began reciting an honorific name in ancient Hermes, "The shadow wandering through fate, the past God of Deceit, the destined messiah…"

…

Just two or three kilometers from the passage forcibly opened by Madam Magician.

Dressed in a white shirt, black vest, and red gloves, with slightly disheveled hair, The Star Leonard appeared as though the process of erasing a pencil sketch in reverse was being played out rapidly.

He had prayed to the Evernight Goddess in advance, entering a state of concealment to avoid being detected by the Primordial Demoness!

While concealed, he quietly followed Lumian without probing or informing him, avoiding the mirrors' reflections and the pull into the mirror world.

As the anomalies began, Leonard immediately recited the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess, shedding his concealed state.

At the edges of his eye sockets, transparent and semi-transparent segmented worms crawled out, keeping vigilant watch over their surroundings.

They had to complete all preparations before the indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought or the Blessed of the Great Mother noticed and intervened!

As for Angels like Dabomachie and Arianna from the authorities, They had not joined the operation. Too many Angels in the World of Ruins at the same time would weaken the defenses of the protected zones, risking serious consequences. They could not assume that the Great Mother, focused on accommodating the Brood Hive, had no energy left to retaliate.

Leonard took out a wooden door from his Traveler's Bag.

The door had no frame, standing alone on the ruins' ground.

Its surface bore patterns of stars, each shimmering with brilliance.

This was a tool The Magician had crafted in advance using her Worm of Star and other materials. It served no other purpose but to fix an entrance and exit to a particular place.

In other words, opening this door would reveal, not the surrounding environment, but another location: the chamber sealing 0-17!

0-17 was alive and thus could not be stored in the Traveler's Bag. Moreover, before activation, it had to remain sealed alongside two other Sealed Artifacts to ensure its containment. The Evernight Goddess, relying on the Uniquenesses of the Death and Giant pathways, could only hold the barrier for a limited time when descending into reality. Thus, 0-17 could not be left to roam freely from the start; it had to be deployed at the most critical moment.

Under such circumstances, creating a "door" to the sealed chamber for immediate use was the best solution!

Without hesitation, The Star Leonard grasped the door handle and opened the wooden door standing on the ruins.

Behind the door lay darkness, but there were sounds of movement, as if someone was lifting a seal.

In mere seconds, a figure appeared in the doorway.

She had long black hair, wore a hooded, classical robe, and appeared exquisitely beautiful, with eyes dark and devoid of spirit.

0-17, the Angel of Concealment, the vessel for the Evernight Goddess's divine descent!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1131 Individual Preparations

Chapter 1131 Individual Preparations

As 0-17 stepped out of the solitary door standing on the ruins, its figure was abruptly erased and entered directly into the special mirror world.

Meanwhile, the Great Old Dominators who constantly monitored changes in the astral barrier began to react.

Stars of various colors—scarlet, gold, brown, blue, and orange—lit up simultaneously, banishing the darkness and crimson in the sky. Their presence infused it with other hues and emitted creaking sounds.

Soon after, the crimson moonlight that seemed to shine from an unknown source brightened and grew viscous, as if filled with blood.

From within Leonard's body, segmented Worms of Time crawled out one after another. These worms assembled in front of him, forming the image of an elderly man with neatly combed white hair, deep brown eyes, a sombre demeanor, and a face largely free of wrinkles.

The man, clad in an asymmetrical black robe, was none other than the Angel of Time Pallez Zoroast from the Church of the Fool.

The moment Pallez appeared, He immediately addressed Leonard, "Go support the other Major Arcana card holders in the mirror world. Leave this to me."

Without hesitation, The Star Leonard nodded and slightly parted his lips.

An intangible spirit extended from one of his teeth, growing enormous and enveloping him entirely. It carried him into the mirror world.

The next second, as if the void itself had been torn open, two figures emerged from the spirit world.

At first glance, these figures resembled grotesque trees covered in a viscous black fluid. Upon closer inspection, they were massive, distorted human forms with twisted and terrifying arms sprouting from their bodies. These arms bore sinister features—bulging veins with crimson eyeballs, embedded skulls, tongues lined with sharp teeth, and other unimaginable horrors. The figures exuded an overwhelming aura of madness and malevolence. They were none other than the Rose School of Thought's indulgence faction's two Abominations: Suah and Tirié.

Compared to when They previously aided in the growth of the Tree of Shadow beneath Trier, They had undergone noticeable changes.

Suah's belly was grotesquely swollen as if He were pregnant. However, the fetus remained still, seemingly cursed and already a stillborn.

Tirié's body, coated in tar-like fluid, was covered with dark, tumor-like growths resembling mammary glands. These tumors continuously split open and closed, secreting black milk.

When the Great Mother descended to the ground, even under the protection of the Mother Tree of Desire through the astral barrier, Suah and Tirié could not entirely escape corruption and became pregnant several times.

Yet, for beings like Suah and Tirié, madness was intrinsic. As long as the children weren't born, a little extra corruption didn't matter much—it merely caused Their faction members and worshipers to die in more grotesque ways or mutate into monsters more frequently.

As an Archangel of the Error pathway and a noble from the Fourth Epoch who had lived for over two millennia, Pallez Zoroast had seen much. Even so, He couldn't suppress a frown at the sight, and His abdomen seemed to ache in phantom pain.

Beside Him, the Angel of the Holy Spirit Reinette of the Church of the Fool stepped out of the spirit world. She had just placed four blonde, red-eyed heads back onto Her neck.

The leader of the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction transformed into a massive doll the size of a castle. Her blood-red eyes shone beneath a black Gothic dress entwined with sinister vines and countless mysterious symbols.

She revealed Her Mythical Creature form.

On Pallez Zoroast's other side, atop the ruins of a building covered in green plants, The Hermit Cattleya, wearing a purple robe and no longer donning her heavy glasses, returned from a non-existent state to reality.

She had initially intended to invite Queen Mystic Bernadette to participate in this operation to increase their chances of success. However, given the limited number of Angels remaining in the protected zone of Trier, the reduction in their forces would have been unacceptable.

…

When The Star Leonard arrived at the depths of the mirror world, where The Sun Derrick, Two of Cups Franca, and others were battling the Demonesses of Unaging, the area was already in shambles, as though it had suffered a partial collapse and destruction.

Demoness of Black Clarice wore a crystalline queen's crown on her head. Beneath its translucent surface were miniature visions of hurricanes, volcanic eruptions, falling meteors, and other disasters, resembling a complex, mystical weather bottle. The crown's pinnacle was stained crimson, radiating the light of the crimson moon.

This crown, named "Calamity of Crimson," was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact originating from the remains of the Demoness of Blue.

The holy and dignified Demoness of White Katarina had already raised her left hand. A glass ring encircled her middle finger, extending a sharp crystalline spike.

This was "Love's Dread," a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact belonging to the Demoness Sect, corresponding to a Demoness of Catastrophe.

Wearing a cyan hunting outfit, Yalenna, with thick, long eyebrows, had an unusual black rooster perched on her shoulder. Though it seemed carved from stone, it appeared alive.

Its most distinctive feature was its three heads—a crestless one, a brightly crested one, and one with a dark red crest—and a slightly parted shared beak that revealed sharp teeth.

This was "The Setting Sun Rooster," another Grade 0 Sealed Artifact held by the Demoness Sect.

When the crimson moon descended, the Demoness Sect's headquarters suffered significant losses, retaining only five Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. After recovering the Demoness of Blue's Beyonder characteristic, they now had six.

Currently, these artifacts were wielded by the Demonesses of Black, White, Cyan, Gold, Crimson, and Orange, among whom two had nearly killed Franca moments earlier.

Only through her status as a Demoness of Unaging, her numerous Mirror Substitutions, and having merged with her mirror self through reconciliation, did Franca survive the first wave of attacks and await reinforcements.

Silver, Green, and Brown were Demonesses who had advanced after the crimson moon descended. They replaced the titles of the completely deceased and lacked the qualifications to wield a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. They could only use Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts that synergized with them.

The colored Demonesses, who had already digested the Unaging potion, couldn't use the Calamity of Crimson and Love's Dread to advance due to their inability to complete the ritual. They could only use them as Sealed Artifacts.

Facing such overwhelming forces, The Star Leonard drew a black staff embedded with gemstones from his Traveler's Bag.

0-62, Staff of the Stars!

It was bestowed by Mr. Fool prior to the current events with added seals.

The moment he gripped the Staff of the Stars, Leonard allowed his thoughts to scatter and emptied his mind.

The Sun Derrick donned a crown that seemed to coalesce from dawn's light. Its ancient design exuded splendor, majesty, pride, and resilience.

This was "The Proof of Glory," a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact belonging to the City of Silver, once worn by the ancient god, Giant King Aurmir!

It had originally been used to seal the Gift of the Land. Not long ago, Mr. Fool had temporarily sealed the latter, enabling it to be lent out.

The holy and glorious light gathered more and more, forming a pure and solid barrier in the front and around. This both protected the companions and prevented the targets from escaping.

Madam Judgment, Xio Derecha, had just spent nearly a year filled with chaos digesting the Chaos Hunter potion. She had not yet had the chance to complete the ritual to advance to a neighboring pathway, Duke of Entropy, but this did not stop her from using the severely asymmetrical black-and-gold mask that caused discomfort upon sight.

She placed this Solomon's Mask on her face.

She and Franca would alternate in assisting Mr. Sun in utilizing the Proof of Glory —this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact required two Saints to wield.

The Moon Emlyn had already received the Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess Beyonder characteristic of the Moon pathway, along with the separated Sequence 2 Life-Giver Beyonder characteristic, bestowed by Ancestor Lilith. However, he did not dare to take the former out of the protected zones, fearing it might provoke an abnormal reaction from the Great Mother and introduce unknown risks.

He used his Life-Giver Beyonder characteristic as collateral to borrow a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the "Robe of Divine Blood," from the treasury of the Sanguine. He now had it draped over himself.

Madam Temperance Sharron held a three-layer jewelry box in her hands, its surface silver-black and embedded with various gemstones.

This was 0-61—Box of the Great Old Ones—borrowed from the Abraham family through Madam Magician.

This Sealed Artifact would randomly cause its holder to disappear, die suddenly, or undergo aberration. To counter this, Madam Temperance Sharron specifically visited the Angel of Fate Will before the operation and received His blessing.

Will was currently in the protected zone in the Southern Continent, maintaining stability and eliminating anomalies alongside Azik and other Angels. While He could not leave, granting blessings posed no issue.

Not only Madam Temperance Sharron but also The Star Leonard and the other participants in this operation received blessings from Will and a miracle from Mr. Fool to reduce the likelihood of negative random effects.

Magicians didn't perform unprepared.

The Hanged Man Alger held a thin brass book and the Card of Blasphemy, Tyrant.

The former was 0-02—Trunsoest Brass Book!

Having received assistance, Franca finally recovered. From the Traveler's Bag Lumian had entrusted to her earlier, she retrieved an ancient book bound in parchment: Post-Apocalyptic Scripture!

For this operation, every participating Saint from the Tarot Club carried a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

At this moment, a figure passed by, seemingly slow yet incredibly fast.

It was a woman who appeared to be in her forties, still stunningly beautiful and exuding charm, radiating an aura of maternal brilliance.

Upon seeing this figure, The Moon Emlyn's gaze froze instantly.

It was Roland, the former Matriarch of the Church of Earth Mother!

Roland appeared normal, her upper body bare, but numerous bird-clawed infants hung from her chest, covering the pale skin and constantly drawing nourishment.

She wore a faint smile, radiating crimson moonlight, as She passed through the battlefield and walked toward the special mirror world.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1132: Authority

□

In the grayish-white cavern-like special mirror world, only the strands of black hair, as thick as rainforest trees, retained their original color, either shooting toward the sky or wrapping around Lumian from all directions.

After being gazed upon by Primordial Demoness Cheek, Lumian's body suddenly petrified. A large swath of grayish-white swiftly spread over the central and right heads on his shoulders, turning them into stone sculptures.

The next second, the petrification abruptly halted, stopping just before it reached the chaotic vortex face embedded with 0-01, which no longer wore the dark gold mask.

The petrifying power fused into the vortex without any effect.

"Haha! This head is indeed useful!" Lumian's laughter boomed from the vortex face, reverberating with a buzzing echo.

As the voice rang out, his body ignited with formless, colorless flames.

Amidst crackling sounds, chunks of grayish-white peeled off his surface, and the flames reconstructed his enormous body.

Lumian raised his right hand and pulled Salinger's Blood Banner, embedded in the vortex's forehead, free.

As he did, the left head on his shoulder turned, and the softened features of Alista Tudor's face came into view, gazing upward.

His expression seemed dissatisfied, almost chastising, as if silently questioning Primordial Demoness Cheek, clothed in a bone-white dress: Why do you resist? Why not surrender willingly?

Isn't our union something you've always desired?

Utilizing Blood Emperor Alista Tudor's face, Lumian wielded the dangerous banner that matched his fiery giant body and swung it at Primordial Demoness Cheek, whose blue eyes glimmered with reluctance to fight to the death, Her allure rendering Her opponents unable to strike.

Invisible, formless flames surged into the air, roaring as they raced toward their target.

Within the flames, figures of blazing humanoid fire emerged one after another. These entities possessed a degree of intelligence, obeying Lumian's commands. They surrounded Primordial Demoness Cheek from all directions, cutting off any escape routes. Acting as Lumian's soldiers, they shared his spirituality, power, and abilities like Teleportation.

This was an extension of the Conqueror's ability to transform lifeless objects into soldiers, amplified by Sealed Artifact 0-01.

Primordial Demoness Cheek watched with a radiant smile, as if admiring the performance of a lover, without immediately reacting.

She raised Her right hand, clenching it gently as the formless, colorless flames and the countless fire soldiers approached.

At Her center, a vortex suddenly appeared-remarkably similar to the chaotic vortex embedded in Lumian's left shoulder. Composed of liquid encompassing all colors, this vortex was far larger.

The formless, colorless flames, along with the innumerable fire soldiers, were sucked into the vortex, shredded into fragments, and dissolved, becoming part of the myriad unrealized possibilities.

Within the nearly sky-filling chaotic vortex, Primordial Demoness Cheek-draped in Her black hair and white bone dress-emerged once again. She remained dazzlingly beautiful, an irresistible sight that stirred even the surrounding grayish-white stones to agitate in Her presence.

This was a manifestation of one of the Demoness's authorities.

Honorific titles like "The Female Body of the Primordial God Almighty," "The mirrored Original Creator-the Oldest One," and "The True Successor of the Original Creator" were labels that Cheek Herself had added after merging with the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, discovering and utilizing the hidden features of the Catastrophe pathway. However, the Sequence o Demoness of the Witch pathway being named "Primordial Demoness" or "Chaos Demoness," predated Her deification and was recorded on the Second Blasphemy Slate.

This referred both to the feminine aspect of a Demoness as an extension of the Primordial God Almighty and to one of the Demoness's authorities: the authority over the return of all things to chaos and the primordial state. This was a branch of the symbolism of destruction and endings, distinct from death, eternal darkness, decay, ruin, slaughter, or fragmentation as methods of finality.

It, along with authorities like "femininity," "charm," "the mirror world," and "dark magic," was a core authority of the Demoness and an elevated concept encompassing "apocalypse" and "catastrophe."

Thus, the Demoness was a demoness who wielded chaos.

The Primordial God Almighty was unaware of the setup and contingency plans left by the Original Creator to stabilize existence when accommodating the City of Calamity. The reason this was the first sefirah to be accommodated must have been due to a mystical connection, an instinctive tendency that had long existed!

Primordial Demoness Cheek emerged from the chaos with a charming smile, causing even Lumian, whose heart was burning with rage and hatred, to momentarily lose focus.

The face of Alista Tudor was filled with madness, driving the scorched banner of 0-01 to rise. On the banner, the ominous blackened bloodstains revealed their original colors, radiating an aura of conquest so overwhelming that even deities might bow Their heads.

Primordial Demoness Cheek paused for a moment, as if reminded of the past.

At this moment, the figure of 0-17, clad in a hooded black robe adorned with silver stars, appeared in the high sky where the chaotic vortex had receded. Above Her was a scene of brilliant constellations reflected from the mirror.

With a delicate face and dark, deep eyes, 0-17 wielded a phantom black scythe, swinging it toward the Primordial Demoness as though culling the wheat of life.

A dense, profound, and silent darkness surged forth, following the trajectory of the scythe and rapidly engulfing the target.

Wherever the darkness passed, the projections of brilliant stars were submerged, one after another extinguishing their own radiance.

Primordial Demoness Cheek raised Her right hand once again.

Around Her, the vortex of chaos, embracing all possibilities, became prominent and rapidly expanded, colliding with the darkness brought forth by the scythe.

In an instant, Lumian's vision lost all light, his hearing fell silent, and his spirituality ceased

its perception.

It was as if the world had reached its end in an apocalypse, welcoming the final conclusion and

return.

Before Lumian could form any thought, a sudden burst of light erupted. This was because the special mirror world had not yet fully collapsed or been destroyed.

Primordial Demoness Cheek was very pleased with this outcome. She cast an alluring glance

at 0-17, momentarily delaying Her next move.

Corrupted by the Primordial God Almighty, Her control over chaos naturally surpassed normal levels, allowing Her to better unleash the might of this authority.

Moreover, She knew that the Evernight Goddess could not maintain the descent through 0-17 for too long, whereas She, as a true Sequence o deity with freedom of movement, could wield

Her power indefinitely and sustainably.

Time was on Her side.

At this moment, the shaky special mirror world suddenly accelerated its self-repair process. Lumian blinked, and the world returned to its original stability.

The former Matriarch of the Church of Earth Mother, Roland, whose upper body was adorned with bird-clawed infants sucking nourishment from Her breasts, stepped into this place,

bringing "rebirth."

Her face bore a faint, maternal smile, and Her gentle gaze fell upon Lumian, Primordial

Demoness Cheek, and 0-17.

Behind Her, a crimson full moon slowly rose.

...

In the depths of the mirror world.

After the disappearance of Roland, the former Matriarch of the Church of Earth Mother,

another figure emerged.

It was a woman wearing a gold crown inlaid with jewels, her chestnut hair cascading down her shoulders. She had blue eyes, slightly thin lips, and a mature allure. Her figure was voluptuous, her features enchanting-it was the mirrored Emperor Roselle, now an Angel serving the ruler of the special mirror world.

As Empress Roselle arrived, a flickering figure appeared in front of Her.

It was The Magician Fors, clad in a silver star-black robe.

While jointly fighting against the Demoness of Gray Judith and the Demoness of Yellow

Tissavica with Madam Justice, Fors also participated in the mirror world battle.

This was the characteristic of a Planeswalker.

The Demoness Sect was not unfamiliar with this phenomenon. On the one hand, Madam

Magician had been one of the most active members of the Tarot Club in recent years, naturally drawing attention. On the other hand, the Demoness Sect itself possessed a relevant Grade o Sealed Artifact.

It was called "Tamara's Everchanging Card" and was currently wielded by the Demoness of

Orange.

Upon detecting Madam Magician's appearance in the mirror world, the Demoness of Crimson, who had received prior instructions, used invisible, tough, and resilient spider silk to hoist a blackened stone pillar with a faint bronze hue.

This was another Grade o Sealed Artifact of the Demoness Sect, named the "Pillar of

Severity."

As the pillar was lifted, bronzed letters emerged upon its surface: "The battlefield shall be

divided."

In an instant, the chaotic melee was split into multiple zones-soldiers against soldiers, generals against generals-in perfect balance and order.

Until their respective battles were concluded and the corresponding battlefields dissolved, neither Angels nor Saints could interfere with other fights.

Madam Magician's presence was immediately locked within the ruins of Trier, close to

Madam Justice Audrey and facing the Demoness of Gray and Demoness of Yellow.

Empress Roselle was no longer obstructed.

Since she was not yet engaged in any battle, she could freely choose Her battlefield.

The Demoness of Gold, dressed in a champagne-colored gown, faced Mr. Sun Derrick.

She wore a vertical eye-shaped tiara, its centerpiece a perfectly cut diamond resembling an eye, set within a brass base.

A Grade o Sealed Artifact-Eye of God!

Within the Eye of God, light constantly refracted, emitting a pure yet dreamlike radiance that

exposed both Mr. Sun Derrick's weaknesses and strengths.

The Demoness of Gold suddenly smiled.

She realized that the crown of dawn worn by her opponent was currently nothing more than

an ornament, incapable of functioning.

The Testimony of Glory required two Saints to effectively wield it!

After the battlefield was divided for balance, Mr. Sun Derrick had temporarily lost his

collaborator.

This fact was clear to Mr. Sun Derrick and to the other Major Arcana card holders as well. Madam Judgment-wearing Solomon's Mask-immediately sought to distort the corresponding rules.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1133: Changes on the Battlefield

□

Wearing Solomon's Mask, which caused her to grow significantly taller to over six feet, Madam Judgment Xio Derecha placed her right hand on the asymmetrical black-and-gold mask.

The black-and-gold mask began to writhe as though burrowing deeper into Madam Judgment's face.

Distortion!

Solomon's Mask could distort rules to a certain extent.

This time, Madam Judgment chose to distort the rule created by the Pillar of Severity: "The battlefield shall be divided."

As a seasoned Imperative Mage and long-time Chaos Hunter, Xio had spent years

maintaining order and constructing rules to limit enemies and enhance herself. This seemed at odds with distorting rules, but perhaps it was precisely because she understood rules so deeply that, at this moment, she knew exactly where to twist them for maximum effect.

The underlying principle of "The battlefield shall be divided" was to "end chaos, restore order, and enforce balance." Since the goal was balance, the balance itself could be distorted to become even more extreme.

The disparity in strength between the two sides-including Sealed Artifacts-was clearly not balanced. How could that be called balance?

If you want balance, I'll make it even more balanced!

In an instant, the matchups on the battlefield changed:

Madam Judgment Xio Derecha was drawn into the battlefield of Mr. Sun Derrick and the Demoness of Gold, along with her original opponent, the Demoness of Orange holding Tamara's Everchanging Card.

2 vs. 2!

With Madam Judgment's assistance, Mr. Sun Derrick could finally wield the Grade o Sealed Artifact-Proof of Glory. This adjustment balanced the power between the two factions, achieving a distorted equilibrium.

The other matchups were as follows:

Mr. Hanged Man Alger, wielding 0-02 and the Card of Blasphemy: Tyrant, faced the Demoness of Cyan Yalenna, who had The Setting Sun Rooster perched on her shoulder.

Mr. Moon Emlyn, clad in the Robe of Divine Blood, opposed the Demoness of White Katarina, who wore the Love's Dread ring.

Mr. Star Leonard, holding the Staff of the Stars, was matched against the Demoness of Crimson, the wielder of the Pillar of Severity.

Two of Cups Franca-equipped with the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture and the Face of the Arcane-fought against three Demonesses of Unaging-Silver, Brown, and Green, who were armed only with Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts.

Madam Temperance Sharron, holding the Box of the Great Old Ones, faced both the Demoness of Black Clarice, wearing the Calamity of Crimson, and the true Angel, the mirrored Roselle Gustav.

In this distorted equilibrium, it seemed that the Box of the Great Old Ones needed to contend with both an Angel and a Grade o Sealed Artifact to maintain balance. This was likely because the third layer of the box contained something incredibly dangerous and terrifying.

Realizing the unfavorable situation, Madam Temperance Sharron couldn't help but shudder internally. However, she had long been accustomed to controlling her emotions and desires, avoiding panic or anxiety.

Without hesitation, she opened the top layer of the silver-black jewelry box.

Empress Roselle watched coldly. Whether She hadn't had time to react or had Her own considerations, She used no abilities.

Demoness of Black Clarice, just as her crystalline crimson crown began to glow, suddenly felt her body stiffen. She could barely move, as though she were a wind-up toy that hadn't been fully wound.

She noticed that the previously void-like edges of the mirror world had taken on a tangible form, reflecting a silver-black sheen and becoming textured with granules.

Within the first layer of the Box of the Great Old Ones, the corresponding section of the mirror world had been shrunk down and encapsulated as part of a miniature diorama.

In this miniature scene, both Demoness of Black Clarice and Empress Roselle were reduced to palm-sized figures, their movements stiff and jerky, like lifelike wind-up toys.

The next moment, crimson light flared, and the entire "toy house" collapsed, dragging both the Demoness of Black and Empress Roselle into layer upon layer of annihilating void.

Catastrophe descended.

Suddenly, an illusory torrent of complex information surged upward from the void, spilling out of the still-open first layer of the Box of the Great Old Ones.

The torrent swiftly reassembled into the mature and beautiful form of Empress Roselle.

Madam Temperance Sharron was prepared. Her sapphire eyes reflected the image of the reformed Angel.

She abruptly reached out with her right hand toward her own eye, plucking out the eyeball that had locked onto Empress Roselle's form. It came out bloodily.

As a Sequence 3 Disciple of Silence, her use of the ability Source of Curses no longer harmed herself. However, against an Angel who might be Sequence 1, she had to go all out, using this method to enhance the curse's effectiveness.

She didn't expect this to finish off an Angel but only sought to buy herself some time. In this area teeming with Grade o Sealed Artifacts, no one knew how long the distorted equilibrium would hold or if anyone could circumvent the restrictions to come to her aid. These were variables, inevitable ones. Under the blessings of fate and the miracles of Mr. Fool, Sharron believed the ensuing variables would likely favor her. For now, her job was to stall for time, awaiting change, and to prevent herself from being swiftly defeated by the combined efforts of Empress Roselle and the Grade o Sealed Artifact-wielding Demoness of Black.

Madam Temperance Sharron quickly threw the eyeball-still frozen with Empress Roselle's image-into the spirit world.

In the spirit world, an enormous bird, indescribable in form, swooped down, snatching the eyeball in its beak and flying deep into the spirit world, heading toward the heights where the

Seven Lights were.

Such an encounter would affect the true body, resulting in a curse akin to banishment. Furthermore, the target would be subjected to constant attacks from dangerous creatures in the spirit world while being banished.

Empress Roselle glanced at Madam Temperance Sharron's now-empty, blood-dripping eye socket and gave a nod of approval for her decisiveness and resolve.

The Angel did not resist the curse, allowing Herself to be dragged into the depths of the spirit world, disappearing from this battlefield.

"..." Sharron froze for a moment, faintly realizing that Empress Roselle might not have wanted to participate in this battle.

Her pale doll-like face was now streaked with crimson blood dripping from her missing eye, giving her ghostly, wraith-like aura an even more terrifying edge.

At this point, Demoness of Black Clarice, having resurrected through her mirrored self, reemerged from the shadows, once again wearing the Calamity of Crimson.

She had escaped the influence of the Box of the Great Old Ones through self-destruction. On another battlefield, Mr. Hanged Man Alger, noticing the disadvantageous situation Sharron faced, immediately prepared to open the Trunsoest Brass Book to add patch-like rules to the distorted equilibrium and alter the unfavorable dynamics.

The Trunsoest Brass Book had been unsealed but still suffered from deceit and trickery, leaving it with no blank space to inscribe new rules. Under these circumstances, its activation level was minimal, only capable of basic and initial applications. Yet, for Mr. Hanged Man Alger, this was sufficient.

At that moment, Demoness of Cyan Yalenna's three-headed black rooster raised its middle head with the bright crest: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The crowing, which should have heralded dawn, instead summoned darkness.

Mr. Hanged Man Alger suddenly felt his soul plummeting, sinking into the viscous black

depths of his inner psyche.

Malice, dissatisfaction, and jealousy surged within him. He felt an overwhelming urge to conserve his strength and avoid unnecessary risks.

Why have they all become Angels, while I've yet to see my dawn?

These emotions affected Alger's actions. The black rooster's other two heads turned toward

him simultaneously:

The crestless head raised its left wing high, causing the space around him to darken and

thicken, folding inward to form a spherical prison.

The head with the faded crest had pitch-black eyes as Demoness of Cyan Yalenna's left hand materialized a straight sword of abyssal depth.

Meanwhile, in her right hand, Demoness of Cyan Yalenna now held a straight sword wreathed in black flames, the fire embodying madness, savagery, and destruction.

She swung both swords at Mr. Hanged Man Alger, who was trapped within the spatial sphere.

Suddenly, Mr. Hanged Man Alger's body shone with dazzling, holy sunlight, swiftly forming armor over his entire body.

Before entering the mirror world and joining the battle, Mr. Sun Derrick had cast the Sunlight Domain spell of Holy Armor on all his companions, except for Madam Temperance Sharron

and Mr. Moon Emlyn.

On yet another battlefield.

Facing the combined assault of Demonesses of Silver, Brown, and Green, Franca used her Mirror Substitution to withstand the first wave of attacks.

Her silhouette then appeared in a corner, and she rapidly flipped open the Post-Apocalyptic

Scripture to a specific page.

With her will, she had inscribed a prophecy onto the parchment: "All demigods attacking me

will suffer the backlash of their own Sealed Artifacts due to bad luck."

Smack!

The moment the Prophecy took effect, Franca employed Mirror Substitution to evade the

Demoness of Brown's curse.

...

In the special mirror world,

A crimson full moon rose slowly, casting a faint, eerie red hue over the rainforest-like black hair and the gray-white stones scattered everywhere.

Seeing this, Primordial Demoness Cheek spat with a smile, neither alarmed nor angry.

As She created multiple mirror projections to evade the attacks of Lumian and 0-17, She

addressed Roland, the former Matriarch of the Church of Earth Mother, who still carried numerous bird-clawed infants on Her body, "My daughter sent someone to stop me? "Does she not want me to be Her mother?

"As a mother, how can a mother lack a mother?

"Or is She waiting for me and Alista to unite again and give birth to Her anew?"

Hearing this, Matriarch Roland, whose expression had been kindly and loving, suddenly turned grim.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1134: Time Is Running Out

□

As Matriarch Roland's expression shifted, the tree-like black hair bathed in the crimson moonlight stretched toward the airborne Primordial Demoness.

The hair seemed to gain life and intelligence, turning against its original owner.

Throughout the "primeval rainforest" region, both in midair and on the ground, countless tiny, unseen mystical pathogens abruptly expanded in size. Some resembled fluffy spheres, others were clawed monstrosities, and some wore bizarre crowns. They varied widely in form and effect, embodying the authorities of Disease and Plague-capable of eroding even deities.

At this moment, these mystical pathogens, secretly spread by Primordial Demoness Cheek, gained enhanced power and turned against Her, targeting Her true body, Lumian, and 0-17.

All things have a spirit!

Primordial Demoness Cheek chuckled softly at the sight.

This laugh stirred an itch in the hearts of Lumian, 0-17, Matriarch Roland, the black hair, and even the mystical pathogens, slowing their actions.

Then, the Primordial Demoness unveiled Her Mythical Creature form.

She became enormous, still clad in Her white, bone-made dress, Her visage growing increasingly beautiful yet exuding different temperaments from various angles: pure, elegant, majestic, delicate, pristine, and decadent...

Her black hair, as thick as pythons, exuded an eerie slickness. Some strands rose and rotated, their black-and-white eyes spinning; others extended forward, sprouting serpent-like heads that flicked their tongues; and others coiled at Her feet, forming a vortex of snakes.

Whether one gazed directly at the Primordial Demoness or not, everything within the "primeval rainforest" reacted instinctively to Her presence.

The right half of Lumian's body swelled at the chest, while Cheek's face on his left side flushed seductively, the chaotic whirlpool-like visage subtly turning, resisting the mesmerizing allure.

The lifeless black eyes of 0-17 began to flicker faintly, betraying a hint of infatuation and intoxication.

Matriarch Roland's brown eyes turned tender and watery, Her lips parted to exhale a breath of turbid air. The bird-clawed infants attached to Her upper body ceased seeking milk and turned toward the sky in longing. The males among them even grew unfamiliar organs while their existing ones retracted, transforming them into girls.

The black hair that constituted the "primeval rainforest" also transformed into the hair of young girls, while the rebellious mystical pathogens became girl-like as well. All of them fell hopelessly under Primordial Demoness Cheek's spell.

Suddenly, Cheek's figure disappeared, flickering through the special mirror world to reappear around Matriarch Roland in various positions-high, low, left, right, in front, and behind- each leaving behind a Mirror Projection.

Each projection spoke in soft tones, sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping, their voices overlapping.

"My daughter doesn't want to acknowledge me as her mother?"

"But She truly was born from the Original Creator."

"And I am the man destined to become the Original Creator's feminine aspect."

"If She seeks my help, I would offer it willingly-that is a parent's duty."

"But She cannot stop the birth of Her father and mother!"

The Primordial Demoness's true body returned to the sky.

She clenched Her right fist.

With this motion, all the Mirror Projections surrounding Matriarch Roland collapsed into vortices composed of an illusory liquid encompassing all colors and possibilities.

These dozens of chaotic vortices rapidly expanded and merged into a single mass, swallowing Matriarch Roland, the clawed infants, and the crimson moon rising into the sky.

It heralded an apocalypse-a return to the primordial state.

Within the massive chaotic vortex, the crimson moon and Matriarch Roland floated intermittently, resisting complete disintegration and assimilation, struggling against the pull toward the primordial.

At this moment, a giant sword wreathed in black flames of destruction descended from the sky, striking the crimson moon and Matriarch Roland.

The sword, which embodied madness and destruction, was wielded by Lumian, splitting the crimson moon and Matriarch Roland apart.

Next, a spectral, abnormally-shaped scythe, cloaked in profound silence and darkness, arrived, cleaving into the split crimson moon and Matriarch Roland's form.

At this critical juncture, both Lumian and 0-17 prioritized burying Matriarch Roland and the mutations She brought forth!

Lumian's sapphire eyes met Primordial Demoness Cheek's gaze, as if to say, "This is our battle to resolve."

The Primordial Demoness returned a sweet, approving smile.

With the participation of the Sword of Destruction and the silent darkness, the chaotic mass binding the crimson moon and Matriarch Roland began to change.

It swallowed the two, collapsing violently and condensing into a deep, human-knuckle-sized black dot.

The black dot lacked something crucial, preventing it from further compression.

In an instant, the unstable black dot swelled and exploded, releasing a violent burst of light and heat.

The region of the special mirror world regained "substance," gradually stabilizing, but it no longer resembled the original primeval rainforest.

In the sky, the bright stars reappeared, and the crimson moon had not completely vanished. Instead, it became distant and dim, as though separated from the battlefield by layers of barriers-barriers of destruction and eternal darkness-temporarily preventing its return. Primordial Demoness Cheek withdrew Her gaze from the distant crimson moon, smiling at Lumian and 0-17. "Time is running out; it's your turn now."

As She spoke, shadows enveloped 0-17's delicate features, as if plunging Her into deep, silent

darkness.

This signified that the descent of the Evernight Goddess was nearing its end.

The barrier that had to be maintained and 0-17's limitations as an Angel placed a cap on how long she could continue the divine descent.

...

In the depths of the mirror world, on another battlefield.

Demoness of White Katarina, upon the battlefield's rebalancing, immediately activated the

Love's Dread ring worn on her left middle finger.

The crystalline spikes on the ring's glass band emitted a soft illusion.

The Demoness of Unaging's skin lost some of its luster while retaining a faint sheen. Her

eyes, nose, and mouth took on doll-like characteristics.

She transformed into an extraordinarily beautiful and intricately crafted doll, exuding a perfectly complementary charm.

To Mr. Moon Emlyn, this was incredibly captivating.

Under normal circumstances, he might have stopped to admire her, unwilling to cause harm. However, at this moment, he wore the crimson robe woven from what seemed to be blood.

The robe easily triggered his inner malice, countering the infatuation and even amplifying it. To Katarina's surprise, Mr. Moon Emlyn transformed into blood-like moonlight and charged toward her with intense possessiveness, rather than succumbing to infatuation or a desire to

protect.

Instinctively, Katarina extended gray-white energy from her left hand, spreading toward the viscous blood-like moonlight.

Simultaneously, indescribable ravings echoed in her ears, as if her innermost malicious emotions and desires were singing in unison.

Her hair lifted, thickened, and became slimy, about to sprout black-and-white eyeballs.

She showed signs of losing control.

Blood flowed from her nostrils, ears, mouth, and eyes. Her heart nearly stopped, and her

blood seemed to ignite.

Crack!

Katarina shattered, activating her Mirror Substitution ability.

The surging crimson moonlight turned gray-white and solidified into stone. However, the unaffected portion of blood and light abruptly retracted, reforming

into Mr. Moon Emlyn clad

in his crimson robe with bat-like wings.

The Demoness of White's figure appeared in a corner of the battlefield, and she prepared to unleash catastrophe upon the area using the Love's Dread ring.

In the mirror world, catastrophe equated to fragmentation and collapse!

On another separated battlefield.

After confirming her opponent as Leonard, the Demoness of Crimson promptly revealed the

second rule on the surface of the Pillar of Severity, suspended by invisible threads:

"Teleportation is prohibited here!"

Seeing the ancient Hermes script in brass tones emerge on the dark stone pillar, Leonard, who

had been clearing his mind, recalled Pallez Zoroast in his thoughts.

The Angel of Time's form appeared through the Staff of the Stars, manifesting before

Leonard as an ancient wall clock, taking on the impact of time.

Clang!

A distant chime echoed, and the hands of the clock face-marked by blue and black-froze.

The Demoness of Crimson and the Pillar of Severity were immediately suspended in time.

Seizing the opportunity, Leonard activated his Nightmare abilities, falling into a deep slumber.

Shortly after, the chime faded, and everything returned to normal. Pallez Zoroast's form had

already vanished.

The Demoness of Crimson was drawn into a dreamscape-a dream tied to The Star Leonard's.

This prevented her from using the Pillar of Severity. Instead, she saw a staircase and a sign: "Blackthorn Security Company."

One of the Staff of the Stars' functions was to allow the wielder to recreate corresponding

abilities or individuals through mental visualization, enabling the summoned figure to launch a single attack.

Naturally, sufficient understanding of the ability or individual was required to avoid

anomalies.

Before this mission, The Star Leonard had asked Miss Justice to incept a psychological cue in

him, ensuring he would dream of Blackthorn Security Company and a certain individual upon

falling asleep.

This mental visualization enabled the Staff of the Stars to assist in bringing the figure to life.

In the next instant, the Demoness of Crimson saw someone emerge from the door of

Blackthorn Security Company.

The man wore a top hat, a formal suit, and carried a cane. He had black hair, brown eyes, an ordinary face, and a scholarly air-Klein Moretti.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1135: The Path of Justice

□

The moment the Demoness of Crimson saw Klein Moretti emerge from the Blackthorn Security Company, an indescribable, instinctive, and overwhelming terror surged within her. Her teeth chattered uncontrollably, clacking at a rapid pace.

In her eyes, the Blackthorn Security Company appeared like a deep and dark cathedral, and the opponent from before was its bishop-serving the unknown, the mysterious, the bizarre, and the horrifying.

Now, the greatest horror they served had stepped out.

The Demoness of Crimson let out a sharp, fear-laden scream, her hair rising into the air. It thickened, became slimy, and burst open like a blooming flower, exposing black-and-white eyeballs.

Overwhelmed by extreme terror, she lost control.

And losing control would affect her mirror self and the slumbering mirrors.

In the next second, the movements of the out-of-control Demoness of Crimson became jerky and stiff, as if her joints were filled with glue or entirely rusted.

Her eyes, once brimming with fear and instinctual allure, quickly returned to normal. The transmission of Petrification and Pleasure through her long, thick black hair abruptly ceased.

She became docile. She became a marionette.

The figure of Klein Moretti, summoned by The Star Leonard through dreaming, could only perform one attack. He chose to turn her into a marionette.

Then, he dissipated at the entrance of the Blackthorn Security Company.

The dream shattered.

The Star Leonard opened his eyes to see the marionette of the Demoness of Crimson collapse lifelessly to the ground, devoid of any vitality. She was dead for good, with no chance of resurrection.

With a dull thud, the Pillar of Severity, no longer bound by invisible threads, crashed onto the void-black ground.

This change in the battlefield and The Star Leonard's performance struck fear into the hearts of the other Demonesses of Unaging.

They were all Sequence 3 Saints equipped with Grade o Sealed Artifacts, so how had he dealt with the Demoness of Crimson so swiftly?

Moreover, the Demoness of Crimson was a Demoness of Unaging, notoriously hard to kill and adept at resurrection!

If Leonard took a little more time to seal the Pillar of Severity, the battlefield partitions would be invalidated, and he and the Planeswalker would gain the freedom to join any other battlefield!

The Demoness of Orange felt an increasing sense of urgency.

Before her floated a card inlaid with what seemed to be shattered diamonds, radiating a brilliant light. The card's face constantly shifted between characters and scenes, producing a variety of effects directed at Mr. Sun and Madam Judgment.

But for now, none of these effects could break through the divine barrier created by the crown of dawn, nor could they allow the Demoness of Orange to bypass it and Blink directly to her targets.

The Demoness of Orange could only hope that the Demoness of Gold, with her Eye of God, would quickly unravel the divine barrier's mysteries, weaknesses, or flaws and launch a targeted attack.

This urgency wasn't solely due to how quickly the battlefield of the Demoness of Crimson had been resolved, which filled her with dread about the rapidly shifting tides of battle. It was also because the longer she used Tamara's Everchanging Card, the more likely one of its negative effects would manifest upon her.

As the characters and scenes on the card's face shifted continuously, the fixed pattern on Tamara's Everchanging Card's back would gradually change, producing various effects that acted upon the cardholder herself.

The Demoness of Orange glanced at the Demoness of Gold from the corner of her eye, noting the beads of sweat on her companion's forehead, which made the vertical eye on her forehead ornament gleam even more brilliantly.

Clearly, the Eye of God was not easy to use.

Meanwhile, having relied on Madam Judgment's help to activate the Glory Crown and create the divine barrier, The Sun Derrick finally caught his breath.

Looking at the Demonesses of Gold and Orange beyond the barrier, as well as the other battlefields and the dark, illusory mirror world, he found himself momentarily dazed.

He remembered what Mr. Fool had said to him at the temporary gathering, "Go and pursue

your justice..."

What is my justice?

What is the core justice that I am willing to cast everything else aside for?

Once again, The Sun Derrick felt the doubts that had plagued him for years.

After leaving the City of Silver and stepping out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, he had witnessed normal ways of living and been exposed to a greater variety of values:

Good and evil;

Right and wrong;

Wealth and poverty;

Oppression and resistance...

These were all aspects of justice that The Sun Derrick had contemplated and practiced in his daily life.

But he always felt that none of them represented his core principle of justice-something else was more important.

This confusion had prevented The Sun Derrick from summarizing the final acting principle, leaving him unable to completely digest the potion of Justice Mentor.

In a flash of thought, considering the significance and purpose of this operation, scenes suddenly unfolded before Derrick's eyes:

The crimson moon piercing through barriers, descending to the ground;

The sky becoming perpetually dark, illuminated only by moonlight and starlight;

Humans piling into spheres, floating amidst the murk;

The Forsaken Land of the Gods distinguishing day and night by the frequency of lightning

strikes;

The Chief pushing open the door to the Giant King's Court, letting sunlight pour in...

The Sun Derrick's body moved, as though transported to the past.

He understood what justice he most wanted to pursue:

It was light, it was the sun-it was the existence and continuation of humanity as a species!

For that, he was willing to abandon everything else!

The Proof of Glory atop Derrick's head suddenly radiated brilliant light, and the immense power was directed toward the second Saint present, Madam Judgment, Xio Derecha.

The asymmetrical black-and-gold mask on Madam Judgment's face wriggled again. She withdrew the divine barrier, allowing a silver-white rapier to appear and pierce into the

Demoness of Orange's body.

Magnify!

Using Solomon's Mask, Madam Judgment amplified the silver-white rapier imbued with

power from Mr. Sun.

Inside the Demoness of Orange, the silver-white radiance exploded.

It brimmed with destruction, yet it was also sacred and resplendent.

On another battlefield.

The sacred armor adorning The Hanged Man Alger temporarily suppressed his malicious thoughts, preventing him from succumbing to the corrupted influences of the Demoness of Cyan Yalenna. Her Cull of Spiritual Flesh could not easily bypass the armor's defenses. However, the Cull of Spiritual Flesh, combined with a Sword of Destruction, eventually tore through the pure armor formed by divine sunlight, annihilating it completely.

At that moment, a new rule appeared on the brass book in Mr. Hanged Man's hand. "Normal beings may have one and only one head. All others must die!"

The three-headed black rooster perched on the Demoness of Cyan's shoulder suddenly trembled, as though sensing its impending doom.

Plop, plop! Two heads-one bare and the other with a dark red comb-fell off, their severed necks unnaturally clean, as though sliced by a blade.

Yet no blood spurted from the wounds. Instead, the severed heads fused with flesh and bone, wriggling as they attempted to grow new heads. However, an invisible force suppressed them, preventing success.

With Mr. Hanged Man freed from his dangerous predicament, Franca's situation shifted as

well.

Franca had been biding her time, anticipating the backlash from the Sealed Artifacts used by her three opponents after making the prophecy. Yet, as she observed the Demoness of Silver and the Demoness of Green, she noticed their subtle infatuation with her intentional display

of charm.

Wh-Franca realized a possibility.

The original Demonesses of Silver and Green might have died after the crimson moon's descent. The current ones were newly advanced Demonesses of Unaging.

Since the digestion of the Unaging potion usually took a century, these newly advanced might still be in an emotionally and lustfully unstable state for several years-perhaps even a decade or more making them vulnerable to the allure of Demonesses of the same tier.

And it had been less than a year since the crimson moon's descent!

Realizing this, Franca deliberately gave the Demonesses of Silver and Green a seductive smile.

Full Charm!

Even if her guess was wrong, Franca figured using Charm wasn't a poor choice. There was

little to lose in trying.

The Demonesses of Silver and Cyan's gazes turned enamored, longing to kneel before

Franca's boots. The Demoness of Brown was similarly affected, but thoughts of her current

lover helped her break free from the horrifying allure.

Beyond all the battlefields, on the dark periphery of this region.

A figure lay in wait.

He had white hair and wore a black robe. His eyes were deep and lightless, marking Him

unmistakably as Miracle Invoker Zaratul.

Zaratul had followed the orders of the Great Mother and arrived long ago, yet He hadn't joined the battle immediately. Instead, He remained hidden, patiently waiting for the right moment-the opportunity to convert everyone into marionettes and claim a bounty of Grade

o Sealed Artifacts.

That moment had come.

In the nearby shadows, Zaratul's current marionettes were ready, each capable of using His

abilities to create more marionettes.

Suddenly, Zaratul felt an intense sense of danger.

It was as if something was burrowing into His body.

He quickly attempted to switch places with one of his marionettes.

It was futile. Not only were all His marionettes similarly infiltrated by something, but His

attempt to exchange places had inexplicably failed-as though the very thought had been stolen from Him.

A figure appeared before Zaratul, wearing a pointed soft hat and a monocle.

Amon!

Amon's monocle reflected a glimmer of light. With a smile, He addressed Zaratul, "I'm a bit

late. But I felt there was still enough time, so I waited outside for any potential dessert to

arrive."

"Quite the coincidence..."

As He spoke, Amon lifted His head to gaze upward and added with a smile,

"I know this body of yours is merely a historical projection. But for the Error pathway, if a historical projection is Parasitized, doesn't that mean the original was also Parasitized? If your past self is Parasitized, how could your present self possibly avoid it? It's inevitable!"

A flicker of desperation flashed in Zaratul's eyes, yet the arrangements beyond His historical projection needed time.

Just a second or two later, His pupils seemed to dilate, carrying a hint of relief. Then, He

smiled.

He accepted the monocle Amon offered and placed it on His right eye.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1136: Beyonder and Sealed Artifact Combination

Having eliminated Zaratul through sheer rank suppression and a surprise ambush, Amon glanced at the ongoing battles deeper within the mirror world. He chose not to interfere and vanished, leaving behind Zaratul and His marionettes.

In one of the battlefields.

Returning from the shadows, the Demoness of Black Clarice swiftly utilized the mirror world to create multiple Mirror Projections across different locations, a mix of real and false images. This was to evade the Transfiguration Curse from the opposing Disciple of Silence.

Although the Calamity of Crimson crown was a Grade o Sealed Artifact, it did not offer any resistance to the Transfiguration Curse. If the Demoness of Black tried to withstand it unaided, she would undoubtedly transform into a regular yet charming sheep, piglet, or rabbit-losing most of her abilities and traits.

If that happened, not only would Clarice be unable to wield the Calamity of Crimson, but the Grade o Sealed Artifact's negative effects might even cause her to die on the spot.

Even if she were lucky enough to avoid triggering the negative effects, how could a powerless sheep or any other animal-fight against a Sequence 3 Saint?

She would merely be slaughtered!

More critically, the Demoness Sect, with its stronghold in the Southern Continent, had significant experience dealing with the Transfiguration Curse due to frequent encounters with the Rose School of Thought. The Demoness of Black was acutely aware that the curse would target not only her true self but also her mirror self; the transformation was symmetrical.

Moreover, as a defenseless animal, she would be easily captured. Through the connection between her body and her revival arrangements, the enemy could uncover all the hidden dormant mirrors she had isolated in secret.

Such an outcome would mean the complete death of the notoriously resilient and difficult- to-kill Demoness of Unaging.

The Demoness Sect's strategy for countering the Transfiguration Curse was clear: if the enemy was below Angel-level and could only target a single entity, one should conceal the true body using methods like Mirror Projections. If the opponent was an Angel, however, extreme vigilance was required. One had to be ready to activate Mirror Substitution preemptively while holding a lethal pathogen in their mouth-if evasion failed and one transformed into an animal, they should immediately commit suicide.

Now, the Demoness of Black was employing the first strategy. This was not only because her opponent, Madam Temperance Sharron was a mere Sequence 3 Saint but also because Clarice sought to curse her opponent in return.

Each of the Mirror Projections created through the Calamity of Crimson carried a portion of power and could use their eyes as a medium to curse any target they saw-a classic Demoness's Curse.

With so many Mirror Projections at her disposal, the Demoness of Black was confident at least one would capture the enemy's figure and successfully deliver a curse. Even if the curse did not originate from her true body and could not severely injure or kill the target, it would still have a significant impact, creating opportunities for subsequent attacks.

Meanwhile, Black Demoness Clarice allowed the Calamity of Crimson atop her head to glow.

She brought catastrophe to the battlefield.

The catastrophe manifested as the gradual collapse and disintegration of the corresponding area of the mirror world.

This not only limited her opponent's ability to dodge, improving the chances of completing the curse, but also dragged all living beings in the battlefield toward annihilation and oblivion.

At that point, the Demoness of Unaging could revive, whereas a Disciple of Silence likely could not.

As the disaster unfolded, Madam Temperance Sharron remained expressionless, calm, and composed. All her emotions were tightly controlled.

She pulled out the second layer of her three-tiered jewelry box.

This was the second application of the Box of the Great Old Ones: This layer contained records of different locations, varied and numerous. It allowed the holder and all living beings within a certain range to be directly transported to the designated location. However, "designated" was not absolute. In actual use, the target location often changed randomly, making the final destination unpredictable, with only a slim chance of arriving at the intended place.

Madam Temperance Sharron now placed her faith in the blessing of the Angel of Fate, Will Auceptin. She believed that her "heart's desire" would come true!

The reason Sharron was entrusted with the Box of the Great Old Ones for this mission was not due to random allocation. The Tarot Club members had discussed beforehand above the gray fog which member would best utilize each Grade o Sealed Artifact to secure a swift victory.

The consensus was unanimous: the Box of the Great Old Ones was best suited for Madam Temperance.

Earlier, Sharron had not used the second layer of the jewelry box immediately because Empress Roselle was still present-a formidable Angel likely capable of interfering with or resisting what was about to occur.

Now, as Sharron opened the second layer of the Box of the Great Old Ones, she designated a location and activated its power.

Just as the Demoness of Black captured her opponent's figure and was about to complete her curse, the collapsing and annihilating mirror world suddenly shifted.

Accompanied by her Mirror Projections, she "accompanied" Sharron to a barren wilderness.

This wilderness was strewn with exposed gray-white rocks and densely packed skeletal remains stretching endlessly.

The Underworld!

The location Madam Temperance Sharron had designated was the Underworld. By sheer luck, the Box of the Great Old Ones avoided its usual randomness!

The moment the Demoness of Black and her Mirror Projections arrived in this desolate land, their bodies and expressions froze simultaneously.

The Mirror Projections shattered and dissipated instantly. The Demoness of Black's face turned pale, losing all semblance of vitality.

Both she and her mirror self perished in an instant.

Any living creature that entered the Underworld would die on the spot!

Madam Sharron watched silently as the Demoness of Black died. Her own figure had grown increasingly transparent, her face paler than before.

Once a Wraith, she was now equivalent to an evil spirit. Naturally, she did not need to fear instant death in the Underworld, provided she did not linger too long.

This unique trait was why the Tarot Club believed Sharron should prioritize using the Box of the Great Old Ones and the Staff of the Stars.

She could move her opponents-whether Demonesses or other enemies-to the Underworld!

Between the two artifacts, Sharron ultimately chose the Box of the Great Old Ones due to Mr. Star's unique trait.

Looking at the Demoness of Black's corpse, Sharron quietly retrieved the Calamity of

Crimson.

While the Underworld-induced death did not affect the isolated dormant mirrors, making it impossible to permanently kill the Demoness of Black, the revival process would take considerable time. She would no longer be able to participate in the current battle, and she had lost her Grade o Sealed Artifact.

...

Not only did Sharron face the collapsing and annihilating mirror world, but so did Mr. Moon

Emlyn.

Clad in the Robe of Divine Blood, he saw the ground collapse and the surroundings fade into nothingness. The malice within him grew increasingly uncontrollable. Spreading the bat-like wings covered in membranes on his back, he transformed into moonlight, directing it toward Demoness of White Katarina, who was also caught in the catastrophe, as though he was dragging her along with him.

Seeing the crimson moonlight approaching her, Katarina smiled and allowed the blood-red

moonlight to shine upon her.

Crack!

Her body shattered under the corrosive influence of the blood-red moonlight, reverting to a

mirror.

Moments later, she reappeared in another section of the collapsing battlefield, smiling as she watched the mirror world's destruction consume both the crimson moonlight and herself.

This battlefield soon turned into a void.

Seconds later, due to the overall structure of the mirror world remaining intact, boundaries formed within the void, creating new stable regions.

Demoness of White Katarina stepped out of the void, fully resurrected.

She had indeed perished in the destruction, but through her mirror self outside the collapsed

area, she returned.

This method was a quick way to resolve matters.

After scanning her surroundings and finding no trace of her enemy, Katarina smirked.

At that moment, a brazen voice echoed in her mind-it was The Moon Emlyn's.

"If I were you, I wouldn't be smiling."

"You're still alive?" Demoness of White Katarina blurted out and instinctively activated her

Mirror Substitution.

The mirror left in her place shattered, and Katarina's figure appeared at the edge of the

region.

Yet Emlyn's voice persisted in her mind: "If you had died completely earlier, I would've perished

too. But you didn't.

"Your greatest mistake was assuming resurrection would solve everything after your emotions and desires were first triggered. You didn't try to calm yourself.

"You and your mirror self share a connected psyche. If I could plant the seeds of malice deep within

your mind, I could also erode your mirror self's psyche.

"When my main body is destroyed, I can use these seeds to revive within you-igniting your desires,

burning your blood!

"Malice never dies. Neither do demons."

Demoness of White Katarina triggered her Mirror Substitution multiple times, but The Moon

Emlyn's voice never stopped.

Blood seeped from her pores, enveloping her completely.

Her mirror self suffered a similar fate.

Suddenly, the entire mirror world-or perhaps the entire world-began to shake violently.

...

Within the special mirror world, amid the intense tremors, 0-17's eyes grew increasingly dull

and lifeless.

Her body rapidly faded, as if being erased by an invisible eraser.

The Sealed Artifact departed the battlefield, returning to a protected zone. The divine descent

of the Evernight Goddess had concluded.

The tremors caused by the attacks on the astral barrier subsided. Primordial Demoness Cheek turned Her gaze to Lumian, who was gripping Salinger's Blood

Banner, using it as the vessel for the Sword of Destruction.

The deity had earlier escaped his strike by deliberately shattering Her Mirror Substitution. Now, She reappeared in another part of the sky, saying with a chuckle,

"Now it's just the two of us."

Before She could finish, the figure of Amon, wearing His pointed hat and monocle, suddenly

appeared in the area.

Adjusting His still-glowing monocle, Amon smiled at the Primordial Demoness Cheek.

"Apologies for being late. I had to make a quick trip to the astral world to steal a wish and enjoy a little dessert."

Amon's voice layered over itself, emanating from multiple rapidly flickering figures-never

staying in one place long enough to be Charmed or attacked by the Primordial Demoness.

Hearing Amon's words, Primordial Demoness Cheek narrowed Her eyes and clenched Her right fist.

The vortex of chaos that engulfed everything reappeared and expanded rapidly, attempting to consume the entire region.

"And that wish is..." Amon's monocle glowed brighter, releasing the stolen wish.

At the same moment, He Blinked away from the oncoming vortex.

A voice reverberated across the area, so potent that even the all-encompassing chaos could

only weaken it, unable to swallow it completely in short fashion.

"My wish is:

"All envisioned things in the special mirror world shall vanish briefly."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1137: Mutual Diminishment

□

As Amon prepared to unleash the stolen wish, Primordial Demoness Cheek did not merely conjure another vortex of chaos to return everything to chaos. In addition, countless faint lights reflected and refracted within Her azure eyes, creating an indescribable sense of mystery.

These were near-omniscient eyes analyzing Amon's current state and weaknesses, searching for vulnerabilities to exploit.

In truth, Primordial Demoness Cheek knew of a way to deal with Amon quickly: linking the mirror worlds inside and outside the astral barrier to introduce the corruption of the Circle of Inevitability.

To instantaneously kill a Sequence 1 Archangel, one needed the corresponding pathway's Great Old Dominator!

Unfortunately, the barrier blocks any connection between the inside and outside... Reluctantly abandoning this idea, the Primordial Demoness focused on utilizing Her omniscient authority.

On the other side, Lumian was surrounded by the expanding vortex of chaos, preventing him from launching any further attacks for the time being.

Relying on the slow rotations of the vortex's face and the 0-01 carrying the black flames of destruction, he barely managed to keep the all-encompassing chaos stagnating in front of him. It flowed around him like tidal waves around a reef that might be submerged at any

moment.

As the voice representing the "wish" reverberated, Primordial Demoness Cheek finally saw Amon's current weakness.

He was not truly a dual-pathway god. He merely borrowed power from His past self through the Sequence 2 Sinner ability of the Inevitability pathway, with the permission of the current holder of the Error and Door pathway Uniquenesses.

Borrowed power that did not truly belong to oneself always left a chink in the armor. This was akin to when the Primordial Demoness split off part of Her Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder characteristic, replacing it with an envisioned substitute to maintain Her rank and power. When faced with specific influences, She would inevitably suffer a severe setback.

For Amon to borrow power from the past using the Sinner ability, He had to remain in the state of a Sinner-this was the crux of the issue.

That power was from the past, and in the past, He was a Sinner!

As the wish was being spoken and about to be realized, Primordial Demoness Cheek caused the special mirror world that the vortex had yet to engulf to turn transparent, reflecting Amon's rapidly blinking figures.

Simultaneously, Primordial Demoness Cheek's pitch-black shadow abruptly rose and adhered to Her back.

Amon's shadow experienced the same transformation.

This was the inherent depraved nature present in all living beings!

Undoubtedly, the depraved nature of a Sinner was exceptionally strong, nearly equal to His very existence!

Amon's shadow, pitch black and viscous like slime, clung tightly to His body, unaffected by His rapid Blinking.

Apart from certain high-ranking individuals of select pathways, no one could separate from their own depraved nature. It could only be suppressed. For a Sinner, resistance was impossible, as They were depraved to begin with.

The black shadow enveloped Amon, sticking tightly to Him. Meanwhile, similar shadows continuously emerged from the depths of His psyche, merging inside and out, reshaping His

form.

Amon had previously stolen many abilities from the Sun pathway, but at this moment, He refrained from using them.

Otherwise, purification would not stop at His depraved nature-it would include the Sinner itself!

Amon first raised His head, and His left eye shone with light as brilliant as starlight.

The now-transparent borders of the special mirror world instantly turned dark and heavy.

As a Door pathway god, Amon sealed this area as a temporary measure. Immediately after, He leaped into a silvery, illusory river composed of interlocking and intricate symbols.

Before Him lay innumerable tributaries, each representing a different future.

He chose one of those fates, completing His self-redemption.

A holy light erupted as He emerged from the silvery river. He was no longer burdened by His depraved nature, nor was He at risk of being engulfed by the vortex of chaos.

However, He had now become an Angel of Redemption. He was no longer the Sinner of the past, nor the dual-pathway god He once was.

At this moment, the reverberating voice finally fell silent. The wish-"All envisioned things in the special mirror world shall vanish briefly"-was realized.

Primordial Demoness Cheek's figure suddenly shrank. Her rank and aura plummeted to the level of a King of Angels.

The expanding vortex of chaos simultaneously began to contract, quickly shrinking into a single point and vanishing entirely, failing to affect Amon, who had retreated to the edge of the battlefield.

For a short time within the special mirror world, Cheek was no longer a true god!

Now, She was only slightly stronger than Lumian but not overwhelmingly so. In terms of rank, She might even be slightly inferior.

Cheek abruptly transformed into a silver-white bolt of lightning, streaking toward the edge of the special mirror world at near-light speed.

She intended to escape this place.

If envisioned phenomena were invalid in this area, she would simply move elsewhere!

Outside, she would still be a god!

Primordial Demoness Cheek knew full well that for a wish to have an effective impact on someone like Herself a true god, the female body of the Primordial God Almighty-even the half-Lord of Mysteries would need to impose limits on time and scope. Without such constraints, the wish would likely distort, possibly even favoring Her. With restrictions in place, She could escape the affected area or hold out long enough to negate the wish.

Smack!

The silver lightning struck the heavy, dark edge of the special mirror world but failed to break

through.

The Door pathway god's seal.

The silver lightning reverted to Primordial Demoness Cheek. She turned to face Lumian, now resembling a flaming giant, and Amon on the battlefield's edge. Smiling, She said, "I'd love to see just how brief this 'briefly' is, but what I'd like even more is to see whether you can defeat me within such a short time."

Lumian offered no response. From the Traveler's Bag he had obtained, originally belonging to Franca, he produced a handful of metallic puppets and threw them backward.

The puppets instantly expanded, each over ten meters tall, resembling giants forged of steel. Before the battle, each had received boons from Sequence os of different pathways-boons with a time limit.

Lumian had waited until Mr. Fool's wish came true before bringing them out.

Smiling at Primordial Demoness Cheek, he declared, "As a Conqueror, how could I not have

my own army?"

Before he finished speaking, he led the dozen steel giants in a charge against the Primordial Demoness.

...

Deep within the mirror world.

The Demoness of Silver, her vision dazzled and mind ensnared by Franca's charming smile, felt a sudden pain. Her emotions and desires surged violently.

Instinctively looking down, she saw that the skull-shaped Sealed Artifact she carried was

gnawing on her.

Her mirror self suffered the same fate.

Amidst creaking and cracking sounds, her body rapidly decayed, dragging her Mirror Substitution and mirror self into ruin along with her.

The prophecy of the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture had been fulfilled: due to the violent fluctuations of her emotions and desires-the maddening obsession to offer both body and soul-the Demoness of Silver suffered a backlash from her own Sealed Artifact. It seemed

rather effective against a Demoness!

In no time, the Demoness of Silver was reduced to a skeletal corpse with decaying flesh hanging loosely from her bones.

Similarly, the Demoness of Green, also entranced by Franca's Charm, halted her attacks, unable to tear her gaze away from Franca's face-those sparkling, lake-blue eyes that reflected her very figure like a serene pool.

A strong sense of danger struck her. Instinctively, she tried to activate Mirror Substitution.

However, her thoughts had already become sluggish and stalled without her realizing it, preventing her from acting in time.

This delay stemmed from the negative effects of the black cloak she wore.

Black, quiet, and eerie flames ignited within Franca's eyes, silently enveloping the Demoness

of Green's figure.

Suddenly, similar black flames erupted within the Demoness of Green's body, inflicting

excruciating pain as they burned her soul.

A Demoness's Curse-one that could not be avoided unless Mirror Substitution was actively

used! The Demoness of Green let out an uncontrollable, blood-curdling scream as the quiet flames consumed her soul. Her body collapsed, blood oozing thickly.

Her mirror self suffered the same fate.

While Franca focused on the Demonesses of Green and Silver, the Demoness of Brown broke

free of Franca's Charm and unleashed a surge of grayish-white color that swept toward her.

Simultaneously, a faint light flickered on the gemstone bracelet around the Demoness of Brown's wrist, as though reflecting starlight.

The space in front, behind, above, and to the right of Franca twisted into shadowy barriers, cutting off her ability to travel through the mirror world or evade in other ways.

The only exit was to the left, where a tide of grayish-white swept in-a color that petrified

everything it touched. Even if Franca activated Mirror Substitution, the space where she

would reappear remained within the gray ocean.

Franca let out a soft chuckle, producing a mirror and sliding it between the pages of the Post-

Apocalyptic Scripture.

The next moment, she stepped into the space behind that mirror.

Being unable to escape didn't mean she couldn't hide in an existing hidden space or fortify it

for protection!

The gray tide engulfed the parchment-bound Post-Apocalyptic Scripture, adding a thick layer of stone dust. However, it failed to completely petrify the book, and the mirror tucked between its pages remained unscathed.

Seeing that both the Demonesses of Green and Silver were dead, with uncertain prospects of

revival and unable to rejoin the battle anytime soon, the Demoness of Brown's heart filled with fear. News of the other battlefields wasn't comforting either; several other Demonesses wielding Grade o Sealed Artifacts had already been swiftly defeated.

With thoughts of her lover weighing on her heart, she was unwilling to lose her life entirely in this chaos. Seeing that the situation was beyond recovery, she disregarded the Primordial Demoness's plans and activated one of the bracelet's gemstones.

Her body transformed into abstract symbols and concepts, slipping into the astral world to

"wander" toward her lover's hiding place.

However, when she exited the astral world, what appeared before her was not the familiar

scene she expected but a dense fog of gray and white.

She was lost.

The next second, she saw a stream of crimson moonlight flowing through the fog.

Suddenly, she felt something inside her stomach-something that tore at her flesh and blood.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1138: Wisdom

□

Seeing that The Setting Sun Rooster now had only one head remaining and could not grow a new one for the time being, Demoness of Cyan Yalenna's eyes turned an iron-black hue, reflecting the pale weaknesses on The Hanged Man Alger's body.

She avoided using Weakness Investigation on the brass book, knowing it was beyond her ability to handle.

Amidst her investigation, the single remaining head on the black rooster perched on Yalenna's shoulder let out a sharp, malevolent crow.

The Hanged Man Alger immediately felt an invisible force pulling his consciousness and spirit downward, as though he were an irreversible sunset.

His facial muscles twitched uncontrollably, forming a grim, hateful expression.

Affected by the corrupted voice, he began to succumb to depravity.

However, unlike the initial moment when the three heads of the black rooster simultaneously brought different influences, leaving him in a dangerous situation reliant on passive protection, Alger now retained some room for maneuver.

Depravity was a process, not an instantaneous event.

Having been a Sea King for many years, The Hanged Man Alger had accumulated substantial high-ranking experience, which helped shape the temperament required of the Sailor pathway, also known as the Tyrant pathway. With a stern expression, he resisted the urge to be depraved and, with great difficulty and determination, activated one of his Beyonder powers.

At this moment, Demoness of Cyan Yalenna had already created several mirror projections of herself, each possessing a certain degree of power, surrounding The Hanged Man Alger. All of their eyes captured his figure.

She was on the verge of completing her curse, a Demoness's Curse fueled by the Fire of Destruction.

Just then, a terrifying, visible tornado spiraled into existence around The Hanged Man Alger, with him as its eye. The vortex expanded outward in rings, swelling in all directions.

This was the Sailor pathway's demigod-level ability-Hurricane.

Yalenna and her mirror projections lost sight of their target amidst the palpable, howling winds.

The Demoness's Curse she was about to unleash thus lost its medium.

Within the terrifying hurricane's eye, The Hanged Man Alger, while holding the Tyrant card to elevate his rank and sense of oppression, used it to dictate the second rule on the Trunsoest Brass Book: "This battlefield is a Land of Light, a domain of righteousness. All depravity and evil shall find no footing."

This was the high-level application of the Judgment pathway's ability to enact laws and decrees, which allowed multiple Prohibitions to take effect simultaneously by defining the environment.

In an instant, the dark battlefield, originating from the mirror world, was illuminated by an unknown source of light. The head of The Setting Sun Rooster drooped lifelessly with a snap, unable to utter corrupted words or emanate depravity.

Demoness of Cyan Yalenna also found herself unable to cast curses or other dark magic.

Her heart skipped a beat as she observed the other battlefields through her mirror projections, taking in the overall situation.

Without hesitation, Demoness of Cyan Yalenna took a step back, preparing to traverse through the mirror world.

The moment she formed this intention, the howling hurricane shattered into countless streaks of silvery-white lightning, bursting forth with a destructive, violent aura that engulfed the entire battlefield, transforming it into a forest of thunderbolts leading to inevitable destruction.

The Hanged Man Alger left no chance for the Demoness of Cyan to escape the battlefield. After releasing Lightning Storm, now free of the influence of depravity, he broke into a sweat as he laboriously manifested the third rule on the Trunsoest Brass Book.

At this stage, limited by his own rank, even with the support of the Tyrant card, any rules he established had to be derivative of the first two and could not come out of thin air.

Facing the area-wide assault of the thunderbolt forest, Demoness of Cyan Yalenna sketched a radiant smile.

Suppressing the use of her Mirror Substitution ability, she allowed the Lightning Storm to shatter her body, leaving her flesh charred and evaporating.

She deliberately died this way, escaping the battlefield through her mirror self and returning to a hidden location.

The Demonesses of Unaging participating in this battle had all prudently left their mirror selves outside this region of the mirror world, rather than bringing them into battle. In a battlefield involving multiple Grade o Sealed Artifacts, a mirror self without a Grade o Sealed Artifact would be of little use and was better kept as a means of ensuring escape at a critical moment.

As Demoness of Cyan Yalenna died painfully within the Lightning Storm, the third rule on the Trunsoest Brass Book was completed: "Depraved and evil entities shall be confiscated." Yalenna's body was completely destroyed and evaporated, but The Setting Sun Rooster remained, falling straight to the ground.

...

After her body was destroyed from within by an eruption of countless silvery swords, the Demoness of Orange returned from annihilation, catching the Tamara's Everchanging Card and completing her resurrection.

In the next moment, she and the Demoness of Gold felt a powerful suppression, weakening them in all aspects.

When The Sun Derrick finally comprehended the core of his righteousness, the traits of the Justice Mentor were fully brought to bear!

The Notary and Unshadowed abilities gained new manifestations at the Justice Mentor level, enhancing actions aligned with core righteousness while weakening or nullifying those that contradicted it.

This time, The Sun Derrick participated in this operation to help Lumian resolve the Demoness Sect and enable the emergence of a new great existence to save the world.

This was his justice, his light, his sun, and he was putting it into practice. Anything obstructing this endeavor was an unjust act!

Immediately afterward, The Sun Derrick used Madam Judgment as a medium to unleash another ability of Proof of Glory.

Blinding light spots erupted from Madam Judgment, Magnified by Solomon's Mask into a terrifying storm that shredded everything around it.

But before that could happen, the Demoness of Gold, aided by the Eye of God, foresaw the

signs and made her decision.

Wisdom always allowed her to make the right choice!

With a crisp crack, she actively used her Mirror Substitution.

Influenced by her, Demoness of Orange also activated her Mirror Substitution.

The ensuing Hurricane of Light swept through, devouring only two mirrors.

When the Hurricane of Light subsided, the two Demonesses of Unaging wielding Grade o

Sealed Artifacts reappeared in a corner.

The battle continued for a while, with neither side able to achieve a decisive victory. Suddenly, the Demoness of Gold transmitted a message to the Demoness of Orange through

her mirror projections: "Change the battlefield-to the kill zone!"

The kill zone... The Demoness of Orange was momentarily stunned.

Quickly grasping her companion's intent while also monitoring the other battlefields, she

directed the Tamara's Everchanging Card floating before her to rapidly shift its front-facing

pattern.

The new pattern depicted a gray-white backdrop filled with countless black "snakes."

As the scene unfolded, The Sun Derrick and Judgment Xio Derecha felt the surroundings growing increasingly illusory, as though a transformation was imminent.

At once, The Sun Derrick channeled the power of the Glory Crown into Madam Judgment. Judgment Xio stabbed her longsword downward.

Holy and resplendent light surged forth from the void around them, forming a sturdy and pure spherical barrier that shielded the two Major Arcana card holders, rooting them to the

battlefield.

Simultaneously, Judgment Xio imbued the barrier with distorting power, redirecting the battlefield shift elsewhere.

She reasoned that it was unwise to passively follow the Demonesses' lead to an evidently

abnormal location.

What if that place turned out to be the divine kingdom of the Primordial Demoness?

If that were the case, even without a trap, both she and The Sun Derrick would be unable to

withstand it!

Since their primary objective was to support Lumian in devastating the Demoness Sect Cult rather than to kill anyone specific, it was better to play it safe and regroup with victorious

allies from other battlefields to pursue the enemy later.

Moments later, the environment around them transformed.

The light-formed spherical barrier wavered violently, as though struck by the fiercest of storms, but it remained firmly rooted in the current battlefield.

The Demoness of Gold and Demoness of Orange, carrying their respective Grade o Sealed Artifacts, shifted to the scene depicted on the Tamara's Everchanging Card and did not return to the mirror world or face Judgment Xio and The Sun Derrick again.

They had fled.

The wielder of the Eye of God always foresaw shifts in the situation and made the right

choices at the right time.

Demonesses of Unaging are truly hard to kill... Judgment Xio murmured in quiet admiration.

...

Within the special mirror world,

Lumian slashed at the airborne Primordial Demoness Cheek with the Sword of Destruction,

using Salinger's Blood Banner as its medium.

The blade seemed to carry a hint of the River of Eternal Darkness's corruption, its black flames restrained yet increasingly terrifying.

Behind Lumian, his puppet army suddenly scattered. Part moved to the Primordial Demoness's back, part to the area above Her, while others flanked Her sides and below.

This was Blink.

Each puppet could Blink!

With 0-01, Lumian could share Beyonder powers among his team.

The source of the Blink ability was a metallic puppet among them, imbued with an Angel-

level boon from Mr. Fool himself-a power that could only last three minutes once activated. The puppet raised a staff formed of starlight, causing the surrounding void around Primordial Demoness Cheek to warp downward, forming a cage to hinder Her escape. Primordial Demoness Cheek smiled faintly at the sight and clenched Her right hand. Once again, a vortex of chaos encompassing all colors and possibilities appeared around Her body, though it lacked the terror and oppression it held earlier. Although the Primordial Demoness was no longer a true god for now, She still possessed a Uniqueness-Her rank was undeniably real!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1139: Curse

□

At the edge of the battlefield, Amon observed as Primordial Demoness Cheek once again conjured a vortex of chaos, and a smirk immediately curled across His lips.

Raising both hands, He was enveloped entirely in the holy glow of redemption.

Within the monocle's field of vision, the silvery river of fate corresponding to that region appeared. Every tributary of its future was occupied by chaos, leaving no other possibilities- inevitable destruction.

Amon abruptly brought His hands together, clasping them tightly.

At that moment, He seemed like someone earnestly praying in the Ancient Sun God's cathedral.

Almost simultaneously, within that silvery, illusory river of fate-where the tributaries were about to merge and unify destiny into chaos-a new tributary inexplicably emerged, representing another potential future.

In this new tributary, chaos persisted but did not destroy everything in the region.

The Angel of Redemption-saving the future by creating something out of nothing!

As the river of fate shifted toward this new tributary, the chaotic vortex Primordial Demoness Cheek had created abruptly erupted with a sense of renewal before dissipating entirely.

Moments later, the chaotic vortex re-emerged from the area of renewal, once again disassembling and encompassing everything around it.

It fell into a cycle-a loop of destruction and creation.

This confined it to a small range, unable to directly obstruct Lumian's Sword of Destruction, which was about to strike.

Behind the Primordial Demoness, one of the metallic puppets now wielded a massive, deformed black scythe.

The puppet swung its weapon toward the target, carrying with it a silence of unlit darkness.

This was a boon from the Evernight Goddess, an Angel-level temporary boon!

To the Primordial Demoness's right, another steel puppet transformed into a massive, featureless serpent adorned with patches of white feathers and enormous wings.

This metallic feathered serpent turned into a silent, lifeless white torrent that surged toward its target.

This was also a boon from the Evernight Goddess-a temporary angelic power with a very limited duration.

On the Primordial Demoness's left, yet another steel puppet grew to an enormous size, comparable to Lumian himself.

At some point, it had gripped a colossal sword of orange-red light that radiated the aura of approaching twilight and the decay of all things.

The orange-red sword also slashed toward the Primordial Demoness.

In an instant, Cheek seemed enveloped by twilight, frozen in the orange-red glow. Her thoughts and actions slowed, as if she existed in a different world from Lumian.

Her attempt to destroy Herself was thus delayed.

Twilight had arrived!

After these three metallic puppets delivered attacks at the Primordial Demoness representing different authorities of endings, they were each destroyed on the spot. Some lost their spirituality, others their sense of life, and others corroded rapidly into rust.

They were disposable vessels for carrying those three powers, solidified from Lumian's flames.

The silent darkness, pale death, orange-red twilight, and Lumian's Sword of Destruction struck Primordial Demoness Cheek simultaneously.

Suddenly, parts of these forces intertwined.

These mere Angel-level powers tangled into a deep black point, absorbing all light, sound, and matter.

The black dot prominently appeared on Cheek's skeletal-dressed body, instantly collapsing Her into it, along with all Her Mirror Substitutions.

Elsewhere within the special mirror world, Primordial Demoness Cheek's mirror self, a handsome man with a blood-stained face, twisted in expression before vanishing as if evaporated into thin air or erased with an eraser.

In various hidden places across the ruins of the Northern and Southern Continents and within Primordial Demoness Cheek's divine kingdom established in the mirror world, one dormant mirror after another was erased by an unknown power, reaching their end.

The next second, Franca, Mr. Star Leonard, and the others-fresh from completing their battles in the depths of the mirror world-were struck with an inexplicable daze, almost forgetting who they were assisting Lumian against and whom the Demoness Sect worshipped.

Or rather, had such a deity ever truly existed?

In the ruins of Trier, Demoness of Gray Judith and Demoness of Yellow Tissavica nearly forgot They had a true god ancestor. They felt that the Demoness Sect's deity must have been an imagined, symbolic figure.

Struggling to recall the title "Primordial Demoness" and the name "Cheek," Their expressions changed dramatically as they realized something had gone terribly wrong.

These two experienced Demonesses of Catastrophe immediately created large-scale calamities to prevent Madam Justice and Madam Magician from approaching.

Then, without a moment's hesitation, They began self-destruction.

Within the special mirror world.

The deep black dot lasted only a second before it completely disintegrated and vanished, seemingly incompatible with this universe.

The Primordial Demoness's Uniqueness and the two Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder Characteristics were not ejected as a result.

Suddenly, Cheek-clad in Her skeletal dress-reemerged from the void.

She smiled warmly at Lumian and Amon, saying, "Unless all mirror worlds are destroyed, you

cannot truly kill me.

"Do you still believe you can defeat me before the wish's effect ends?"

With that, Cheek's beautiful eyes shifted to Lumian. "Do you wish to surrender?"

The Primordial Demoness was clearly stalling for time. Once Mr. Fool's wish expired, She would regain Her status as a bona fide Sequence o deity, potentially even surpassing some true gods.

Lumian chuckled, tilting his head to glance at Cheek's face on the head growing from his left shoulder.

"Since I possess a part of you, how could I not understand your relationship with the mirror

world?

"That earlier strike was just to dismantle your other resurrection arrangements.

"As for now..."

Lumian's blue eyes, framed by Cheek's encouraging and sweet smile, grew unnervingly vivid. The blood-colored banner between his brows shone even brighter.

Primordial Demoness Cheek suddenly realized something, and Her expression subtly

changed.

At the same time, black flames of constrained violence and destruction ignited in Lumian's

gaze.

Curse!

A Demoness's Curse, driven by the City of Calamity's power and the Fire of Destruction! Lumian cursed the Cheek face on the head growing from his left shoulder.

It was both a part of him and a powerful mystical link to Primordial Demoness Cheek, making

it one of the best curse mediums.

Thus, Lumian was cursing both himself and Primordial Demoness Cheek!

Behind him, two steel puppets had already undergone transformations.

One appeared to don an illusory black cloak, while the other wore unrealistically dark gloves.

Fooling! Loophole!

Since the Primordial Demoness was currently equivalent to the mirror world itself-Her demise dependent on its destruction-the inverse was also true. To curse the Primordial Demoness was to curse all mirror worlds!

Instantly, Lumian's entire being ignited, black flames of destruction bursting forth to annihilate all constraints of madness.

This caused the iron-black, symbol-etched skeleton of his body to begin melting rapidly. The blood-soaked violet flames within him were assimilated or consumed.

Lumian's face twisted uncontrollably in extreme pain. Yet, amidst the agony, he displayed

reckless joy, unashamed of his exhilaration.

He looked at Primordial Demoness Cheek and saw the peerless beauty ignited by black flames

of Fire of Destruction, burning Her from soul to body.

Primordial Demoness Cheek furrowed Her brow, unable to suppress the sensation of life slipping away and Her divine seat crumbling.

This type of curse might have been manageable when She was still a true god, using Her corresponding authorities to counteract it. However, in Her current state as a King of Angels, She was neither much higher in rank than Lumian nor much stronger-only possessing

additional unique qualities.

As Primordial Demoness Cheek was engulfed in the Fire of Destruction, the special mirror world itself was also set ablaze with raging black flames.

All mirror worlds within the astral barrier succumbed to the inferno, melting and collapsing

en masse.

Franca, The Hanged Man Alger, and others quickly collected their spoils and fled the mirror

world, returning to the ruins.

One by one, the mirrors Franca carried cracked and shattered.

Rather than feeling alarmed, she was delighted.

This was Lumian's Fire of Destruction!

Within the special mirror world.

As the destructive black flames spread and burned, Amon smiled and shook His head, lifting

the seal and departing the soon-to-be-destroyed realm.

Empress Roselle-having been banished to the spirit world-was initially startled, then

rejoiced.

At last, She was no longer bound by the special mirror world, nor subject to its owner's

commands.

With Fourth Epoch Trier destroyed, the corresponding seal was undone. She was free to leave

the special mirror world and avoid perishing with it.

Amidst the crackling flames consuming Cheek, Her slightly dazed expression shifted to a

smile as she said to Lumian, "You're more ruthless than I expected, even cursing yourself to

curse me."

At this moment, most of Lumian's body had been consumed by the Fire of Destruction, leaving only the three heads unscathed.

The face of the chaotic vortex still resisted the encroachment of the black flames, but only for

a little longer.

Primordial Demoness Cheek flew toward Lumian, trailing a long black flaming tail. Landing in front of him, she spoke without concealing Her pain yet full of mirth, "We were destined to merge from the beginning. If you hadn't obtained 0-01 and Medici's two Conqueror Beyonder characteristics, I wouldn't have come to meet you today.

"Our battle was merely over control. Now, I admit, you're well-suited to being Alista Tudor.

"You've won. I will voluntarily merge into your body, with you as the dominant consciousness. After all, I'm not ambitious-I only wished to be half of the Original Creator. Even under your control, I'll still be His half."

As She spoke, Primordial Demoness Cheek's body began to disintegrate, regressing into the Uniqueness and Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder Characteristics that carried Her self- awareness and spiritual imprint into the Cheek face on Lumian's left shoulder.

This process was irreversible.

At that moment, Primordial Demoness Cheek saw Lumian's face, illuminated by the burning

Fire of Destruction, curl into a mocking smile.

Lumian grinned with satisfaction and said, "Thank you for voluntarily merging.

"But it won't be long before I die-and you'll perish with me."

Hearing the latter part, Primordial Demoness Cheek's phantom-like, stunning face froze

slightly in expression.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1140 A New Balance

After a brief moment of frozen expression, Primordial Demoness Cheek let out a seductive laugh. "Fine, fine! Let's die together! Everyone dies, the entire universe dies!"

Amidst the unrestrained laughter, the speed of Cheek's body's disintegration accelerated rapidly.

Lumian, still wearing his mocking smile, made no reply. He quietly observed Her, as if watching a lunatic performing Her final act on the stage of life.

As the echoes of Her laughter resounded, Cheek completely regressed into a cluster of Beyonder characteristics of varying sizes, encircling a statue of a woman seemingly crafted from bones.

The statue was entirely naked, every detail intricately carved, exuding extraordinary allure. Its face shifted—sometimes blurred and chaotic, other times exceptionally vivid—but it always bore Cheek's visage.

A crisp sound of shattering followed, as the special mirror world, ablaze with the Fire of Destruction, collapsed with a deafening roar.

In the World of Ruins, Franca and the others barely had time to react before feeling the earth tremble violently. Near and far, mountains erupted from the ground, spewing dense smoke and crimson magma.

In the sky, bright streaks of meteors blazed across, crashing into various parts of the Northern and Southern Continents. Their impacts triggered fierce explosions and churned up clouds of dust that obscured the moonlight.

In the fiery lands, snowstorms began to howl. Along the coasts, hurricanes of unprecedented strength made landfall one after another. Catastrophes of all kinds descended indiscriminately upon every unprotected corner of the world, some mild, others devastating.

A true god, in all but name, had fallen.

The divine throne of the Primordial Demoness was now vacant.

Hidden within the protective layer of the Glory Crown, Franca exhaled silently in relief.

From her Traveler's Bag, she retrieved a transparent crystal orb that depicted various scenes of calamity.

This was the Beyonder characteristic of a Demoness of Catastrophe, restructured after being shattered and filtered through the gray fog by Mr. Fool.

Franca swiftly concocted a potion, a swirling liquid reminiscent of the sky before a storm.

She gulped down the potion without hesitation.

Elsewhere, Madam Magician and Madam Justice witnessed the self-destruction of the Demoness of Gray and Demoness of Yellow, each silently remarking on how difficult high-ranking demonesses were to kill.

If Mr. Fool had not been occupied merging with the Celestial Worthy during his slumber, and if Gehrman Sparrow had not been preoccupied holding the astral barrier against the terrifying assaults of the Great Old Dominators, Madam Magician might have been able to ensure at least one of the Demonesses of Catastrophe did not escape.

Using her powers as a Planeswalker, she could recreate historical figures, or summon projections of historical events. With these, she could have "produced" a temporary Gehrman Sparrow in reality. Through that connection, Mr. Fool might have descended and projected a sufficiently powerful force.

But alas, Mr. Fool could not descend directly in his current state. The recreated or summoned figure would only have a connection with Sefirah Castle established, carrying faint imprints of his rank and corruption.

It was enough to affect Saints that were not full-fledged Angels in an indomitable fashion. However, a complete Mythical Creature could sever Their connection, just as They could process information related to the Great Old Dominators.

In this context, had the Demoness of Gray and Demoness of Yellow attempted to escape into the mirror world, They would have been unable to evade a Planeswalker's pursuit or imprisonment. Yet They chose self-destruction instead.

Madam Magician had prepared a response, intending to recreate the Angel of Time's time halt, followed by a Mentor of Deceit's manipulation of rules and mystical connections. The aim was to ensure the self-destruction of the Demoness of Gray and Demoness of Yellow extended to Their true bodies, mirror selves, and dormant mirrors alike.

This plan carried a certain risk of failure. However, bolstered by her boon of good luck, Madam Magician was confident in its success. Unfortunately, before she could act, the Primordial Demoness had already fallen. The ensuing disasters accelerated the self-destruction of the two Demonesses.

Noticing Madam Magician's disappointment, Madam Justice tilted her head with a smile.

"I secretly planted seeds of spiritual plague in them. Given the twisted psyches typical of demonesses, They will undoubtedly suffer issues later on, perhaps even leading to Their demise."

Audrey used the term "perhaps," as she wasn't sure if the Demoness Sect possessed a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact capable of curing or suppressing such "diseases."

On another front, Suah and Tirié successfully sought aid from the Chained God and escaped the entanglement of Ma'am Hermit, the Angel of the Holy Spirit, and the Angel of Time before the arrival of Madam Magician and Madam Justice. They retreated in defeat.

In the collapsing special mirror world, Lumian, his face still bearing a mocking smile, gazed at the female statue and the two dark orbs containing the absorbed Beyonder characteristics. Yet he did not allow them to merge with the Cheek face on his shoulder. Instead, he exerted all his strength to resist the inevitable pull of the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence.

He held on until the Fire of Destruction began consuming his original head, melting the Cheek and Tudor faces beside the chaotic vortex. Only then did the two remaining steel puppets take action. The face shared by Aurore and Jenna was not cursed like Cheek's and was only affected by Lumian's burning influence later. Its melting was less severe.

The steel puppet wearing dark gloves extended both hands, extracting the self-awareness and spiritual imprints of Cheek from the two Demoness of Apocalypse characteristics.

This extraction, limited by the puppet's rank, was temporary and incapable of permanently possessing the entities. If suitable vessels were not found, the extracted consciousness and imprint would soon return to their original characteristics.

At that moment, the other steel puppet, cloaked in an illusory mantle, extended its right hand and completed the Grafting.

It transferred the extracted self-awareness and spiritual imprint to the female statue —the Uniqueness of the Demoness pathway.

As the strongest resonance for Cheek's self-awareness and spiritual imprints, the statue readily accepted them. Even if it hadn't, Fooling or Deceit awaited to ensure compliance.

Once this was done, the steel puppets succumbed to the collapsing mirror world, and Lumian ceased his resistance. He allowed the Uniqueness to merge with the melting Cheek face.

Enduring immense pain, Lumian smiled and plunged 0-01 into the melting Tudor face, driving it completely in.

Then, he swallowed the two blood-soaked crowns.

The now-purified Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder characteristics were guided into the blood-stained faces of Aurore and Jenna.

At last, the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the Uniqueness of the Demoness pathway reunited within Lumian, becoming whole.

Their aggregation intensified, and Lumian's head, along with the Fire of Destruction from the curse, seemed to collapse into a singularity.

Enduring immense pain, Lumian smiled and plunged 0-01 into the melting Tudor face, driving it completely in.

Then, he swallowed the two blood-soaked crowns.

The Red Priest pathway's three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and Uniqueness were also gathered.

Rumble!

Thunder rumbled as silver-white lightning struck various parts of the World of Ruins.

The Hanged Man Alger and Justice Audrey instinctively looked to the sky. They saw the projections of the crimson moon and the stars ignited by an invisible, colorless flame, bringing light to the world.

For a brief moment, it was as if they had returned to Fourth Epoch Trier, before the seal had been broken, when the sky was composed of flames.

Catastrophes grew fiercer. Audrey noticed the massive oaks in the distance bending their branches. She saw The Magician Fors and The Moon Emlyn alternating between masculine and feminine forms, sometimes androgynous, sometimes normal.

Coughing and fever afflicted these demigods, inexplicably spreading a strange illness, forcing them to bow their heads.

A surge of impulse arose within their hearts—to track down and confront the demonesses once more.

Amidst this chaos, the cries of monsters filled the oak forest as they turned upon one another.

Simultaneously, as Franca advanced toward becoming a Demoness of Catastrophe, she sensed fragments of her shattered mirrors forming new domains behind mirrors.

The mirror world was reborn!

Within the World of Ruins, patches of gray and chaos were consumed by flames, leaving nothing behind.

In the destroyed then reborn special mirror world, Lumian's three heads rose slowly as his body re-formed. His right side was female, clad in a skeletal white dress, while his left was male, draped in a blood-red robe.

The right head bore the purified faces of Aurore and Jenna—clean, brimming with spirituality, though their eyes remained shut, unable to speak or convey consciousness.

The left head featured Cheek's face, now less maternal and more alluring, with a captivating smile and slightly parted lips. Tudor's face appeared sharper, with the blood-red flag mark on its forehead protruding slightly. The face of the chaotic vortex continued to absorb the Fire of Destruction, rotating faintly.

Lumian's own head grew more handsome, his long hair the color of blood, his features exuding sharp masculinity.

Beneath his left armpit and ribs, additional arms sprouted, holding a scorched, blood-stained banner. On his right, matching arms extended, pale as white jade but empty-handed.

A new Red Priest and Chaos Demoness had been born!

As a god, some Uniquenesses manifested as parts of one's body or belongings; others remained hidden.

In the next moment, Lumian raised his three heads, gazing at the crimson moon returning to the region.

"You're still at your critical stage of merging," he sneered. "This little interference—what can it achieve? Nothing before, nothing now!" Grinning boldly, Lumian raised his four new arms.

Invisible, colorless flames and a chaotic vortex of endless possibilities surged toward the crimson moon's projection.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1141: Divine Kingdom

□

The sky of the special mirror world was split in two: one half dyed crimson, the other divided by a chaotic vortex and formless, colorless flames. The three forces clashed violently. Suddenly, all light vanished, as if something was voraciously absorbing everything around it.

Franca and the others in the World of Ruins had just recovered from their ailments and stabilized their genders. Then, they watched as the burning flames above, meteors streaking across the sky, and mountains spewing smoke and magma all disappeared from view.

They were plunged into darkness-a darkness so profound that nothing seemed capable of existing within it.

After what felt like an eternity, the darkness receded. Crimson moonlight once again illuminated the Northern and Southern Continents and the five oceans. Bright stars of various hues returned to their natural states.

The World of Ruins was restored to its former appearance.

In the special mirror world, Lumian's eyes no longer reflected the crimson full moon. Everything seemed normal.

He let out a chuckle and lowered his four newly grown arms.

Then, he grasped a handful of flames, compressing them into a metallic mirror.

Lumian gazed into the mirror and saw two figures standing back to back-one was Aurore, and the other Jenna. Both had become even more beautiful, their eyes now open. However, their gazes were vacant and hollow, devoid of spirituality. They remained under Lumian's conscious control.

Lumian stared at them blankly for a few seconds. A smile gradually curved his lips, and the Aurore and Jenna in the mirror returned his smile.

Behind them was another indistinct figure-Cheek.

On Lumian's left shoulder, the face of Cheek also smiled sweetly and seemed about to speak.

Suddenly, Lumian summoned the dark-gold, peculiar mask and forcefully pressed it onto the slowly spinning chaotic vortex face.

Starlight descended, illuminating the entire mask.

Cheek's mouth opened, but no words came out. Her reflection in the mirror disappeared along with the attempt.

Her face on Lumian's shoulder showed clear dissatisfaction.

Lumian cast his gaze around and found that the Traveler's Bag he had exchanged with Franca was completely shattered in the previous destruction. Only two items remained intact on the ground: the dark-gold peculiar mask he had just used and the Demoness card-Lumian didn't keep any items in this Traveler's Bag because only the puppet soldier puppets, mask, and Card of Blasphemy could be of use in the previous battle.

Lumian summoned the Demoness card to his hand and discovered that the previously obscured advancement ritual for becoming a god in the Demoness pathway was now revealed: "Descend into the depths of the earth, find the Chaos Sea, endure a degree of its corruption while maintaining oneself-neither falling nor transforming."

Quite considerate. The mention of the sefirah must have been "hidden" in advance. Who would have thought that the advancement ritual for the Demoness pathway would involve another sefirah entirely... Lumian mused, suddenly suspecting there was something off about this ritual. The first Blasphemy Slate was formed from the corpse of the Primordial God Almighty. Perhaps before dying, He altered the corresponding knowledge to make the Demoness advancement ritual involve contact with the Chaos Sea. This would facilitate His unique revival through the pathways of calamity and allow Him to control and utilize the Chaos Sea effectively post-resurrection.

As for the second Blasphemy Slate, though it was created from the Ancient Sun God's corpse, who could say it wasn't influenced by the Primordial God Almighty?

Still, it makes sense for a Demoness, who governs chaos, to need prior contact with the Chaos Sea... Lumian shook his head, dismissing the truth of the matter as irrelevant.

To him, this ritual was unnecessary to perform yet essentially already fulfilled.

The face sealed by the dark-gold peculiar mask came from the Primordial God Almighty, bearing a deep, special connection to the Chaos Sea. Its power surpassed mere corruption from the Chaos Sea.

"So, you went mad during your advancement ritual?" Lumian tilted his head, mocking the Cheek face.

Cheek's face widened Her eyes, as if to say: "When did I ever go mad? My mental state has always been impeccable."

At this moment, the special mirror world fully stabilized, reflecting shades of gray and white, formless and colorless flames, an ambiguous and enchanting atmosphere, and a chaotic vortex encompassing all possibilities.

It was evolving into Lumian's divine kingdom.

For the Red Priest, a divine kingdom emerged from a deeper conceptualization of the authority of Conquest. By completely "conquering" a land, battlefield, or special area, it could be transformed into the Red Priest's divine kingdom. Any living being entering the kingdom, without corresponding protection or sufficient rank, would immediately become a soldier of the Red Priest.

For the Demoness, the divine kingdom was closely tied to the mirror world. The Primordial Demoness had previously established Her divine kingdom in a hidden corner of the mirror world. There, only females could exist-even other true gods would acquire distinct female characteristics upon entry. There, gazing upon what should not be seen would immediately turn one into stone. There, without protection, one would frequently encounter disasters tied to oneself. There, extreme pleasure would sporadically manifest, making one reluctant to leave...

Lumian could now "conquer" the special mirror world, transforming it into a divine kingdom that satisfied the needs of both the Red Priest and Chaos Demoness.

Lumian surveyed his surroundings and allowed the scenes reflected in the special mirror world to change. They became Cordu Village, surrounded by blue skies, white clouds, and lush green grasslands. At the village's edge stood the Rue Anarchie, with Aurore's house built beside Auberge du Coq Doré...

After gazing at it for a moment, Lumian let the scene gradually fade away.

He smiled faintly and entered the astral world composed of concepts and symbols before returning to reality.

His three-headed, six-armed form nodded toward Franca and Madam Magician, who were looking at him, and said, "Thank you all. The operation is successfully concluded.

"Let's head back to the protected zone."

"Alright," Mr. Sun and the others responded one after another.

-

Trier, inside the luxurious villa.

Franca studied the clean, refreshed faces of Aurore and Jenna with undisguised anticipation.

"It really seems like revival is possible if we take it a step further," she said.

Hearing this, Anthony cast a subtle glance at Franca.

Lumian nodded lightly, smiling self-deprecatingly.

"Sometimes, it feels meaningless. Other times, I can't help but hope and yearn for it."

"Hope is good. Hope is very good," Franca replied, smiling at Lumian. "I'm now a Demoness of Catastrophe, an Angel. Surely I can know certain things now?"

Lumian couldn't help but chuckle. "Do you have to be so impatient? Stabilize yourself first.

"Anyway, I need to report to Mr. Fool about this. It's related to future actions. When I return,

I'll explain briefly."

"Alright." Franca didn't hide her anticipation and felt that Lumian seemed in a much better state, having exacted revenge by defeating Primordial Demoness Cheek.

Once Lumian ascended to his room to prepare for entering the gray fog, Franca turned to Anthony and asked curiously, "Why did you give me the look earlier?"

It couldn't be because my allure, still somewhat uncontrollable after becoming a Demoness

of Catastrophe, affected him, right?

When it came to beauty and charm, Lumian's Cheek face clearly surpassed hers!

Anthony smiled slightly and said, "I was just reflecting on how your mental state is much better than I imagined and how your resilience exceeds my expectations."

Franca froze for a moment, then sighed softly after a few seconds. "I have to force myself to

stay calm and optimistic.

"He can be gloomy, he can lose control in madness, but I can't. Although I sometimes fall into gloom, most of the time, I must remain cheerful and optimistic. Otherwise, there's truly no

hope..."

"That's your humanity," Anthony remarked emotionally. "I'm glad Lumian and Jenna met you, and I'm glad to have you as a teammate."

Franca let out a somewhat smug laugh, then warily asked, "Why do I feel like you're trying to

give me therapy?"

"I've never hidden that," Anthony replied with a smile as he turned toward the kitchen area.

"It's free, after all."

...

Above the gray fog, within the majestic palace.

After recounting the highlights of the battle and the Primordial Demoness's performance,

Lumian said, "This time, I've initiated the convergence. With the awareness and spirit of both Cheek and Tudor present, I don't need much time to adapt before mastering the authorities of the Demoness and Red Priest pathways. If things are critical with the Mother Goddess of Depravity, I can conduct a deep secret deed and astral travel to the City of Calamity now. "But if there's no immediate urgency, I'd prefer about a month to stabilize myself and strengthen the newly formed balance."

Shrouded in gray fog, Mr. Fool nodded and spoke with a faintly ethereal tone, "There is at least one month."

Before Lumian could respond, his voice softened.

"Your three-headed, six-armed form stems from a fundamental transformation. Even I cannot restore you to a normal appearance, only conceal it with illusions. However, once you stabilize your balance and the apocalypse passes, I can use Wish and Fooling to grant you a

second form.

"This form will allow you to switch freely, turning your spatial three-heads-six-arms into a temporal one. Your three heads and corresponding bodies will each occupy different time segments of the day, living their own lives but still under your main consciousness's control. "The biggest drawback of this form is that you, Aurore, and Jenna will never be able to appear together or meet each other..."

Hearing Mr. Fool's unhurried words about post-apocalypse possibilities, Lumian suddenly felt a fleeting daze-as if the apocalypse could indeed end and he might truly survive.

Lumian didn't say anything pessimistic. He simply listened quietly.

Gradually, he understood that Mr. Fool wasn't making a promise or offering comfort but expressing his own hope, giving heartfelt blessings.

He genuinely wished for the apocalypse to end, for Lumian to survive, and for him to live a

better life.

"... At that point, your rank will no longer suit being a Major Arcana card holder of the Tarot Club. This isn't the Rose Redemption after all. But you can have Franca take your place as a Major Arcana card holder. Just draw a new card. Every Major Arcana card holder in the Tarot

Club already has dual identities, many representing other factions..." By the end, Mr. Fool's voice carried a hint of amusement.

At some unknown moment, Lumian found himself at peace. He chuckled along and said,

"Alright, Mr. Fool."

Mr. Fool gently nodded and replied, "Then I shall convene an impromptu gathering now."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1142: Rewards

□

As rays of light rose and solidified into various figures, each completing their greeting to Mr. Fool, the central head of Lumian scanned the room and said, "Thank you all for your help. At the moment, I only possess the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture as an Angel-level item, so I can't provide equivalent compensation for everyone. However, if there's anything you need from me in the future, just let me know."

Hearing the second half of this statement, The Hanged Man Alger was momentarily stunned before realizing something critical: This was a promise.

And this promise was worth more than any Grade o Sealed Artifact!

After all, Lumian was now a dual Sequence o true god. The help promised by a true god surpassed the value of any Grade o Sealed Artifact!

Little do I know, a Tarot Club member has already turned into a true god... The Hanged Man Alger found his thoughts adrift.

When the Tarot Club was first established, he had harbored doubts, excitement, and fantasies but had never imagined witnessing a scene like this.

In the brief silence that followed, Madam Justice, Mr. Star, and the others similarly came to grips with the fact that Mr. Chariot was now both the Red Priest and the Chaos Demoness-a dual-pathway true god poised to become a great existence!

Not even the Rose Redemption of the past had members of such caliber... This sentiment emerged simultaneously in the hearts of Madam Magician and Ma'am Hermit, both well-versed in ancient history.

The Rose Redemption had been a secret organization of the Third Epoch, with members ranging from a true god to Kings of Angels.

Mr. Hanged Man glanced at Mr. Sun and Madam Judgment, then smiled at Lumian. "My spoils of war are my compensation. Besides, it was my duty. The help I provided was actually quite limited."

This was true. Most of what they had done was of little significance in Lumian's battle against the Primordial Demoness. For Sequence 3 Saints wielding Grade o Sealed Artifacts, directly intervening in such a contest would have been suicidal. Even true Angels could only

contribute meaningfully when the Primordial Demoness briefly descended to the level of a King of Angels.

In other words, those who truly aided Lumian were Madam Magician and Madam Justice, who intercepted the Demonesses of Gray and Yellow; the Angel of Time, the Angel of the Holy Spirit, and Ma'am Hermit, who held off the Abomination siblings; the Evernight Goddess's divine descent, which delayed the Primordial Demoness long enough for Amon to finish stealing a wish; and Amon Himself, who transported miracles and enacted direct salvation. The other Major Arcana card holders had three primary objectives for participating in this operation:

To eliminate as many high-ranking Demonesses as possible and seize their potent Sealed Artifacts to prevent them, unprotected after the Primordial Demoness's fall, from defecting to the Mother Goddess of Depravity or succumbing to the crimson moonlight, gradually losing control and become a latent problem.

To claim spoils of war and grow stronger. Although cruel, the reality was that the more Angels and Grade o Sealed Artifacts in the protected zones, the more prepared they would be to confront anomalies and perhaps even safeguard more of humanity when the apocalypse truly arrived.

To assist Franca in bringing a catastrophe upon the Demoness Sect. Without such help, surviving alone would have been a miracle for her.

The Hanged Man Alger believed Lumian's gratitude was primarily directed at the third point. Hence, he did not downplay his contributions but merely clarified their limited scope- especially since The Sun Derrick, Judgment Xio, and even the more significant contributors like Justice, The Magician, and The Hermit had not yet received spoils of war. He could not speak for them.

The Sun Derrick nodded and said, "Finding and adhering to my core justice is compensation enough for me."

The Chariot Lumian did not argue, only smiling in return. "Perhaps I can assist with your advancement ritual."

Though Lumian had never personally seen any Blasphemy Slate or held the Cards of Blasphemy's Sun card, as a true god of the Demoness pathway with the unique chaos vortex face, he could intuitively sense that the Sun pathway's Sequence 2 Sun Chaser (or Lightseeker) advancement ritual involved the sun in either a mystical or real-world sense.

The Sun Derrick was silent for two seconds before choosing not to modestly decline.

In the current situation, this was the justice he needed to uphold.

Lumian then turned to Madam Temperance Sharron.

"I made a promise to Naboredisley-the former Devil Monarch Farbauti. Once I fulfill it, He will ensure His Abomination avatar perishes and transfer the Beyonder characteristic to me.

"When the time comes, I would like to exchange that characteristic for the Calamity of Crimson in your possession."

The name "Calamity of Crimson" came from the consciousness of Cheek's face. Trading a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic for a Grade o Sealed Artifact corresponding to a Sequence 2 Demoness of Catastrophe was obviously unequal. However, Sharron knew that the Abomination Beyonder characteristic was a reward for her teacher, the Angel of the Holy Spirit, Reinette Tinekerr. The Sequence 2 Ancient Bane extracted from it would ultimately belong to her. The exchange for the Calamity of Crimson was effectively an intermediary step. Sharon picked up a manifested pen, quickly wrote her answer on paper, and raised it: "No problem."

Lumian nodded before addressing Mr. Sun again, "Once I obtain the Calamity of Crimson, I'd like to exchange it with the New City of Silver for the Sealed Artifact, Gift of the Land. I may need it in the future."

The Sealed Artifact-Gift of the Land-originated from Omebella's remains and was considered a high-risk item. If not for the Church of The Fool's headquarters being located in the New City of Silver and Mr. Fool's constant attention, the six-member council would have long struggled with how to handle it. Now, Lumian had provided them with an opportunity. The Sun Derrick was initially tempted but soon felt reluctant.

Though the Gift of the Land had brought great suffering to the City of Silver, it was also what allowed them to endure over two thousand years of darkness and despair, finally awaiting Mr. Fool's salvation.

Pain had long been intertwined with the continuation of their bloodline, making it difficult to separate the two.

Lumian did not rush him, quietly waiting for Mr. Sun to make his decision.

After some time, The Sun Derrick instinctively looked toward the head of the bronze table.

When in doubt or difficulty, he always hoped for Mr. Fool's guidance and Mr. Hanged Man's

advice.

Mr. Fool gently nodded.

The Sun Derrick took a deep breath, suppressing his reluctance, and said to The Chariot

Lumian, "Alright."

The Chariot Lumian shifted his gaze to Madam Justice.

"Once I've used the Gift of the Land, its issues may be resolved. At that point, I'll give it to

you."

The perceptive Justice Audrey did not refuse, nodding before tilting her head toward Madam Magician with a smile. "If you need it, I can lend it to you."

This referred to Madam Magician's plan to relocate the entire Abraham family and as many humans as possible to a more habitable planet at the edge of the universe when the apocalypse arrived. The Gift of the Land could effectively terraform the environment and

provide sustenance.

Of course, if Omebella's remains retained their unique dangers, carrying it would be out of the question. It would be better to acquire another Grade o Sealed Artifact corresponding to the

Desolate Matriarch.

"Alright," Madam Magician replied without hesitation.

Lumian then addressed her directly, "I will open all special mirror worlds inhabited by

sentient beings. You can travel there and help spread my teachings. The more anchors I have

for my upcoming endeavors, the better."

Madam Magician immediately understood. This was an opportunity for her to Travel and

counted as a form of compensation.

She had never considered visiting the special mirror worlds or the extradimensional spaces attached to them for potion digestion because these belonged to the Primordial Demoness, making them even more dangerous than traversing the cosmos. After all, roaming the cosmos had a higher chance of evading the attention of the Great Old Dominators, whereas entering the Primordial Demoness's domain guaranteed discovery.

Never thought I'd rely on his help for potion digestion one day... The Magician Fors chuckled and asked, "Okay. What is your current honorific name?"

Lumian deliberated for a few seconds before answering, "The Symbol of War and Apocalypse, the Demoness wielding Chaos, the Many-Faced One who offers sacrifices to Calamity, and the Ruler of the Mirror World."

A true dual-pathway true god... Madam Magician silently marveled. Lumian then turned to Ma'am Hermit. "I will assist Queen Mystic in completing her digestion

of the Sage potion and help you digest as much as possible."

Ma'am Hermit made an "mm" sound and thanked him.

A Sage always opposed disaster and calamity, and the individual sitting diagonally opposite

her represented these concepts. There was no one better suited than Lumian to aid in the Sage

potion digestion.

Then, Lumian addressed Mr. Star, "Tell Mr. Pallez that I owe him one."

He turned to Madam Judgment next. "I owe you one as well-or the Post-Apocalyptic

Scripture?"

"Alright," said Mr. Star without declining on behalf of the old man.

Under the circumstances, Judgment Xio, known for her group-mindedness and adherence to order, found it hard to refuse. She chose the favor as compensation.

Having distributed the rewards, Lumian thought for a moment before looking at Madam

Magician again.

"I'd like to borrow the Box of the Great Old Ones for a while. Perhaps I can resolve the third

level's hidden danger for the Abraham family and replace it with an equivalent but more

manageable anomaly.

"If I don't succeed, I'll return it as is."

Madam Magician's expression became thoughtful before she nodded. "No problem."

The Chariot Lumian leaned back in his chair, saying no more.

Judgment Xio immediately looked at Mr. Star Leonard. "Can I trade Solomon's Mask with you for the Justiciar-pathway Grade o Sealed Artifact?"

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1143: The Final Choice

□

The Star Leonard looked back at Madam Judgment, slightly surprised as he asked, "You're not switching to the Black Emperor pathway?"

Switching pathways could grant unique, hybrid, and sometimes bizarre Beyonder powers. Though the rituals might have hidden requirements and associated risks, theoretically, such individuals were harder to deal with than Beyonders who stayed on a single pathway to its peak.

Judgment Xio spoke calmly, "If there's no other option, I will switch to the Black Emperor pathway. But as long as there's a possibility to continue on the Justiciar pathway, I would prefer to pursue that."

She paused, adding, "I personally aspire to establish orders that align with the morality of the times and devote myself fully to maintaining them while constantly adjusting and refining them based on reality's feedback.

"Once order becomes rigid, it inevitably falls into shadow."

The Star Leonard nodded in agreement, saying, "I'm willing to make the trade."

To him, Solomon's Mask and the Pillar of Severity were essentially equivalent-they were items meant to be handed in, traded for the Sequence 2 Servant of Concealment Beyonder characteristic of the Darkness pathway.

If there wasn't an opening for a Servant of Concealment, he was already prepared to switch to Sequence 2 of one of the neighboring pathways-the Death pathway's Death Consul or the Giant pathway's Glory.

After Leonard and Xio completed their exchange of the two Grade o Sealed Artifacts, Mr. Fool, seated at the head of the bronze table, turned to The Hanged Man Alger. In a warm tone, he said, "The Book of Calamity task cannot currently be completed due to the premature descent of the crimson moon. You will need to wait until the moment the apocalypse arrives. If you do not wish to wait and prefer to ascend to angelhood sooner, I can assist you by using The Setting Sun Rooster to trade for the Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic and supplementary ingredients from the Sun, White Tower, or Tyrant pathways."

White Tower was the Sequence o of the Reader pathway, corresponding to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom.

The Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic of this pathway and the Tyrant pathway might no longer exist within their respective Churches but could still be found as Sealed Artifacts in other Churches.

The Sun pathway's Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristics were relatively more abundant, partly due to the fall of the Eternal Blazing Sun and partly because not every Sequence 3 Justice Mentor in the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun fulfilled the conditions for advancement. In the past few months, Saint Vièvе and Saint Lutique, two senior Sun Chasers, had each successfully advanced after Mr. Fool returned two Sequence 1 White Angel Beyonder characteristics.

Mr. Fool continued, "You can also consider switching to the Secrets Supplicant pathway. The Setting Sun Rooster, originating from the fall of the Ancient Sun God, carries the Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic Profane Presbyter tainted by the Sun's power. I can purify the corresponding corruption for you.

"Take your time to consider carefully before deciding."

The Hanged Man Alger fell silent, seemingly torn and hesitant.

After a dozen seconds, he suddenly chuckled. "Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to become a Profane Presbyter."

The Sun Derrick looked at Mr. Hanged Man in astonishment, utterly baffled by his choice. He believed that the White Tower pathway's Sequence 2 Wisdom Angel or the Tyrant pathway's Sequence 2 Calamity would suit Alger better, especially the former.

Alger smiled faintly and said in a low voice, "This pathway is more adaptable in actual combat and better suited to handling various situations."

He then added in a self-deprecating tone, "By choosing this, my Hanged Man card becomes even more fitting. Perhaps this is fate-one always returns to the card they once chose."

Hearing this, Madam Magician, who had deep knowledge of Tarot cards, was suddenly reminded of a phrase: "The Hanged Man represents downfall, selfishness, as well as endurance, sacrifice, and dedication."

Seeing that The Hanged Man Alger had made his decision, Mr. Fool did not offer further advice.

"After the gathering, I will provide the ritual. Once you're prepared, pray to me to shatter the characteristic, purify the corruption, and supply the supplementary ingredients."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Alger was both elated and burdened with a sense of responsibility.

As the current Sea God and a legendary adventurer perpetually roaming the seas, he had long since digested his Sea King potion.

The Chariot Lumian straightened his posture and said, "Mr. Fool, I will supply the supplementary ingredients. Just provide me with the corresponding knowledge, and I can envision them out of thin air."

He was unsure whether Mr. Fool had access to the supplementary ingredients for Profane Presbyter or could summon them from the historical fog for temporary use, so he proactively offered to handle it.

"Very well." Shrouded in gray fog, Mr. Fool nodded slightly.

After discussing this matter, The Moon Emlyn glanced around the room and hesitated before saying, "Your potions are either fully digested, were digested during this operation, or you've found ways to expedite digestion. However, my High Summoner is still lacking. Advancing quickly would require taking risks. Do you have any suggestions?"

Before any other Major Arcana card holders could respond, The Chariot Lumian smiled and said, "That's simple.

"After the gathering, set up a ritual and summon me. I will respond."

Wh-Mr. Moon Emlyn was momentarily stunned.

Of course! This individual is a dual-pathway true god, possessing unique traits...

If a High Summoner could complete such a high-level summoning and succeed, their remaining potion would undoubtedly be fully digested.

"Thank you." The Moon Emlyn was not particularly adept at communication and could only express his gratitude in the simplest terms.

After further exchanges, Mr. Fool gently tapped the edge of the bronze table.

Once all the Major Arcana card holders turned their attention to him, he spoke in a warm but emotional tone, "This operation was a success. Though many high-ranking Demonesses were not truly killed, the destruction and reformation of the mirror world left their numbers dwindling. Their relics may have been inherited by the Demoness of Cyan trio, but they will no longer impact future developments.

"Everyone, the final moment is approaching. We have about a month left to make all necessary preparations. Make the most of it.

"I hope that after the apocalypse, no one will be absent from the next Tarot Gathering."

Hearing this, Justice Audrey felt a complex surge of emotions.

She stood up and, alongside the other Major Arcana card holders, curtsied. "Yes, Mr. Fool."

...

Returning to the real world, Lumian descended the stairs into the small living room.

He glanced at Franca and casually asked, "Where's Anthony?"

"In the kitchen, helping Ludwig," Franca replied, glancing toward the living room entrance before lowering her voice. "You can tell me about the knowledge of great existences now,

right?"

Lumian briefly explained the Great Old Dominators such as Mother Goddess of Depravity and Circle of Inevitability, who were Above the Sequences, and Their goals. He also introduced the situation regarding the sefirot and updated Franca on the Mother Goddess of Depravity's

current activities.

Franca listened in shock, murmuring, "Isn't the number of great existences a little too

many..."

She then looked toward the faces of Cheek and Tudor on Lumian's left shoulder.

"They're truly mad..."

She now had a deeper understanding of the monumental risk Primordial Demoness Cheek had

taken with Her grand plan.

If She had failed, she would have dragged the entire planet- and perhaps the universe-

down with Her!

Cheek's face couldn't speak but lifted Her chin proudly, while Tudor's face refused to react.

Lumian sneered and shifted the topic to other knowledge about Above the Sequences. After listening intently, Franca sighed. "So we had our Spirit Bodies extracted and hung up in Sefirah Castle, avoiding the end of the world when the Oldest One awoke, as well as the later struggles between God Almighty and the Celestial Worthy..."

As she spoke, her thoughts wandered. "Most of the Curly-Haired Baboon Research Society have no idea about the truth or that the Northern and Southern Continents are already

destroyed.

"That's probably for the best-let them greet the apocalypse with joy..."

The Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society's members had mostly survived the crimson moon disaster because the one the Aurora Order believed in had shielded them in time.

This was why Franca had complicated feelings about that individual. She knew that Jenna's death and Lumian's ordeals were connected to Him. Yet, He had indeed protected the world,

including her and her friends.

Thus, she had never brought up the idea of revenge-not because she didn't harbor resentment, but because she couldn't voice it. When she heard Lumian had punched Him

twice, she felt both stunned and amused.

After a few seconds, Franca exhaled slowly and said, "If we survive the apocalypse, I want to travel to the Western Continent and live there for a while."

As she spoke, she smiled warmly and sincerely invited Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna. "Would you like to come along? I'll explain and introduce everything to you. I'll be your

guide." Lumian's expression softened gradually. He glanced at the head on his right shoulder and smiled as he said, "Aurore can explain and introduce things too." "Deal!" Franca beamed and extended her right hand, giving Lumian a high-five.

She found pinky promises too childish; a high-five suited her much better.

At that moment, Ludwig entered the living room, chewing on a steak.

"What are you doing here?" Franca asked, slightly surprised.

You haven't even finished your meal yet...

"I called him here," Lumian explained with a smile.

Why would Lumian need Ludwig at this moment? Was it mealtime? Franca was puzzled.

For the past year, Lumian had used his unique abilities to take Ludwig out of the protected

zone daily to feast on the oceans of the World of Ruins, just as Franca accompanied Lumian into the ruins to let him lose control and vent his madness every day.

Seeing Ludwig also looking at him curiously, Lumian retrieved an item from his divine

kingdom.

It was a three-tiered silver-black jewelry box encrusted with countless gemstones- Box of

the Great Old Ones!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1144: Devouring

As soon as the silver-black, three-tiered jewelry box inlaid with various gemstones was taken out and placed on the coffee table, Franca felt an inexplicable chill. It was as if the

environment around her had undergone a strange transformation.

Ever since becoming a Demoness of Catastrophe, her spiritual intuition had grown much sharper.

The head on Lumian's left shoulder turned, and the face of Alista Tudor now faced forward, gazing at the Box of the Great Old Ones.

The intricate jewelry box let out a sudden creaking sound, as if the materials comprising it were buckling under some invisible pressure, on the verge of shattering.

All the anomalies Franca had sensed disappeared simultaneously.

"Box of the Great Old Ones?" Franca asked Lumian curiously.

Although she hadn't participated in the Major Arcana gatherings or the distribution of Grade o Sealed Artifacts, she had been briefed in advance about which items to avoid should a

skirmish occur. This box was one of them.

Lumian nodded slightly and placed his right hand atop the Box of the Great Old Ones, gently tapping it.

"I felt it was fated with Ludwig, so I borrowed it for a while."

The phrase "fated" was something he had picked up in the dream city, though it was no longer rare in the ruins of the Northern and Southern Continents. Members of the Curly- Haired Baboons Research Society had unconsciously spread new terms, and Lumian believed that visitors from Penglai, like Harrison, were also introducing similar ideas.

Fated with Ludwig? Franca instinctively turned her head to glance at Ludwig, who was dressed in formal children's attire.

The boy, steak clamped between his teeth, stared blankly at the Box of the Great Old Ones, as though lost in a dream.

Lumian slid his hand to the third layer of the silver-black jewelry box and smiled as he asked Ludwig, "Can you sense what's hidden inside?"

Ludwig, as if sleepwalking, extended his hand to the opposite side of the third layer of the box.

Almost instantly, Franca's ears filled with bizarre sounds of chewing, swallowing, and digesting. It was as though something was gnawing on her flesh and bones from within.

The sound originated from the depths of the third layer of the Box of the Great Old Ones and resonated from the depths of her psyche.

"It's... it's..." Ludwig stammered, the piece of steak dropping to the ground.

The boy's face, like a sheet covering a bed, was propped up into "tents" by unseen limbs.

With a mix of desire, reverence, fear, and trembling, he said, "It's... the power of Primordial Hunger!"

Primordial Hunger... One of the Great Old Dominators... Franca felt the surrounding environment suddenly grow dark and layered, as though some malevolent gaze had isolated them.

Looking around, she quickly realized they had been transported to Lumian's divine kingdom. This move was to prevent Primordial Hunger from leveraging the mystical connections formed during their discussion to destabilize the protected zone.

The middle head on Lumian's shoulders retained its earlier smile as he continued to ask Ludwig, "What would happen if I opened this layer?"

Ludwig jerked back as if electrocuted, stammering in fear, "It might—it might immediately devour everything around us. Or it might start by consuming-consuming our subconscious and the deepest parts of our islands of consciousness. It would eat emotions, memories, spirit, and consciousness, then flesh and blood, then night, day, good, evil, order, and disaster. It would continue until it consumed parts of the world's fundamental rules, destabilizing reality and dissolving the barriers at their foundation..."

"As expected, your pathway eventually leads to devouring rules, concepts, authorities, and even symbols," Lumian remarked with satisfaction, the middle head nodding slightly.

Looking at Ludwig with an ambiguous smile, he asked in a Demoness-like whisper, "Can you devour the danger hidden in the box?"

Cheek's face turned forward, showing keen interest in Ludwig's response.

Visibly terrified, Ludwig blurted, "How could I?"

His words seemed to imply not that it was impossible but that it shouldn't be done-such an act would be rebellion, blasphemy!

Lumian offered no reply, his smile unchanging as he continued to gaze at Ludwig.

Ludwig fell silent, his expressions shifting from cowardice to resistance, to temptation, to hesitation and fear.

His face had never been so expressive.

Franca adopted a spectator's stance, waiting for Lumian to offer some dark persuasion and Ludwig to respond with his own struggles.

After a few seconds, Lumian spoke in a measured tone, "The core of your pathway is 'devouring' and 'digesting.' Devouring the external world is not the end goal. Even consuming rules, concepts, authorities, and symbols is not the end. Devouring yourself, devouring your father, devouring the god you worship-that is your ultimate fate, the pinnacle of hunger.

"Perhaps that's the very reason He created all of you."

"Isn't that a bit... too extreme?" Ludwig asked with a clarity that suggested he had received some moral education.

Good kid, showing some humanity... Franca thought, nodding in approval.

She figured that if she chose the Spectator pathway, she could act out the role just as well.

Lumian glanced at Jenna's face on the head over his right shoulder and said to Ludwig with a smile, "It is indeed extreme. I wouldn't want you to be controlled by your godhood and instincts to do something so drastic.

"So I'm only asking if you can devour the danger hidden in the box-not if you can devour Primordial Hunger. In the current circumstances, strengthening yourself as much as possible is the best choice."

Ludwig opened his mouth as if to speak but closed it again, his expression shifting. Moments later, the sound of him swallowing saliva echoed audibly.

Oh Lord, you taste so good? Franca mentally captioned Ludwig's reaction.

After some time, Ludwig finally spoke.

"Not yet. I'd need to recover to my original level and receive help from another great

existence."

With a nod, Lumian said, "So even just devouring it temporarily, storing it without digesting or absorbing it, requires the help of a Great Old Dominator?"

"Yes," Ludwig affirmed with a heavy nod.

Lumian pondered briefly before smiling again. "Then we'll wait."

He extended one of the arms holding the Red Priest Uniqueness, along with one of the new beautiful hands that had grown on his right side, toward Ludwig. In the current situation, although the Red Priest Uniqueness still retained the form of a charred flag, it wouldn't cause those who witnessed it to lose control and go crazy. This was because it was a part of Lumian and was under control. Lumian could let it display the influence of godhood as and when he

wanted it to.

"You can pick which one to devour," Lumian said with a smile.

Ludwig froze. "Can I really eat this?"

Franca blinked, finally understanding Lumian's intent.

He was letting Ludwig devour a part of his own body to allow Ludwig to gain the separated Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic and thus recover his original level, freeing him from the seal of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom.

Lumian currently had three extra Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristics: one Weather Warlock

and two Demoness of Catastrophe.

"Of course. I'm your godfather," Lumian said with a smile.

Ludwig swallowed hard, looked left and right for a few seconds, and hesitated for a few

seconds before saying, "That one."

He pointed to Lumian's left arm, which carried the Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic

derived from Tudor's Conqueror Beyonder characteristics.

"Very well." Lumian raised the corresponding arm.

Ludwig leaned in and bit down on the hand.

As deep red blood burned like flames and flowed, the sounds of gnawing and chewing filled

the room, making Franca shudder.

Franca gasped in shock, thinking that Lumian was being a bit too extreme. Wouldn't it be better

to separate the Beyonder characteristic first before feeding it to Ludwig?

It's not like it couldn't be done.

She glanced at the Tudor face on Lumian's left shoulder and noticed an expression of faint

pain, a primal discomfort.

The corresponding Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic belonged to Alista Tudor. Letting Ludwig

directly devour it was this a form of revenge? But you're hurting yourself too... Franca suddenly had

a guess and sighed deeply.

Soon, Ludwig finished gnawing off Lumian's hand, leaving only the exposed, bare, iron- colored wrist bone, dripping with burning crimson blood.

Ludwig leaned back, licking the blood off the corners of his mouth, looking like he wanted

more.

The skin on his face and body was on the verge of tearing apart, as though something massive inside him was about to burst forth.

The seal of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom could no longer hold him back.

At that moment, Ludwig took control of himself, refraining from breaking the sealing layer, maintaining the appearance of a little boy.

Lumian smiled and turned to Franca, saying, "I'll separate the remaining two Demoness of Catastrophe Beyonder characteristics later to balance my body better. Heh, the Sick Church will also need a Grade o Sealed Artifact. Oh, and the name 'Sick Church' will gradually have to

change." "Good, good, good!" Franca replied quickly, as though afraid Lumian might change his mind. Although she knew Lumian was primarily planning for his own future, the fact that he was willing to consider the future at all was a good sign.

Lumian studied Ludwig for a few seconds before smiling and asking, "What's your plan going

forward?"

Ludwig was silent for a moment before replying, "If I don't get devoured during the

apocalypse, I want to remain a child first, grow up normally, grow old, and fully experience the life of a human. Then, I'll make comparisons."

Lumian hummed in acknowledgment and asked casually, "You've returned to the angel level now, haven't you? What's the name of your Sequence?"

As he spoke, blood and flames intertwined at his severed wrist, regenerating a new hand.

Ludwig thought for a few seconds and then said, "In your language, it's called the Angel of Devouring."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1145: Devouring Concepts

□

"Angel of Devouring? What abilities does it have?" Franca asked Ludwig casually, treating him as one of their own.

After all, he was like her godchild!

Ludwig, who had yet to break the seal and regain his full intelligence, answered honestly, "The core ability is to devour the rules of a specific area and certain shallow-level concepts, though there are limits to the number and range."

"Devour rules? How does that work?" Franca's curiosity was unmasked.

It sounded pretty powerful.

Before Ludwig could respond, Lumian reverted the scene back to the protected zone. The surroundings were no longer layered in dark mirrors, and sunlight once again shone through the windows into the clean, bright living room.

Ludwig glanced at the sunlight streaming in and the well-lit room before slowly opening his mouth.

Suddenly, Franca's vision was consumed by darkness; the entire area became unnaturally black.

For someone like her, who possessed Night Vision, it wasn't an issue. She turned to look at Ludwig and could still see the boy clearly.

"I thought you swallowed up the entire area, including us, into your stomach," Franca joked.

Ludwig froze for a moment before explaining, "I could, but at my current level, I can't directly swallow areas or physical targets. I'd need to create a vortex in my mouth to pull you all in, and you'd be able to resist that pull."

"I see..." Franca switched gears and asked, "So what exactly are you devouring right now?" "It's the rule of Sunlight Illumination. Even if a Beyonder creates sunlight again, until this rule is restored, that sunlight won't function," Ludwig explained earnestly.

Lumian smiled and inquired, "Can you spit out the devoured rule?"

"Once something is devoured, it's gone for good; it can't be restored." Ludwig opened his mouth again.

The sunlight returned to illuminate the living room.

"Didn't you say it couldn't be restored?" Franca asked, amused.

Ludwig picked up the piece of steak from the ground, stuffed it into his mouth, and chewed before answering, "It's not that the rule was restored; I created a new rule similar to the original."

"So devouring a rule allows you to use it yourself?" Franca suddenly understood.

"Only once," Ludwig admitted. "To use it repeatedly, I'd need to devour the source power that creates the rule."

Franca had initially wanted to ask how long it would take for a devoured rule to recover, but her spiritual intuition had already given her the answer: one to three minutes.

"And how does devouring shallow concepts work?" she asked instead.

Ludwig turned his gaze to the crystal chandelier with its golden frame. His eyes reflected the object.

He opened his mouth again.

Franca followed his gaze and noticed the chandelier's faint gold frame turning pitch black and dull, utterly unappealing.

The golden hues of other items in the living room also disappeared, leaving a void of blackness.

"Did you devour the concept of 'gold'?" Franca clicked her tongue.

Ludwig nodded. "Can the concept of 'gold' recover on its own?" Franca asked, finding the suddenly drab living room rather unappealing.

"...It depends on how it's devoured. One method allows for recovery, while the other makes the concept permanently disappear within the affected range-unless other Beyonder powers intervene," Ludwig hesitated before answering.

"Which method did you use just now?" Franca suddenly had a bad feeling.

"The second one," Ludwig confessed.

Lumian chuckled and raised his right hand, snapping his fingers.

With a snap, all the golden hues in the living room were restored.

Franca's first reaction was: You can perform magic and create miracles now?

She immediately remembered that this wasn't the World of Ruins, not the real world. Even Frank Lee's thoughts could affect sailors in their surroundings, let alone Lumian, who could partially wield the powers of a Visionary.

"Let me try next time!" she said regretfully.

Lumian turned to Ludwig and asked, "What's the name of Sequence 1? And what about Sequence o?"

Ludwig mumbled, "Overall, Sequence 1 is called Chaos Gastric Juices, and Sequence o... In the dream city, I saw a term I thought was fitting-Gluttony. Otherwise, you could call it Self- Devourer or Tail-Devourer. It means devouring oneself, digesting oneself, and growing oneself anew."

"Tail-Devourer probably represents a cycle rather than literally devouring oneself. Let's go with Gluttony or Self-Devourer," Franca opined.

Lumian chuckled. "Pathways with the prefix 'Primordial' always seem to have some

connection to chaos."

He then said to Ludwig, "You can go back to the kitchen and continue eating. When the time is right, we'll open the third layer of the Box of the Great Old Ones."

Ludwig breathed a sigh of relief and left the living room reluctantly.

Franca's gaze returned to the Box of the Great Old Ones before glancing at Lumian. She opened her mouth but changed her question at the last moment, "What are the abilities and negative effects of this Grade o Sealed Artifact?"

"The first layer swaps the internal space with the target area, rapidly turning whatever is placed into the box into toys. The second layer records various scenes and allows the user to add new ones. When opened, the holder and all living beings within the designated range are forcibly transported to the specified location.

"The hidden risk of this transportation is randomness. It only works as intended a small fraction of the time. Most of the time, the destination changes unpredictably. Furthermore, the good luck given by the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture can't influence it, or to be more precise -Sequence 1-level or lower good fortune cannot influence this randomness accurately.

"As for the third layer, well, you've already heard it." Lumian gave a brief summary of the Box of the Great Old One's abilities.

Franca was taken aback. "Good luck from anything below Sequence o can hardly influence the randomness?

"Then how did Madam Temperance accurately transport herself and the Demoness of Black to the Underworld using the blessings of the Angel of Mercury? Or was it actually Mr. Fool's miracle that made it happen?"

Franca was very interested in her former superior, Demoness of Black Clarice. During their return to the protected zone, she had briefly asked Madam Temperance about her fate. The latter had explained in rough detail through written notes.

She knew that the Demoness of Black had been transported to the Underworld by the Box of the Great Old Ones and perished there. However, her dormant mirror remained intact, enabling future resurrection.

Of course, reviving through a dormant mirror was a process that took time. When the mirror world completely collapsed with the fall of the Primordial Demoness and the world's mirrors shattered, dormant mirrors would be hard-pressed to survive-unless placed in locations with exceptional protection or potent interference.

Based on this, Franca suspected that the Demoness of Black had failed to resurrect before her

dormant mirror was destroyed and was truly dead.

This aligned closely with what Lumian had relayed from Mr. Fool's final remarks.

Lumian smiled at Franca but offered no explanation.

Franca wanted to press further but closed her mouth instead.

As Lumian sealed the Box of the Great Old Ones, he said to Franca, "Give me a dormant mirror

to keep in my divine kingdom. In the future, as long as you're not killed by one of a few

specific abilities, you'll always be able to resurrect."

"Alright, I'll fetch one later-or rather, I'll make a new one," Franca readily agreed. She, of

course, didn't carry dormant mirrors on her person. They were hidden in secret places, like the Nation of the Evernight. After becoming a Demoness of Catastrophe, she could now create three more dormant mirrors even before her potion was fully digested.

Lumian hummed in acknowledgment and stood up.

"Where are you going?" Franca calculated the time and found that his "occasional" bout of

clarity wasn't over yet.

"Helping Mr. Moon digest his potion. I feel like he's about to summon me," Lumian replied

with a smile.

"Sounds like fun," Franca said, her eyes relaxing into a smile.

She pondered for a moment and said, "Once I've made a new dormant mirror, I'll visit my

only subordinate and let her know the Demoness Sect is finished."

...

Backlund, in the basement of a villa.

In the underground area of a villa, a vibrant tomb surrounded by mutated grass, flowers, grains, and insects stood tall. Several Sanguine stood upright before it.

The Moon Emlyn was nearby, setting up a ritual altar.

He felt a little confused about the situation. Originally, he had only intended to enhance the

digestion of his potion by summoning a high-level existence. To ensure the effect, he planned to have a few Counts under his command witness the ritual as audience members for feedback. However, the Sanguine had taken this matter exceptionally seriously. They had asked him to conduct the summoning in front of the Round Moon Duke Olmer's coffin and even summoned several younger marquises to observe.

What was supposed to be a small affair suddenly became solemn and grand.

Although bewildered, Emlyn understood the current situation.

All the existing Dukes of the Sanguine were too old. Their bodies were failing, and leaving their coffins for prolonged periods was not an option. Other marquises were either similarly aged and weakened or lacked sufficient protection from those of higher ranks, making them vulnerable to losing control during the advancement ritual under the crimson moon's

influence.

Thus, Emlyn had become the Sanguine's hope-the marquis most likely to ascend to angelhood in recent years. No amount of importance attached to him was

excessive. Did I ever tell them who I'm summoning? I think I only mentioned summoning a high-ranking existence... The Moon Emlyn pondered over this trivial matter while arranging the altar. The upcoming summoning was likely one of the rarest in mysticism history. He couldn't simply rely on his abilities to create a Door of Summoning and call it a day. Respect and ceremony were a must.

Of course, this wasn't his first high-level summoning. If the projection of Gehrman Sparrow he had summoned in the dream city had been complete, his High Summoner potion would

have been fully digested long ago.

Before long, The Moon Emlyn finished preparing the altar. He turned to the tomb of the Round Moon Duke Olmer and the surrounding Sanguine marquises and announced, "I'm about to begin the summoning."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1146: Wishing You Joy

□

"Begin," the rich voice of Round Moon Duke Olmer echoed from within the tomb.

The Moon Emlyn hummed in acknowledgment, erected a wall of spirituality, and began the ritual following standard summoning protocols. He lit candles and offered his sacrifice-a glass of absinthe shimmering with a dreamy green hue.

Taking two steps back, he recited the first verse of the incantation in ancient Hermes, "I!"

As his voice reverberated, The Moon Emlyn broke from convention and continued the chant in ancient Hermes rather than switching to Hermes.

"I summon in my name:"

He stretched out his hands, and with the chant, conjured a phantom door inscribed with countless mysterious symbols amidst the expanding candle flames.

Then, Emlyn uttered the honorific name of the entity he was summoning, "The Demoness wielding Chaos, the Many-Faced One who offers sacrifices to Calamity, and the Ruler of the Mirror World."

He deliberately avoided the part of the honorific name "Symbol of War and Apocalypse" — as summoning a true god-level existence through the Door of Summoning might naturally affect the surroundings. The "Apocalypse" aspect was particularly unwelcome for the aged and frail Round Moon Duke Olmer and his peers.

Hearing the three titles uttered by Emlyn, the surrounding Sanguine marquises displayed puzzled expressions.

Isn't the first line associated with the Primordial Demoness?

And who does the other two lines refer to?

I've never heard of the Primordial Demoness being called the Ruler of the Mirror World...

Did something happen in the World of Ruins? Did the Primordial Demoness's honorific name change? Is Emlyn attempting to summon the Primordial Demoness?

Could he possibly be summoning a true god?

Isn't the Primordial Demoness barred from entering the protected zone? Haw Emlyn been bewitched into summoning Her to destabilize the zone?

The Sanguine marquises, alarmed and wary, were about to recite the honorific names of other true gods for protection when the mystical and hazy Door of Summoning abruptly swung open. Beyond the door lay a profound darkness, studded with countless stars and filled with innumerable indistinct phantoms.

Six massive hands suddenly emerged from within, gripping the doorframe itself.

Some were delicate and beautiful, with flawless white skin, while others were robust, with clearly defined joints, exuding masculine strength. Each set of hands occupied one side of the doorway, squeezing it tightly, making it hard to fathom the size of the being they belonged

to.

Some Sanguine marquises stared blankly at the pristine, elegant hands, their minds conjuring visions of the overwhelming beauty of their owner. Others felt as though the bronzed hands were pressing down on their heads from a distance, causing them to bow involuntarily, forgetting entirely what they had intended to do.

Around the Round Moon Duke's tomb, the grass, grains, flowers, and insects all turned toward the Door of Summoning and prostrated themselves on the ground.

Finally, the six massive hands pushed the phantom Door of Summoning open as far as it would go, and a figure emerged.

In that instant, all the Sanguine present, including Round Moon Duke Olmer and The Moon Emlyn, saw themselves-sometimes with resentful expressions, sometimes with hostile gazes, sometimes appearing as they had in their youth.

These were their mirror reflections, originating from both the present and the past.

They also saw the ideal lover they had envisioned in their hearts, the most captivating member of the opposite sex.

Each of them became entranced, floating in a dreamlike state, as though reality itself had become unmoored.

It was unclear how much time had passed before they managed to regain a semblance of self- awareness. They found that the summoning ritual had long since concluded. The flames on the candles had shrunk back to their original size, flickering quietly.

The Moon Emlyn quickly examined himself and, unsurprisingly, confirmed that he had completely digested the High Summoner potion.

At that moment, the rich voice of Round Moon Duke Olmer came from within the tomb, "Whom exactly did you summon?"

The Moon Emlyn unconsciously lifted his chin slightly and replied, "An existence who has just ascended to become a dual-pathway true god."

...

Trier, Quartier de la Maison d'Opéra, Rue du Chapeau Noir.

Niceea, with her brown curls pinned up, sat in the rocking chair of her apartment, idly swaying as she stared off into space.

Since the night of the crimson moon's immense appearance, as though it had descended upon the earth, she had found herself with little to do.

Most of the core members of the Emperor Party had been arrested and purged, including her lover, Grouès, leading to the organization's complete disintegration.

Her superior, Madame Franca, hadn't assigned her any tasks either, merely instructing her to monitor the citizens in her vicinity and report any anomalies immediately.

With so much free time, Niceea had focused on digesting the Pleasure potion, flitting like a butterfly among her lovers. She even orchestrated situations where, despite knowing of each other's existence, they endured the pain of rivalry, pretended ignorance, or quarreled yet remained unwilling to leave her.

This had led to her complete digestion of the Pleasure potion last month. However, her superior had not provided her with the formula or ingredients for the Affliction potion.

Do I need to make new contributions? But there haven't been any tasks assigned... Also, why did all my mirrors just shatter? I must report this to Madame Franca; something is seriously wrong... Niceea thought, glancing at the drawn sheer curtains shielding her from the sunlight.

As these thoughts crossed her mind, she noticed that the glass window, now cracked as if struck by an invisible force, reflected the image of Madame Franca stepping out. She wore a ponytail and a hunter's outfit.

Niceea didn't immediately rise to greet her superior. She momentarily felt dazed, struck by the overwhelming beauty of Franca. Her superior had grown even more radiant-so mesmerizing that Niceea couldn't look away, so beautiful it made her forget all her worries

and everything else.

Several seconds passed before Niceea snapped out of her trance and hurriedly stood in

greeting. "Good afternoon, Madame."

"Good afternoon," Franca responded with a smile.

Niceea was momentarily dazzled by that smile and blurted out, "Madame, have you advanced

again?"

Franca didn't hide it, nodding gently.

"I'm now an Angel, a Demoness of Catastrophe."

An Angel... Niceea was left speechless.

She recalled that when she had first been assigned to Madame Franca's command, her superior had been a Sequence 5 Demoness of Affliction, while she herself was a Sequence 7

Witch.

Now, she had only advanced one rank to become a Sequence 6 Demoness of Pleasure, but Franca had climbed several Sequences to reach Sequence 2 and become an Angel!

Could it be that advancing beyond Sequence 5 in the demigod realm was easier than

advancing through lower ranks?

That's impossible!

Noticing Niceea's shocked and bewildered expression, Franca also felt a twinge of

sentimentality.

Yes, it hasn't been long, but now I'm a Demoness of Catastrophe.

But I'd rather return to the days when I was just a Demoness of Affliction...

As a Demoness of Catastrophe, Franca's core ability now revolved around "catastrophes," encompassing both natural and man-made calamities. This extended to certain authorities

and abstract concepts.

Natural disasters like blizzards, tsunamis, earthquakes, meteor impacts, floods, volcanic eruptions, or the collapse of the mirror world could be conjured through her abilities. Similarly, train accidents, building collapses, horse stampedes, or accidental gun discharges - all events tied to societal order or mechanical

constructs-fell within her purview as a Demoness of Catastrophe.

Additionally, when extended to authority and concepts, "catastrophe" could manifest as the inducement or exacerbation of issues to destabilize a previously stable system.

In such cases, if a Beyonder's state was inherently unstable, a Demoness of Catastrophe could use Her abilities to induce them to lose balance and lose control on the spot. For the target, this was undoubtedly a catastrophe.

Franca understood this as an extension of the Red Priest pathway's Weakness Investigation

ability, reflected in a neighboring pathway.

When Lumian was still a Hunter, he could accurately grasp the structural integrity of a building and identify the key points to demolish it. A Demoness of Catastrophe, on the other hand, could treat Beyonders, areas, or natural environments as if they were such a structure or system, detonating their hidden issues and triggering catastrophic collapse.

When it came to disrupting stability and triggering catastrophe, the main difference between the two lay in their approach: a Hunter targeted weaknesses from the outside in, while a Demoness of Catastrophe worked primarily from the inside out-or combined both internal

and external forces.

From this perspective, the Primordial Demoness was actually very restrained toward Lumian,

who relied on the chaotic vortex face to gain the rank of a true god and maintain his existence and King of Angels power through a delicate balance. However, the problem was that the Primordial Demoness didn't want Lumian to lose balance, lose control, and die. That would render all of Her previous efforts meaningless.

For this reason, the Primordial Demoness was willing to take risks and even face Her own demise by integrating Herself into Lumian's body. After all, from Her perspective, Her consciousness and spirit would remain intact, simply surviving in a different form.

The catastrophes wielded by a Demoness of Catastrophe also manifested as curses of destiny. Franca could now create objects or leave behind words that, without directly contacting the target, cause those who touched the object or heard the words to encounter one catastrophe after another in their subsequent lives.

Her other abilities had also been correspondingly enhanced at the angelic level. For instance,

her mystical pathogens could now erode and influence the bodies of complete Mythical

Creatures.

Lost in these thoughts, Franca turned to Niceea, who had just regained control of her expression, and said, "I'm here today to tell you something.

"The Primordial Demoness has perished. Of the high-ranking color-named Demonesses, fewer than five have survived. The Demoness Sect has effectively been annihilated." "Ah?" Niceea momentarily forgot about her superior's advancement to angelhood. "What about us? And the other Demonesses?"

The other Demonesses? Except for the high-ranking ones involved in the initial events in the mirror

world, most Demonesses were incorporated into the protected zone. Subsequently, some were hunted down, some surrendered directly to official organizations, and others escaped the protected zone to rejoin the remnants of the Demoness Sect in the World of Ruins... If it weren't for your past as a government informant and the fact that the digestion of your Assassin, Instigator, and Witch potions primarily targeted organizations like the Emperor Party, I wouldn't have spared you... Franca smiled and said to Niceea, "We have nothing to worry about. I was one of those who destroyed the

Demoness Sect."

Niceea was stunned. She felt both surprised and unsurprised. Madame Franca is a Saint of the Church of The Fool!

But if I know this, wouldn't the Demoness of Black and others know as well? "Madame, is there anything I should do?" Niceea quickly expressed her intention to continue

her loyalty.

Franca smiled in response. "A month from now, I'll have something for you to do. For now,

you should rest well and adjust your state.

"Oh, and the honorific name of the Primordial Demoness can still be used, but it will now

point to someone else the one I currently follow."

Who is that? Niceea didn't dare to ask and instead inquired, "Madame, may I make my own arrangements for the next month?"

Franca looked at Niceea for several seconds before revealing a clean smile in the sunlight streaming through the sheer curtains.

"Yes, go on dates, bask in the sun, take walks along the Srenzo River, watch operas, read books, read newspapers, ride a bicycle, fish, sample the signature dishes of Trier's famous restaurants, gather with friends-do everything you wish to do."

At the end, Franca placed a hand over her chest and bowed slightly. "In short, I wish you joy."

As her voice echoed, she disappeared into the interplay of light and shadow created by the sheer curtains.

Niceea stared blankly at the spot where Franca had stood, feeling both dazed and confused.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1147: An Early Deal

□

New City of Silver.

Derrick Berg picked up the prepared Lightseeker potion, gazing at the liquid that seemed to intertwine pure beams of light. He drank it in one go.

In an instant, it felt as though he had approached the true sun, his entire body igniting and showing signs of melting.

Derrick did not retreat. He continued running toward the light, the sun, sensed in his core.

His body quickly melted like heated metal-first dripping liquid, then softening and flowing toward the ground like water.

His bones melted, his organs melted, his brain melted, and even his spirit and consciousness began to dissipate rapidly.

But he never stopped. Supported by the justice deep in his core, he struggled and wriggled forward, guided by the faint light of the sun in his blurred consciousness.

At this moment, he seemed to return to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, to the days when he ventured into the Giant King's Court with Chief Colin Iliad and Gehrman Sparrow. But unlike then, the surroundings were not cloaked in darkness and lightning but illuminated by the crimson moonlight that shone through the gloom.

Dragging his melted body and soul, fueled by a belief that abandoned everything for the light, Derrick continued his pursuit with difficulty but unwavering determination.

The light grew closer, and his spirit merged with the burning heat, leaving only a sliver of residual consciousness.

Finally, he saw a pair of grand double doors, sensing the sun and light he longed for beyond them.

His blurred consciousness collided with the doors, pushing them ajar.

A sea of golden light entered Derrick's vision, and a sun of intertwining blazing white and gold rose steadily, illuminating all and dispelling the crimson and darkness.

Derrick Berg smiled and stopped at the entrance.

He immediately sensed his spirit, soul, and body flowing back together, merging into one.

The door he saw quickly became illusory, while the sun gradually lost its color and form, revealing its true nature-a slowly rotating chaotic vortex face.

Lumian placed the dark golden, peculiar mask back onto the center of his left shoulder head, covering the face with its starlit glow.

He had come to the New City of Silver this time to fulfill his promise of helping Mr. Sun Derrick complete the ritual.

The ritual for the Lightseeker potion required finding an item with at least the rank of an Angel and a close connection to the mysticism of the Sun. The item had to be bound to the Beyonder's most critical and justice-related memory, then placed in front of them.

This served as a beacon for Beyonders consuming the Lightseeker potion, providing a mystical connection that would be the last to melt, helping them maintain their direction, clarity of consciousness, and determination to persist through the transformation process.

For this ritual, the binding of memory and item was accomplished by Mr. Fool's Grafting, and the item was Lumian's chaotic vortex face. Its close association with the Chaos Sea naturally made it deeply connected to the mysticism of the Sun.

Lumian's role was to arrive at the scene, remove the mask, and let the chaotic vortex face manifest the power of the Sun.

After stabilizing himself, Derrick Berg, clad in a plain white robe, bowed respectfully to Lumian. "Thank you for your assistance."

Lumian glanced around and smiled. "I'd like to borrow a room."

"Alright," The Sun Derrick replied without asking why.

He helped Lumian find a quiet scripture-reading room in the Church of The Fool's headquarters.

Lumian sat down, raised his left hand, and pressed it onto the center of the mask on his head.

His shadow suddenly squirmed as if it had gained self-awareness.

Then Lumian's voice echoed in his heart, plunging into the depths of his shadow and the corrupted part of his nature. "Mr. Naboredisley, I'd like to meet with you now."

The sound sank into the pitch-black abyss, reverberating layer upon layer.

Lumian did not need to unseal or remove the mask to employ the abilities of the Visionary and The Hanged Man at this level.

Not long after, a dark, sinister liquid seemed to churn and surge within his shadow, from which an ice-blue-eyed Naboredisley rapidly emerged.

"Good afternoon." Naboredisley greeted with gentlemanly poise, taking a seat opposite Lumian with a smile. "Are you preparing for the secret deed with the City of Calamity?"

"I still need two or three weeks to strengthen the balance of my body. You wouldn't want me to explode the moment I accommodate the City of Calamity, would you?" Lumian responded with a faint smile.

"Then why did you seek me?" Naboredisley asked directly, skipping any guesses.

Lumian chuckled. "I want you to give me that portion of Abomination Beyonder characteristic in advance. Otherwise, we might not have time to handle it when the moment comes.

"We must prepare for unforeseen events and get all the groundwork done early."

"But you haven't fulfilled your end of the deal," Naboredisley reminded.

Lumian looked at him with a teasing tone. "I'm not that Celestial Worthy. Have I ever broken a promise?

"Besides, helping you is also helping myself. I have no reason not to fulfill my promise. At worst, if I fail to accommodate it, your attempt will fail indirectly, but in that case, everyone dies anyway, including your Abomination avatar. Keeping it would be meaningless."

Naboredisley remained silent, not responding immediately.

He had always been prone to interpreting others' intentions with the deepest malice.

After all, He was the embodiment of malice itself.

"If you're still worried, you can plant a spiritual mark in my consciousness and spirit right now," Lumian offered. "I don't mind living with it for two or three weeks. The only problem is it might backfire and corrupt you. You know what's inside me."

"But you can erase the spiritual mark before the secret deed with the City of Calamity," Naboredisley hesitated before responding.

Lumian burst out laughing. "Why not draft a notarized contract while we're at it? I'll make it,

and Mr. Fool can witness it."

Naboredisley stared at Lumian for a few seconds before smiling. "No need. I trust you. I'll

have my Abomination avatar come over now.

"The spiritual mark can wait until you bond with the City of Calamity."

Lumian responded with a smile, "Deal."

Soon after, Farbauti, the Abomination covered in gold and wearing a mask painted black and

white, emerged from the spirit world before Lumian.

Naboredisley raised His head and locked eyes with Farbauti, nodding slightly in mutual acknowledgment.

Seeing this, Lumian remarked with a touch of sentiment, "After the last Dream Festival, we made many preparations to guard the tomb and deal with the Angels of the Rose School of Thought's indulgence faction and Devil families, all for the next Dream Festival. Yet none of that came into play. The early arrival of the crimson moon turned the world into ruins, making it impossible to hold the Dream Festival again.

"That's precisely why I want you to hand over the Abomination Beyonder characteristic in advance. Our enemies won't sit idle while we prepare; they won't wait for us to complete everything methodically before starting the apocalypse.

"With what little time remains, we must finish everything we need to do as quickly as possible. Waiting for the perfect moment is futile; the future is full of uncertainties." Naboredisley smiled in response. "Though I doubt your motives, my rational mind tells me this is indeed necessary."

As He spoke, Farbauti removed the golden mask derived from the former Death, Salinger.

With a clatter, the gold covering His body fell away piece by piece, landing on the ground with

metallic thuds.

In mere seconds, His body disintegrated, transforming into a grotesque tree-like shape coated in viscous black liquid.

"Is this the Abomination's Mythical Creature form?" Lumian asked, his curiosity piqued for

once.

Naboredisley shook His head with a smile. "The Mythical Creature form of the Chained pathway is actually invisible, intangible, a collection of various curses. What you saw previously as a Mythical Creature form is essentially the vessel that carries this aggregate-or no, not 'carries.' Using terms like 'binds' and 'fixes' would be more symbolically accurate. "So, the outward manifestation of the Mythical Creature form of this pathway depends on one's self-awareness and the choices made during the advancement to Sequence 4 Puppet and Sequence 2 Ancient Bane as a base. These bases bind and stabilize the various curses resulting from the disassembly process."

"An embalmed mummy at the demigod level?" Lumian recalled the unique items required for

the Puppet advancement ritual.

Naboredisley nodded gently and explained, "Yes, that's one type of anchor. However, it's not strictly necessary to use a demigod-level mummy. Any item with a similar function and the same rank can serve the purpose. The Rose School of Thought's temperance faction traditionally uses mummies for their advancement. This practice is tied to the imagery and history of Tolzna and has even influenced the burial customs of the Highlands Kingdom. "Similarly, the advancement to Ancient Bane requires finding an ancient, evil item capable of bearing angelic power. This item becomes the core of the final Mythical Creature form." "Born Mythical Creatures like Suah and Tirié, who have not completed the corresponding Sequence advancements, exhibit forms that are essentially amplifications of Their Beyonder

characteristics."

Having finished this explanation, Naboredisley discussed a few more aspects of the deep

secret deed with Lumian before taking His leave.

Shortly after His departure, Renette Tinekerr, carrying four golden-haired, red-eyed heads,

and Sharron, wearing a small bonnet, appeared in the room.

They had sensed the convergence and followed their spiritual intuition to investigate.

"Our deal can now move forward," Lumian said with a smile.

Sharron nodded slightly, allowing the crimson-stained crystal tiara hidden in the spirit world

to emerge from its seal and float toward Lumian.

This was the Grade o Sealed Artifact, Calamity of Crimson, corresponding to the Demoness of

Catastrophe.

"It's yours now," Lumian said, gesturing toward the Abomination Beyonder characteristic. "Thank"..."you"..."for"..."your"..."help," Renette Tinekerr four heads spoke in sequence. Sharron, on the other hand, lightly lifted the hem of her dress in a gesture of gratitude.

Once the two ladies had secured the Beyonder characteristic and left the room, Lumian, holding the Calamity of Crimson, returned to where The Sun Derrick was waiting. With a

smile, he said,

"You can trade me the Gift of the Land now."

As he spoke, Cheek's eyes transformed into mirrors, and a figure emerged.

It was Zedus, a man of almost unparalleled beauty, with scarlet eyes.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1148: Farewell

□

Zedus emerged from the eye of Cheek's face and quietly stood behind Lumian, expressionless and vacant-eyed.

After Lumian advanced to Red Priest, Zedus, along with the steel golems and undead soldiers formerly belonging to 0-01, was re-enlisted into the newly formed legion of the Red Priest. They were now stationed in a special mirror world that had become Lumian's divine kingdom.

Seeing the Calamity of Crimson in Lumian's hand, The Sun Derrick hesitated no longer and nodded slightly. "Okay."

"I thought you might have some reluctance," Lumian said casually.

Derrick shook his head and replied honestly, "When you first made the request, I did feel a bit reluctant. But after returning to the New City of Silver, I increasingly felt it was the right decision.

"When the apocalypse arrives, Mr. Fool will undoubtedly be unable to continue protecting the New City of Silver. The Gift of the Land is the remains of Omebella, the Great Mother's most cherished daughter. It could likely spark an anomaly, causing unforeseen consequences and breaking apart the protected zones from within.

"Moreover, Chief Chirmont has long since digested the Silver Knight potion but has yet to advance to an Angel as a Glory. That's because the Proof of Glory has to be used to seal the Gift of the Land. If it were turned into a Beyonder characteristic, anyone using it to advance would have to remain underground for extended periods, only leaving for short intervals during crises.

"Replacing the Gift of the Land with the Calamity of Crimson should free the Proof of Glory from its restraints."

Derrick, having only just become an Angel, still lacked understanding of matters regarding the Above the Sequences.

Lumian produced a mirror and inserted the crystal tiara-shaped Calamity of Crimson into it.

He then gently ran his hand over the mirror's surface.

After completing the task, he handed the mirror to The Sun Derrick.

"Place it in an underground location that moonlight can never reach. No males may be within ten meters. When it needs to be used, a woman must retrieve it.

"I've sealed the area behind the mirror and fixed an entrance to the mirror world on its surface. Even ordinary people can extend their hand inside to retrieve the Calamity of Crimson."

This setup mirrored how Franca had once secured a mirror world entrance in the quarry beneath Trier by praying to the Primordial Demoness.

The Sun Derrick took the mirror and saw in its reflection the terrifying scene of a volcanic eruption.

"Ignore any disasters reflected in the mirror," Lumian cautioned. "If the mirror itself cracks, pray to me or Mr. Fool immediately so we can replace its seal. As for its usage, there are three taboos: First, no male should wield it. Second, the wielder must have godhood. Third, it must not be used for more than three minutes, or if exposed to moonlight, no more than thirty seconds.

"If the wielder experiences Pleasure or Charm cast by it, a new person must take over. Otherwise, the wielder will grow increasingly obsessed with it and try to set it free."

The Sun Derrick nodded solemnly. "I understand."

He then asked a question. "But I'm male. Is it safe for me to handle the Calamity of Crimson?"

"For now, yes," Lumian explained. "It's still in a Conquered state and won't 'acknowledge' anyone else. After placing the mirror underground, avoid further contact with it."

The Sun Derrick let out a quiet sigh of relief.

"Alright. I'll head to the Twin Towers now to lift the Proof of Glory's suppression. You can retrieve the Gift of the Land yourself."

After Lumian agreed, the newly ascended Lightseeker turned into sunlight and flew out of the headquarters of the Church of The Fool.

Lumian remained in place, admiring the murals on the walls.

The face of Alista Tudor furrowed slightly, seemingly displeased with the religious undertones-unless, of course, the subject of the murals was Himself.

After some time, Cheek's face on Lumian's left shoulder turned, revealing a stunning smile radiating maternal warmth and terrifying allure.

In the next moment, a massive, withered, ash-brown tree trunk appeared before Lumian.

It had been Charmed-enthralled by Cheek's face, which shared a profound connection with

it.

Two crimson flowers on the trunk, serving as its eyes, bloomed fully, radiantly vibrant. Lumian smiled at the Gift of the Land. "Would you like to reside in my divine kingdom?"

The Gift of the Land moved closer without resistance.

Zedus came forward, embracing the trunk and dragging it back into Lumian's divine kingdom -the destroyed then reformed special mirror world.

Throughout the process, Zedus handled it roughly, yet the Gift of the Land offered no

opposition.

The estranged siblings reunite... Lumian chuckled softly and disappeared from the Church of The Fool's headquarters.

...

In the World of Ruins.

Enormous oak trees stood blanketed in white by a raging blizzard, frozen lifeless. In stark contrast, another oak grove burned fiercely, consumed by invisible, colorless flames. Accompanying the destruction were bird-clawed infants, various animals, and strange familiars, all reduced to ash. Even the ground itself melted away.

At the boundary where blizzard met flames, the clash of cold and heat created a skyward- whirling hurricane and apocalyptic torrential rain.

In the hurricane's eye, a three-headed, six-armed Lumian wandered with frenzied, mindless

eyes.

At the edge of this fog-shrouded region, Franca sat atop a nearly 100-meter-tall gray-white stone pillar, her legs dangling idly.

Having become a Demoness of Catastrophe, she could finally witness Lumian's bouts of uncontrollable madness firsthand.

This was the twenty-ninth time she had observed it, yet it still left her feeling low and stifled.

My potion digested a little more... Franca mused, forcing herself to think of something meaningful to distract from her emotions. Even though I didn't do anything as all these catastrophes were caused by

Lumian...

Is it because I brought him here?

As a Demoness of Catastrophe, I am a bringer of calamity. Does it not matter whether the calamities I

bring are self-made or external?

Right... A Demoness of Catastrophe likely serves catastrophe... Since Lumian is the source and embodiment of catastrophes, does serving him equate to fulfilling that role...?

No wonder my potion is digesting so quickly. At this rate, I'll fully digest it in another year or two. Too

bad we don't have that much time-the one-month deadline is nearly up...

Her thoughts wandered until the blizzard ceased, the formless and colorless flames

extinguished, and the hurricane disintegrated outward, bending distant oaks.

Lumian, now his normal human size, approached the base of the stone pillar, his expression weary yet faintly smiling. "Let's return to the protected zone."

Franca smiled back and leaped gracefully from the 100-meter-high pillar, landing as lightly

as a feather.

At that moment, Lumian's middle head turned sharply, gazing toward another oak grove untouched by the apocalyptic scene.

Franca immediately sensed the crimson moonlight deepening and brightening.

From the depths of the grove emerged a woman dressed in a finely tailored black corset dress

with matching shoulder drape. She wore sheer gloves that hinted at the skin beneath and a

tilted, playful hat.

Around her neck hung a diamond necklace set in gold. Her eyebrows were perfectly shaped, and her scarlet eyes shone like miniatures of the crimson moon.

Franca had never seen

woman so beautiful-not even Cheek's face could compare.

This beauty was pure, sublime, and awe-inspiring, making one want to admire and protect

her but not dare to approach or desecrate. In contrast, Cheek's beauty radiated femininity and allure, stronger in seduction but less divine.

As Franca held her breath, Lumian spoke in a low voice. "Madame Pualis, why have you

appeared here?"

Madame Pualis looked just as she had when Lumian first saw her in Cordu Village.

Madame Pualis... The one who birthed Omebella?! Franca snapped out of her daze, shaken by this

realization.

She lowered her gaze, avoiding direct eye contact, and prepared to assist Lumian with her

abilities.

Madame Pualis smiled faintly. "I've come to see you both and to bid farewell.

"I thought our last meeting would be the final one, but it seems the Great Mother still needs

more time."

"Farewell?" Lumian raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," Madame Pualis replied with a gentle smile. "I am returning to the embrace of the

Mother."

"Returning to the embrace of the Mother?" Lumian frowned. "You did all this just for such an

ending?"

In the context of the Great Mother, returning to Her embrace was synonymous with death. Madame Pualis spoke softly, her expression tender.

"It is what I desire. The Mother's embrace is where we came from and where we are destined

to return. There, we find peace, warmth, slumber, and rebirth.

"Life is a journey. I have been, seen, and experienced. Naturally, it's time to return to the

Mother's embrace and await the next journey."

That sounds utterly sinister... Franca murmured to herself.

Lumian suddenly asked, "Are you currently a Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess of the Moon

pathway?"

"Yes, it is a gift from the Great Mother, lent to me temporarily," Madame Pualis said, her

tone full of emotion as she spoke to Lumian and Aurore. "The greatest regret of my journey is

missing you both in Cordu Village.

"Goodbye. We will meet again because all life will eventually return to the Mother's

embrace."

Before her words had fully settled, Cheek's face on Lumian's left shoulder suddenly turned,

Her expression sweet and smiling.

Charm!

A charm from the Demoness true god!

But Lumian was a moment too slow. Madame Pualis's figure dissolved into crimson light,

merging with the omnipresent moonlight, leaving only a fading image of her waving hand.

"What just happened?" Franca asked warily.

Lumian's voice was low as he responded with a question,

"A Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess suddenly choosing to return to the Mother's embrace-what

does that signify?"

Franca was suddenly alarmed. "It means the Mother Goddess of Depravity is about to fully merge with the Brood Hive and requires Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics to support her!" As she finished speaking, the previously devastated region began to sprout a frenzy of vegetation. The scorched ground gave way to rapidly growing flora, all stretching skyward. On the western horizon, the crimson moon, blood-red and ominous, began to rise slowly, laboriously revealing its edge.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1149: Acting

□

As Franca watched the crimson moon rise inch by inch, a chill ran down her spine. She felt as if her darkening flaxen-colored hair was growing along with it.

"What now?" She couldn't help but glance at Lumian.

After becoming a Demoness of Catastrophe, she had a vague understanding of Lumian's intended actions-essentially, the plan was this:

With the help of various forces on the Western Continent, Lumian would attempt to become the Origins of Disaster, Calamity of Destruction, before the Mother Goddess of Depravity fully accommodated the Brood Hive. Then, leveraging the symbolic connection between Earth Mother Lilith and Omebella, he would slay this true god to destroy the newly reborn Omebella, thereby provoking the Brood Hive into rebelling against the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Finally, he would seize the opportunity during Their confrontation to heavily wound the Mother Goddess of Depravity, heavily damage the Pillar, and drive Her out of the astral barrier.

Once this plan commenced, every second would count. Earth Mother Lilith's voluntary death would rapidly lead to the fragmentation of the astral barrier. Lumian would have only a fleeting window to wound and banish the Mother Goddess of Depravity before returning to the astral barrier himself to take Earth Mother's place. Failing this, the entire situation would collapse, and the apocalypse would arrive prematurely.

If the plan succeeded, Lumian-now having transcended the Sequences-could sustain the barrier and buy two or three more years. By then, Mr. Fool would fully awaken, lift the seals around the Western Continent, and allow more Great Old One to emerge.

Franca had two major concerns about the plan. First, from Earth Mother Lilith's fall to the shattering of the astral barrier, the time window might be mere seconds. Could Lumian truly injure the Mother Goddess of Depravity, a Pillar? Second, even if Lumian somehow managed this extraordinary feat, could he already precarious in balance and prone to "occasional" bouts of lucidity—remain stable after forcibly accommodating the City of Calamity long enough to maintain the barrier?

Now Franca realized she didn't need to worry anymore.

Because their plan was doomed before it even began!

The Mother Goddess of Depravity was about to fully accommodate the Brood Hive, leaving nothing capable of restraining Her!

At this moment, they could kill Earth Mother Lilith and reignite the Brood Hive's rebellious instincts to buy more time for Lumian to accommodate the City of Calamity. But who would then reinforce the astral barrier and halt the other Outer Deities' invasion?

It was death either way!

Yet Lumian smiled, the corners of his mouth curling upward, as he said to Franca, "There's still a chance. Still a way."

As he spoke, the scenery around them shifted from wildly growing trees and weeds to the villa in the protected zone.

Still a way? Franca, affected by Lumian's calm and resolute demeanor, felt her panic subside.

Lumian nodded at her. "Take Anthony and Ludwig and go to Madam Magician's place immediately. Follow her instructions. I'll meet Mr. Fool above the gray fog."

"Alright." Franca did not hesitate or let her emotions cloud her judgment.

She stepped forward, embracing Lumian's asymmetrical body for two seconds in silence. Straightening, she extended her right hand and offered a bright smile. "May we stay safe, and may you succeed."

Lumian smiled back, raising his right hand for a high-five.

With a crisp slap, he stared deeply at Franca for a few seconds, then turned and ascended the staircase. Grayish-white fog began to swirl around him as he disappeared.

Only when Lumian's figure faded completely did Franca wipe her eyes, her expression calm as she turned to face Anthony and Ludwig, who had already received notifications via the mental channel.

"We need to relocate," Franca said lightly, with a hint of a smile.

At the same time, many high-level figures in the protected zone sensed an ominous premonition.

Queen Mystic Bernadette swiftly produced Her Magic Wishing Lamp.

Even before she could stroke the lamp's surface, golden light burst from its spout, forming a faint, blue-tinged figure.

Genie's majestic voice reverberated.

"I warned Them that my sister's accommodation of the Brood Hive would be faster than expected. Why didn't They act sooner?

"Fate is only a baseline. Blind faith in its revelations invites backlash!"

As a former Clairvoyant, Bernadette immediately understood Genie's meaning: Fate's guidance was undoubtedly correct but only provided a baseline. For instance, in this case, fate might have hinted that there would be no major problems within a month. However, it wouldn't reveal that the apocalypse would strike immediately after that time frame. Similarly, fate might suggest there was still hope and opportunity a month from now but wouldn't warn that acting earlier could yield better chances and greater hope.

After a few seconds of silence, Queen Mystic Bernadette replied solemnly, "Perhaps it's precisely because fate is so enigmatic that we still have a chance and hope."

Genie fell silent at Her words.

...

Above the gray fog, in the majestic palace.

Lumian's figure appeared and immediately addressed Mr. Fool at the head of the bronze

table.

"The Mother Goddess of Depravity will fully accommodate the Brood Hive in at most half an hour. We didn't notice any signs until now."

Shrouded in gray-white fog, Mr. Fool nodded gently.

"Don't panic.

"This was already accounted for in our contingency plans. If we can't wait for the optimal moment, even a moderate or slightly worse opportunity is still an opportunity."

"I agree." Lumian smiled, his expression relaxed.

The time had finally come.

For him, it felt like a journey filled with pain and torment was finally reaching its conclusion.

The sense of relief outweighed all else.

In the next second, Lumian stood, placing his hand over his chest, and solemnly bowed to Mr.

Fool.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, let us begin."

"May all go smoothly, and may we meet again." Mr. Fool also stood, removing his silk top hat and placing it over his chest in a return bow.

Moments later, a figure pierced the gray fog and entered the palace.

It was the voluptuous and beautiful Earth Mother Lilith holding an invisible infant. Radiant with maternal grace, She arrived through a dream tied to the divine kingdom affiliated with

Sefirah Castle.

"Is it time?" This ancestor of the Sanguine asked Mr. Fool with a relaxed smile.

Her demeanor mirrored Lumian's, her smile much the same.

Before Mr. Fool could respond, Lilith looked at Lumian, who stood beside the bronze table,

and understood instantly.

"So it's him who will kill me.

"I see. That's how it should be."

Earth Mother Lilith visibly relaxed, Her beautiful features softening further with a

benevolent glow.

She even offered Lumian Her thanks. "Thank you."

Then She urged, "Let's begin. Time is of the essence."

Lumian glanced at Mr. Fool, who nodded. He then moved to the bottom of the bronze table,

turning the chair representing The World to face Earth Mother Lilith.

On the chair sat a card, depicting Empress Roselle in a maternity gown, her belly swollen with

maternal radiance.

Card of Blasphemy, Mother card!

Lumian picked up the Mother card and sat down in The World's seat.

To his sides, the flawless Zedus and the withered tree remains of Omebella appeared with Mr.

Fool's assistance.

In the next second, Zedus, under Lumian's command, opened His mouth and called out in a

low voice, "Mother."

Hearing this title, Lumian smiled.

Yes, the role he would act next was that of the Mother Goddess of Depravity!

This wasn't a fabricated symbolism, but something the Mother Goddess of Depravity Herself had acknowledged and permitted-one She had personally forged!

From containing fragments of Zedus's soul in Cordu Village to fusing Omebella's bloodline in Trier, Lumian had become the motherly vessel for these two divine offspring, a counterpart to

Madame Pualis in secret.

Subsequent events had reinforced this symbolic role. Thus, when drawing for a Major Arcana card, the first card he drew was The World. Thus, in the mirror world, his encounter with the calamity-representing Primordial Demoness and the mirrored Original Creator would allow Omebella to truly manifest in reality!

In all these occurrences, he had acted the role of the Mother, the Mother Goddess of

Depravity.

This was a sanctioned act-a symbolic connection recognized by the original! Since, during the descent of the crimson moon, the Mother Goddess of Depravity had been

Fooled, failing to kill Lumian immediately to sever this connection, he could now exploit it in

reverse!

To strengthen this role, Lumian had deliberately incorporated Zedus into his legion and exchanged for Omebella's remains, ensuring Their acknowledgment of him as Their mother. The Mother card, provided by Mr. Fool, further solidified the connection. Glancing at the Gift of the Land, which nestled close to him, Lumian closed his eyes briefly and recalled the whispered words of the Primordial Demoness, Cheek:

"Who you are is not important...

"What you want to do is not important either...

"What's important is the role you're playing..."

Lumian smiled, signaling Omebella's remains to merge with Earth Mother Lilith, overlapping

the two together. Sitting in The World's seat, Lumian's smile grew brighter. His left hand conjured formless,

colorless flames, while his right wielded a sinister black fire that froze everything it touched.

"Yes, who I am does not matter.

"What matters is the role I play. "But what I want to do matters just as much!"

With this thought, Lumian suddenly rose, unleashing the two opposing flames. They

intertwined and struck Lilith and Omebella's remains.

Now, I am acting as the Mother Goddess of Depravity! And what I want is to kill my daughter, Omebella!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1150: Mysteries

□

As Lumian rose to his feet, Earth Mother Lilith sighed softly.

She raised Her right hand with a relaxed smile, smoothing Her dark brown hair.

It was as if she had returned to the state when she was one of the eight ancient gods.

Back then, She was the most beautiful woman, the most beautiful creature, and the most beautiful deity in the entire world and universe.

Almost simultaneously, She sensed the Gift of the Land shrinking slightly toward Her, seemingly startled, frightened, and saddened.

She also saw Mr. Fool, who was already standing, raise both hands. The black trench coat He wore flared as if caught in a strong wind.

Fooled!

Both Lumian's and Lilith's respective symbolic connections were valid and strong. Without needing further aid, Mr. Fool's sole task now was to Fool the Brood Hive, ensuring It remained utterly convinced.

The next moment, Sanguine Ancestor Lilith saw the formless, colorless flame Lumian had conjured merge with the freezing black flame, forming a strange black fire that restrained madness, destruction, and chaos.

Fire of Destruction!

The Fire of Destruction elongated into a massive black sword, which struck the remains of Omebella and Lilith across the distance.

Lilith offered no resistance, and neither did the Gift of the Land. It only let out an illusory wail of sorrow.

Lilith smiled-a smile as radiant as moonlight, as tender as the earth, and as loving as a mother's.

Crack!

Omebella's remains were the first to shatter. The lingering spirit and spirituality within them were swallowed by the black flames of the Sword of Destruction,

disappearing entirely.

Pieces of broken wood were flung in all directions, charred black, with some reduced to ash. Lilith's expression twisted uncontrollably, a reflection of the instinctive pain She felt. Her voluptuous, graceful body split open, crumbling into fragments of brown light that scattered across the sky.

Her immense vitality struggled to reassemble the fragments, but it couldn't overcome the symbolic forces of destruction and chaos.

Within two or three seconds, the orbs of brown light fell to the grand palace's floor.

Lilith's consciousness rapidly dissipated. The final image in Her vision was of Mr. Fool and Lumian bowing slightly to Her in unison.

She smiled again.

Outside the protected zone, at the astral barrier, under the influence of the symbolic connection of falsehood becoming truth, the dormant body of Earth Mother Lilith also began to collapse, consumed by black flames that annihilated all and returned everything to the primordial.

A crimson moon once again rose high in the World of Ruins, accompanied by a mass of brown soil sprouting grass, grains, trees, mushrooms, and numerous reproductive organs.

Earth Mother Lilith, the ancestor of the Sanguine, had fallen.

Soon, the crimson moon and the brown soil plummeted together, streaking the sky with red and brown light as they descended into the protected zone.

Grafting!

On the western horizon, the larger blood-red moon that had just begun to rise through the gray fog suddenly exhibited rapid upheaval. A prominent bulge surged upward, as if the moon's crust were violently shifting, forming a mountain thousands or tens of thousands of meters high.

The mountain wriggled, resembling both a bird's nest and a womb.

The Brood Hive, whose dissipating consciousness had been rekindled by intense hatred and mystical stimulation, reassembled and became active once more.

The ascent of the enormous blood moon came to an abrupt halt, even showing signs of sinking back into the depths of the gray fog and below the horizon.

Sanguine Ancestor Lilith's death had not been in vain. The complete fusion of the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the Brood Hive had indeed been delayed!

At the astral barrier, with the Earth Mother's support gone, eight stars of various colors- scarlet, gold, and more-suddenly flared with extreme brilliance.

They rapidly expanded, pressing against the invisible barrier like terrifying eyes peering inside, or gaping mouths tearing at a membranous veil.

The sound of crackling transitioned from the abstract to the real, resonating from the astral world into the World of Ruins.

This signified that the invisible barrier had developed deep cracks, with mere seconds of durability remaining.

Once it shattered, the Outer Deities would tear apart the entire planet.

Among them, some deities bore symbols far less "gentle" than the Great Mother's.

Within the protected zone.

Will Auceptin, residing in the Southern Continent, raised His head to gaze at the night sky where the crimson moon hung high, and sighed in a deliberately aged tone.

"What's destined to come will come..."

He still appeared as a young boy, but His hair had somehow turned silver.

Beside Him, Azik Eggers also looked at the crimson moon in the night sky and nodded

slightly. "Death is not the true end.

"Even death itself will pass away."

At that moment, all the high-level entities within the protected zone "heard" the warning of fate—a symphony heralding the arrival of death.

They were all powerless to stop it.

Meanwhile, in the grand palace above the gray fog, Mr. Fool Klein nodded at Lumian and stepped forward.

He entered the astral realm, His figure growing immeasurably vast, neither abstracted nor reduced to mere symbols.

More than a month earlier, Klein Moretti had already completed his confrontation and fusion with The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, truly accommodating Sefirah

Castle!

The acceleration of Klein's progress was due to the Mother Goddess of Depravity's actions- Her attempt to revive the Primordial God Almighty through the mirrored Original Creator and the subsequent true birth of Omebella.

While these moves brought immense gains to the Mother Goddess, they also had significant drawbacks. They agitated the Celestial Worthy, who understood the terror of the Original Creator and the hatred the Primordial God Almighty bore toward Him. Forced to compromise, the Celestial Worthy chose to compromise and withdraw.

Although this meant ceding the contest to Klein, the Celestial Worthy believed that, in the grand scheme of things-over tens of thousands or even millions of years-He would eventually triumph. However, should the Original Creator or Primordial God Almighty return, all hope would be lost for Him!

To hasten the Celestial Worthy's withdrawal, Klein had made some concessions, achieving a more thorough fusion in certain aspects.

Thus, on June 25, 1360, Klein Moretti completed his confrontation and fusion with the Celestial Worthy, accommodating Sefirah Castle as a single-pathway deity-The Fool! For over a month since then, the now fully awakened The Fool Klein had refrained from immediate action, sharing his true state only with Lumian, the Evernight Goddess, and Will Auceptin. Instead, he had patiently and covertly prepared.

A Magician didn't perform unprepared!

Lumian's actions-visiting Red Angel Medici, retrieving 0-01, and dealing with Primordial Demoness Cheek-had happened only at the end of June for a critical reason:

he was awaiting Mr. Fool's full awakening!

That's why Ouroboros suddenly sensed that the opportunity had slipped away, and that He wouldn't be able to become a deity of the Fate pathway in the near future.

That was why the blessing granted by Will Auceptin could enable the scene transplantation of the Box of the Great Old Ones-it was finally the right moment. With the help of the awakened Fool Klein, He accommodated the Die of Probability, the Uniqueness of the Fate pathway. That's why Lumian, under the guise of seeking divination, visited the God of Knowledge and Wisdom and Queen Mystic on behalf of Mr. Fool.

Klein and Lumian's original plan was that once the latter accommodated the City of Calamity, he would leverage symbolic connections to kill Earth Mother Lilith. During the fierce confrontation between the Brood Hive and the Mother Goddess of Depravity, Klein would enter the astral world, retrieve the Uniquenesses of Error and Door, along with their corresponding Sequence 1 characteristics, and truly transcend the Sequences to become the Lord of Mysteries. As a Pillar, he would replace Earth Mother Lilith in maintaining the astral

barrier.

This approach would ensure the barrier's stability for at least another three to five years. That was why Klein had chosen not to ascend as the Lord of Mysteries at that time to directly confront the Mother Goddess of Depravity. If he had taken back the Uniquenesses linked to Gehrman Sparrow, the barrier would have collapsed within three seconds, even if Earth

Mother Lilith hadn't yet fallen.

Simultaneously, the Lord of Mysteries Klein could remotely assist Lumian-now the Origins of Disaster-against the Mother Goddess of Depravity, who would be suffering a backlash from the Brood Hive. This greatly increased their chances of victory. With the barrier stabilized, the battle would no longer have a time constraint.

Once the Mother Goddess of Depravity was driven from within the barrier, Lord of Mysteries Klein could lift the seals and aid the birth of more Above the Sequences. With him present, the deities could take turns leaving the astral barrier without fear of its collapse. However, to stabilize Lumian and prevent him from exploding uncontrollably as a Great Old Dominator after accommodating the City of Calamity, The Fool Klein chose to wait another month. This caused them to miss the optimal opportunity-though it might not have been optimal and could very well have been the worst possible time.

Since the best timing was no longer available, they now had to act quickly and give Lumian a chance to accommodate the City of Calamity before the Mother Goddess of Depravity fully accommodated the Brood Hive!

At the astral barrier, the figure of Gehrman Sparrow, who had been waiting, emerged. With his star-encrusted cane and black gloves, he stepped in front of The Fool Klein.

His expression cold, he revealed a faint smile, took a step forward, and merged with The Fool

Klein's figure.

The two became one!

The Fool Klein's body abruptly collapsed inward. Within the depths of his black trench coat, a glowing bluish-black door seemed to flicker in and out of existence.

The star-encrusted cane and black gloves collapsed inward as well, forming a massive vortex

within the trench coat-a terrifying vortex.

Every gust of wind, droplet of water, and ray of light in the vortex consisted of writhing worms, segmented insects, and tiny, starlit creatures.

Within a second or two, the vortex was also devoured. The inside of the black trench coat

became an abyss, seemingly infinite, as if it contained an entire universe and a spirit world

connected to every planet.

As this transformation occurred, grayish-white fog rapidly spread throughout the World of Ruins, enveloping the entire planet and all living beings.

Beyond the barrier, in the boundless universe, faint gray fog began to spread as well, though

no one could say when it had started.

Living beings within the fog either became dull-witted, filled with cunning, or inexplicably transported to the place they knew most intimately.

Numerous rules malfunctioned, and many symbols were fooled.

The pressure from the Outer Deities momentarily stagnated.

Time stopped.

At the astral barrier, within the darkness inside the black trench coat, smooth tentacles

inscribed with mysterious patterns suddenly emerged. They slipped into black gloves at the

sleeves and lifted the star-encrusted cane.

Next, under the silk half top hat, a face slowly emerged from the darkness-a face with black

hair and brown eyes.

It was Klein Moretti's face.

The Lord of Mysteries was born.

The ruler of the spirit world had returned.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1151: Buying Time

At the deep, terrifying cracks in the astral barrier, grayish-white fog suddenly began to spread.

The fog quickly obscured the fissures, rendering them invisible and untouchable.

It was as if they no longer existed.

As a result, the astral barrier stabilized.

The Lord of Mysteries-where truth becomes falsehood, and falsehood becomes truth!

This time, the Outer Deities beyond the barrier did not retreat. Instead, They intensified Their oppression. Their brilliance grew brighter than before, especially the golden star, which rapidly expanded, first transforming into a blazing star with countless flames leaping from it, then into a genuine sun. It erupted with light that illuminated the entire astral world, revealing colossal, shadowy entities cloaked in darkness and terrifying forms shrouded by storms.

Once again, the astral barrier emitted a cracking sound that transitioned from abstract to real.

Lord of Mysteries Klein raised his hand to adjust the silk half-top hat on his head. His body dissolved into a dark vortex bristling with slick tentacles, which then merged into the invisible barrier.

Clang!

An ancient bell tolling across eras reverberated throughout the astral world and the spirit world that spanned the universe. The eight differently colored stars froze in place, and their exploding light fractured into countless cones.

The astral barrier was thoroughly stabilized.

Klein then turned his gaze toward the earth.

In the World of Ruins, except for the few areas under protection and some distant regions in the Western Continent, the Spirit Body Threads of all other living beings suddenly floated skyward, ascending into the astral world.

These included clawed bird-like infant monstrosities, oak giants, herds of deer, and various animals, as well as creatures mutated into the Brood Hive's followers. The countless beings- numbering in the tens or hundreds of billions-shuddered and turned their bodies to gaze uniformly at the massive, stationary blood-red moon hanging in the air.

The next second, these innumerable creatures writhed and transformed. Each one instantly morphed into a version of Klein Moretti, complete with a silk half-top hat and black trench coat.

Countless Klein Morettis surged toward the massive, blood-red, perfectly round moon from the sky, land, sea, and all directions.

Near the dense fog surrounding the Western Continent, Omebella, who had grown into a young girl over less than a year and now stood five or six meters tall, burned with black flames that emanated destruction. Her eyes were vacant as She watched each Klein Moretti pass by.

Her body had already fragmented substantially, and Her soul was near complete dissolution. All that remained was Her confusion and sorrow.

She couldn't understand why Her mother wanted to kill Her.

At last, Omebella's remaining consciousness, spirit, spirituality, and shattered body were devoured by the Fire of Destruction, rapidly turning to ash.

With Her complete death, the mountain-like, nest-like protrusion on the surface of the blood-red moon let out a wail filled with hatred and resentment: "Child! My child!" The struggle intensified.

As the Klein Morettis approached the densely concentrated world of the blood-red moonlight, they began to undergo transformations.

Some withered rapidly, others' bellies swelled as their flesh and blood concentrated into offspring that were not marionettes. Others gained new life and consciousness, ceasing to be mere puppets and starting to resist the Marionettist controlling them.

The Klein Morettis turned on each other, engaging in fierce battles. Yet whether it was the marionettes' offspring or those reborn, they soon became toys in the hands of the

Marionettist, entering a new cycle.

Many marionettes attempted to use various abilities, but the majority of these powers betrayed their original owners, instead destroying them.

The situation reached a stalemate as numerous inexplicable phenomena unfolded in the region.

The true body of Klein, unable to leave the astral barrier, never expected to defeat or seriously wound the Mother Goddess of Depravity using marionettes or parasitic methods. He simply aimed to scatter Her focus, forcing Her to divert significant attention to fend off the relentless, unending assaults. His true goal was to delay Her complete fusion with the Brood Hive!

Even if I can't defeat you, can't I at least make you miserable?

-

Within the protected zone, Backlund, at the home of The Magician Fors and Judgment Xio. After hearing Franca's account, The Magician Fors exhaled slowly and said, "So that's what happened...

"No wonder I had a bad feeling..."

Due to the isolation of the protected zone and the extremely high level of the current events, neither she nor Judgment Xio had managed to understand what was happening in time. All their attempts at divination had failed.

Before anyone else could speak, Fors looked around the room and solemnly said,

"Everyone, prepare yourselves."

Her plan was to relocate the humans in her "sphere" to the edge of the universe, to a still- habitable planet that hadn't yet been discovered by the Outer Deities. She had already gathered the Abrahams into a nearby neighborhood.

Franca opened her mouth as if to say something but held back. Anthony remained silent, seemingly deep in thought.

Seeing the tense atmosphere, Madam Magician smiled slightly and turned to Ludwig.

"Your godfather probably wanted to feed you the danger of the third layer of the Box of the Great Old Ones, but I'm not sure if there's still time for that..."

Before she could finish, she suddenly froze, turning her head toward the window and gazing at the crimson moon in the night sky.

Franca, Ludwig, and Xio quickly followed suit.

"Mr. Fool has become the true Lord of Mysteries..." As an Archangel of the Door pathway, The Magician was the first to sense this. She was both surprised and puzzled, but these emotions were overshadowed by an overwhelming sense of relief and security.

"When did Mr. Fool fully awaken?" Judgment Xio began to recall the circumstances of the last

two Tarot Gatherings.

Mr. Fool has truly awakened and become the Lord of Mysteries? Franca felt a moment of elation before realizing why Lumian had been so unhurried earlier.

Not long after, once things had stabilized and The Magician Fors finally retrieved related information from the spirit world and stars, she exhaled in relief and said, "Although Earth

Mother has fallen..."

She glanced at Anthony, sealing his hearing just as Franca had done when explaining the Mother Goddess of Depravity's impending fusion with the Brood Hive.

Only after completing this did The Magician continue, "But the Mother Goddess of Depravity's progress in accommodating the Brood Hive has also been delayed. Mr. Fool has timely ascended as the Lord of Mysteries and stabilized the astral barrier."

She paused, then looked at Franca and Ludwig.

"Of course, the danger isn't over yet. If Lumian can't accommodate the City of Calamity before the Mother Goddess of Depravity fully fuses with the Brood Hive, and if he can't cooperate with Mr. Fool to seriously wound Her and drive Her out of the barrier after becoming the Origins of Disaster, we'll still have to evacuate."

"Mm." Franca first responded solemnly, then forced a smile. "At least there's still hope. That's better than no hope at all!"

"Indeed." Madam Magician nodded in agreement, then released Anthony from his seal and briefly explained the situation in terms he could understand.

After finishing, she sighed and said, "Tonight is destined to be long."

Meanwhile, the Rorsted Archipelago, in the City of Generosity, Bayam.

The Blue Avenger docked at the harbor. Mr. Hanged Man Alger, wearing a captain's coat, stepped off the deck and descended toward the port, embraced by the wind.

Under the crimson moonlight, his shadow stretched long and indistinct, as if he had three

heads.

Loen Kingdom, Cathedral of Serenity, in a certain room.

Mr. Star Leonard emerged from the darkness, wearing a white shirt under a dark trench coat.

He approached a table, picked up the red gloves placed before him, and slowly, methodically

slipped them on.

He then glanced around, his figure vanishing inch by inch as if erased by an invisible hand.

Mission: Protect a region containing multiple "spheres."

Destination: Tingen City, Awwa County.

...

Above the gray fog, within the majestic palace.

When Mr. Fool left for the astral world, Lumian turned his gaze toward the charred fragments

of trees left after the Gift of the Land shattered and the brown mist rising and coalescing

above them. This mist corresponded to the powers of the Desolate Matriarch's boon.

Lumian reached out and grabbed, causing the brown mist to condense into a mass of soil

sprouting grass, grains, and vines.

"Deliver this to Madam Justice," Lumian said, tossing the soil to Zedus beside him.

After the strike of the Sword of Destruction, Omebella's remaining consciousness and spirituality within the Gift of the Land had been completely annihilated, leaving behind no trace. The boon power, now detached from the corpse, became purified, containing only faint remnants of the Brood Hive's consciousness and spirituality, unlinked to Omebella's mystical

connections.

In essence, this mass of brown soil was akin to Beyonder items like the Circle of Binding or Fallen Mercury. It no longer bore ties to Omebella's past but could no longer reliably connect with the Brood Hive for power, making each use of its abilities finite.

As he spoke, Lumian departed from above the gray fog with Zedus, returning to the villa

where he resided.

Naboredisley was already waiting there.

"You've finally returned," said Naboredisley, His ice-blue eyes betraying a visible sigh of

relief.

As Zedus vanished with the brown soil in hand, Lumian smiled at Naboredisley and said, "Let's begin. This is the final chance."

With that, Lumian settled into an armchair in the living room.

Naboredisley gave him a look, sat on the long sofa opposite him, and smiled in reply, "Better

than no chance at all."

Before the words had fully left his lips, His body suddenly dissolved into a pool of black liquid, a manifestation of all malice, desire, and evil intent.

The black liquid, both real and illusory, quickly flowed toward Lumian.

Directly infiltrating my mind and spirit without implanting a spiritual brand? Heh... Lumian raised

an eyebrow, watching with a smile but offering no resistance. He allowed the foul, sinister liquid to seep into his body, spirit, and mind.

Feeling the surge of malevolence within him, Lumian retrieved a candle from his divine

kingdom, lit it, and placed it on the edge of the coffee table.

He then leaned back against the sofa, closing his eyes. The faintly sweet aroma of gray amber began to spread.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1152: The Hawk Does Not Bow to the Sparrow

As the scent of gray amber candles wafted through the air, Lumian sat with his eyes closed, sensing the malice welling up deep within his mind. It was as though he had entered the mists of history, embodying Devil Monarch Farbauti, indulging in wild, unrestrained acts, all while entering a Cogitative state.

Now, he no longer needed corpse wax candles to sense the City of Calamity. Through Cogitation alone, he could achieve a deep communion with it.

Soon, Lumian began to float. Before him appeared a mist tinged with an eerie black hue.

This time, he didn't enter the "Shanghai" that Franca had described, nor did he see the trackless trams carrying heads with dangling spines or rickshaws dragging bloated women. Instead, what came into view was a stone well built of slabs and iron chains engraved with devilish faces.

The Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence? Now that I've become a dual-pathway true god in the domain of calamity, initiating the secret deed brings me directly to the core of the City of Calamity, to the place where the malevolent dragon is sealed? If not for the seal, I'd likely be facing the malevolent dragon directly... Lumian nodded in understanding.

Wasting no time, he immersed himself in the mirror-like surface of the crimson well water. He traversed through familiar scenes he had previously explored and arrived at the gray- white plaza where he had once encountered the mirrored Alista Tudor. Outside the invisible barrier, he saw the massive black shadow occupying the bottom of the blood-colored sea, spanning the size of an entire metropolis.

He stopped in his tracks.

At the same time, outside the wooden tower binding the malevolent dragon, a figure materialized out of thin air, composed of countless ethereal, transparent entities.

Draped in a blue robe and crowned with a traditional high headdress, this figure held a horsetail whisk. His face was as flawless as jade but gaunt.

The Celestial Master of the current generation.

Now that the Mother Goddess of Depravity had captured the Brood Hive and begun fusing with it, He no longer needed to maintain the grayish-white fog.

Beside Him, two other figures gradually came into focus.

One was clad in yellow monastic robes wrapped in a red kasaya. His head bore tonsure scars, and his round face was adorned with a long white beard that reached his chest. He wore a perpetual, kind smile.

The other was draped in a dark robe adorned with strange patterns. His face was ashen and bloodless, with eyes so black they seemed to swallow all light.

The first was the manifestation of Buddha, a Holy Monk acknowledged by all sects of the monastic community. The second was the Underworld Daoist, head of the Haoli lineage. Ever since He had entered the River of Eternal Darkness to suppress the remnants of the Blood Emperor's soul, He had been as good as dead- His consciousness only partially merged into the River, allowing Him to act briefly but preventing Him from returning to the living world. This fate mirrored those of His predecessors and successors in the Haoli lineage.

"Your efforts are much appreciated," said the Celestial Master, placing one hand on his chest and nodding slightly.

Before His words had fully settled, a shadow emerged from the depths of the dragon-sealing tower. Darkness condensed into a human form.

The figure wore a voluminous black robe, with long, flowing hair streaked with white. His gaunt face bore a smile as He stepped forward. "How could you leave me out of this?"

The Celestial Master did not respond, as a sudden light illuminated the sky.

All four present figures raised their heads simultaneously. Through layers of white clouds, they saw a faintly discernible door.

At the door stood an immense figure, crowned with the high headdress of an emperor, its face concealed by overlapping beaded veils.

Without speaking further, the Celestial Master approached the stone tablet in front of the wooden tower and pressed His hand against it.

In the next second, the iron chains within the ancient well began to retract, producing metallic clanging sounds.

This caused the crimson well water to ripple and lose its mirror-like quality.

Standing on the gray-white plaza, Lumian immediately sensed that the barrier separating the blood-colored sea from this mirror world had loosened, leaving exploitable "cracks."

As the Ruler of the Mirror World, Lumian dematerialized without hesitation, passing through the opening and returning to reality.

The blood-colored sea surged around him, corroding his soul and attempting to merge with him.

Lumian felt the malice buried deep within his heart gush forth as viscous black liquid, separating from his mind and spirit.

These streams of black liquid stealthily dispersed into the surroundings of the blood-colored sea, neutralizing the dark specks suspended within it.

Unconcerned with Devil Monarch Farbauti's actions, Lumian focused his gaze ahead, toward the immense black shadow he had previously glimpsed but could not clearly see.

The shadow was unimaginably long, coiled like a serpent. Yet, even so, it occupied an area comparable to an entire Trier.

Its body seemed composed of two enormous pythons entwined together-one covered in deep, iron-black scales, the other smooth and pristine, like white jade. Where they touched, flesh and bone intertwined, forming one entity despite their dual appearance.

Iron chains, engraved with demonic reliefs, pierced through this massive body repeatedly, extending toward the blood-colored sea above.

Sensing Lumian's presence, the colossal creature slowly raised its heads.

It had three heads!

On the left, connected to the black-scaled body, was a head resembling a camel's, with antelope-like horns, cow-like ears, and iron-black eyes. Crimson fur covered its scalp.

On the right, extending from the white jade "serpent body," was the head of a human woman with black hair and brown eyes, breathtakingly beautiful, bearing a resemblance to Cheek. Or rather, Cheek bore a resemblance to it.

The central head, however, was a swirling amalgamation of liquid, encompassing all colors and possibilities. At its facial features-eyes, nose, ears, and mouth-holes had been drilled, one or two in each location.

This central head separated the other two, preventing them from merging, ensuring their independent existence. Below it, an invisible substance formed a neck that both supported the head and rooted it into the entwined serpentine bodies.

"You also have three heads..." Lumian chuckled.

Then, he mockingly jeered at Adam in his mind, Your plan failed in the final step!

Had Alista Tudor and Cheek not stumbled upon the right conditions by chance, this "experiment" of yours would have ended in failure!

The phrase "Yin contains yang, yang contains yin, the union of yin and yang gives rise to everything" was indeed correct, and the only method, but only up until the final step. But in this state, attempting to accommodate the City of Calamity would inevitably lead to disaster.

The phrase "the union of yin and yang gives rise to everything" itself hinted at its conclusion:

What did everything begin with? It began with the Original Creator creating this world! The union of yin and yang signifies a return to the origin, heralding the rebirth of all things! Of course, what would return wouldn't be the complete Original Creator but rather a Mirrored Original Creator, stable enough to avoid immediately destroying and rebooting the universe.

In the First Epoch, the first sefirah accommodated by the Primordial God Almighty was the City of Calamity. Beyond His deep desire for it, He likely foresaw its dangers. By intervening personally and using the chaotic head as a barrier, He prevented yin and yang from fully merging, halting their

integration.

Everything was threefold, giving birth to all things. Only then could it be stable.

With his three heads and six faces, Lumian gazed at the similarly three-headed malevolent

dragon, laughing wildly.

...

Inside the wooden tower.

The Celestial Master, the Holy Monk, the Haoli lineage's Underworld Daoist, and the self- proclaimed Master of the Shadow Cottage each sat cross-legged at one of the dragon-sealing

well's corners.

Underneath the Celestial Master appeared a desolate wilderness. Behind the Holy Monk, a

pristine, transcendent halo emerged.

Before the Haoli sect master, a straight, broad, dark river flowed out of the void and into the

ancient well.

Seeing this, the Master of the Shadow Cottage laughed uproariously, summoning a faintly discernible, shadowy-black world to descend upon the scene.

At the wooden tower's apex, a light tinged with blue and white poured down directly onto the

dragon-sealing well.

Clanging sounds echoed as faint light glimmered on the chains embedded in the ancient

well's walls, shaking violently.

The battle between Lumian and the malevolent dragon-or rather, Lumian's effort to accommodate the City of Calamity-was something the high-ranking figures like the Celestial Master could not directly intervene in. They could only use the preexisting seals to

restrict and weaken the malevolent dragon.

...

At the bottom of the blood-colored sea, the malevolent dragon's six eyes fixed on Lumian, and an overwhelming pressure descended upon the world.

Lumian, holding onto the idea that "if I can persuade it, I can save a lot of time, and there's nothing to lose by trying," smiled and Instigate the malevolent dragon, "I know you desire war, destruction, the conquest of all things, and to send those who refuse to submit into

chaos.

"If you're willing to merge with my body, I will lead you into the highest realms of warfare, where those so-called great existences will either bow before you or be destroyed by you."

As Lumian spoke, Cheek's face turned forward, eager to add something, to Instigate a few words Herself. Unfortunately, she couldn't speak.

The malevolent dragon stared at Lumian for several seconds, and then the two side heads

spoke simultaneously.

One voice was masculine and powerful; the other was soft and alluring. The two overlapped, resonating throughout the surroundings:

"The hawk does not bow to the sparrow, and a true dragon does not obey the wild dog.

"If you wish to claim all this, then come and defeat me-kill me!"

Hearing these words, Lumian suddenly felt a surge of excitement. So did the face of Alista

Tudor, whose eyes turned iron black, filled with fervent intensity. Lumian immediately raised his right hand and removed the dark gold mask from the central face on his left shoulder, revealing the visage formed of the chaotic vortex.

He laughed loudly and declared, "Then let us fight!"

...

In the World of Ruins.

Above the grayish-white fog outside the Western Continent, the blood-red moon continued

to fend off the marionettes controlled by Klein while simultaneously suppressing the Brood Hive with relentless fury.

Suddenly, from deep within the blood-red moon-where the physical core might reside- came a strange sound: Thump! Thump! Thump!

It sounded like the heartbeat of a fetus within its mother's womb.

Before the fetus had even been born, its heartbeat pierced through its mother's body, echoing across every place illuminated by the blood-red moonlight.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1153: The Shoulders of Giants

□

Thump! Thump!

As the heartbeat intensified, the towering, ten-thousand-meter-high Brood Hive hesitated in Its struggle. It seemed to be drawn by an inexplicable force or subjected to an irresistible power.

Its fusion with the blood-red moon accelerated once again.

However, the heartbeat emanating from the depths of the moon did not last long. It soon subsided, as if even the moon's body rejected its continuation, unwilling to let the pulsations grow stronger.

It was as though allowing it to persist might bring about an unknown problem-one so severe that the moon itself was reluctant to face it.

After the brief resonance of the infant's heartbeat, the Brood Hive's resistance faltered. Though It still struggled and held Its ground, Its efforts were no longer as fervent as before. It was akin to a battlefield charge, once full of hope, being thwarted, leading to a drop in morale.

Under such circumstances, failure seemed inevitable in the near future.

...

At the bottom of the blood-colored sea, Lumian removed the dark golden mask, revealing the chaotic vortex face beneath. At that moment, the left head of the malevolent dragon let out a terrifying roar.

The roar reverberated through Lumian's mind, causing an overwhelming buzzing that briefly scattered his thoughts.

Pain shot through all three of his necks as if invisible hands were trying to wrench each head from his shoulders, spine and all.

Of the three, the chaotic vortex head was the least affected. It turned to the front, stabilizing the body while continuing to "gaze" at the malevolent dragon.

Accompanied by the roar, the malevolent dragon attempted to stretch Its massive body and ascend to the upper reaches of the blood-colored sea. But metallic

clanging echoed as black iron chains embedded in Its flesh and soul strained against Its movements.

One after another, the demonic engravings on the chains transformed into colossal, tangible entities-manifestations of various demons.

They desperately pulled on the chains, preventing the malevolent dragon from leaving Its position.

Some demons quickly succumbed to the malevolent dragon's power, submitting entirely. Others held on, stubbornly resisting the forces of conquest.

Seeing the formation of demons faltering and on the verge of complete submission, a dark, colorless river flowed down the iron chains, revitalizing the struggling devils. It was like an emergency injection, causing them to return to their positions and heed the commands of their sealers.

High-ranking figures of the Death pathway wield significant control and suppression over their lesser counterparts. The River of Eternal Darkness, a force even higher in rank than Death itself, amplified this effect!

When the malevolent dragon was first sealed, the engravings of demons on the iron chains were chosen specifically for this purpose. Empowered by the River of Eternal Darkness and controlled by the Haoli sect's sect master, these demons could partially resist the dragon's powers of Conquest and Charm. This ensured that the demons would not immediately capitulate in the dragon's struggle, buying time for reinforcements to arrive and activate subsequent layers of containment.

Amidst the piercing sounds of strained metal, the malevolent dragon managed to extend only part of Its body. It could not ascend higher in the blood-colored sea and remained trapped in place.

This was one of the reasons Klein believed Lumian had a chance to merge with the City of Calamity before the Mother Goddess of Depravity completed Her fusion with the Brood Hive. Lumian wasn't facing a fully intact malevolent dragon or the City of Calamity at its peak. Instead, he confronted a target that had been sealed through a monumental effort-one that cost countless heroes their lives!

The current malevolent dragon was shackled, unable to leave its position or create Mirror Substitutions or slumbering mirrors. It was akin to a living target. If Lumian couldn't defeat, subdue, kill, or merge with such a restrained dragon in a short time, he was fundamentally unworthy of the task.

The cultivators of the Western Continent had paved the way for him, sacrificing generations to remove half the obstacles to the finish line!

Lumian stood on the shoulders of giants, supported by the wisdom and sacrifices of Western civilization's sages.

This was a relay passed down through countless generations, and Lumian was merely the final runner!

Many of the demonic entities engraved on the dragon-sealing chains were once cultivators who voluntarily transformed themselves to bind the dragon. They willingly accepted eternal torment, choosing to descend into demonic hell to ensure the dragon remained imprisoned. Today, they would finally see the decisive battle. The malevolent dragon would be slain, and they would be liberated.

Success doesn't have to be achieved by me, but I must contribute to its achievement!

The demons on the iron-black chains, their faces twisted and their claws bared, remained steadfast. The majority stood resolutely at their posts, refusing to retreat, vowing to resist to the death.

They pulled on the chains with all their might, firmly restricting the dragon's movements and creating opportunities for Lumian's attacks.

Earlier, Lumian had attempted to Instigate the dragon not only to save time but also to leverage the Eye of Calamity to identify the malevolent dragon's weaknesses and the

tributary of fate leading to Its death.

But the malevolent dragon had no fatal weaknesses. There was no tributary in fate leading to Its true demise.

Its only vulnerabilities were the chains and the demons that forcefully created limitations. These were not deadly flaws; they merely restricted Its actions and diminished Its power. Thus, Lumian removed the dark golden mask. He intended to use the chaotic vortex face to draw upon the White Tower pathway's Omniscient Eye ability.

This time, he wasn't searching for weaknesses or death. He was searching for problems. The vortex on the chaotic face at the center of his left shoulder began to spin. Deep within the vortex, an eye seemed to open, illuminating the entwined dual dragon bodies and their three heads.

In an instant, Lumian saw the problem.

A scene suddenly appeared in his mind: Under a specific psychic storm, intangible shadows that didn't belong to the dragon-yet bore Its aura were stripped away.

These shadows included a general seated alone in a tent, a beautiful dancer performing under the general's gaze, a conqueror standing before a massive mound of skulls, a concubine gracefully dancing in his palm, an emperor ascending a sacrificial altar alone, and a favored consort smiling at the sight of beacon fires rising in the distance...

These shadows represented successive generations of high-ranking figures who had aligned themselves with the City of Calamity. They were a jumble of influences that had imparted some degree of consciousness, thoughts, and

inclinations to the malevolent dragon. Lumian envisioned using psychic authority and a specific Mental Plague to temporarily strip away these external consciousnesses, rejecting them to the edges of the dragon's being. This would return the malevolent dragon to Its most "primal" and "authentic" form.

As such, the malevolent dragon would become a pure symbol of calamity, a walking embodiment of destruction, incapable of controlling Its own instincts.

This created exploitable vulnerabilities.

As the scene took shape in Lumian's mind, the malevolent dragon, which was straining against the chains, suddenly stiffened. One by one, intangible shadows separated from Its

body.

The dragon's left head, with Its iron-black eyes, was instantly tinged with blood-red. The expression on the right, the beautiful woman's head, turned mad. Even the central, chaotic head began spewing all-encompassing colors from its drilled apertures.

The declared future from a Visionary was unfolding!

The blood-colored sea quaked violently the very next second. An indescribable aura of destruction and madness descended upon the scene. The demons on the chains trembled uncontrollably, while Lumian's right and central heads were forced to bow.

The malevolent dragon's white-bodied head, with Its crazed blue eyes, swiftly reflected Lumian's body within Its gaze. It perceived his fragile balance and the point of calamity's

detonation.

Without hesitation, the dragon lunged forward. In Its eyes, Lumian's body began to collapse

from within, exploding into chaos.

Catastrophe descended!

This was a strike against Lumian's greatest vulnerability-his precarious balance.

For the now-instinct-driven malevolent dragon, what would happen to Lumian in the event

of such a collapse didn't matter.

Its sole desire was destruction, the return of all things to chaos. Lumian's figure shattered abruptly, voluntarily turning into a mirror.

Yet, even with his preemptive use of a Mirror Substitution, the catastrophe traveled through

the connection between the avatar and his true body, spreading to him.

This was the nature of the City of Calamity.

As long as a connection existed, it could curse, affect, and spread catastrophe! Lumian's half-female, half-male body shimmered in one corner of the blood-colored sea. Both sides of his form began writhing as though they intended to devour each other. Meanwhile, the central head lost its connection and control over the heads on the right and

left.

Within Lumian, the Uniqueness of the Primordial Demoness, the Uniqueness of the Red Priest, and the Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder characteristics and Conqueror erupted into violent conflict. Each sought to end the current equilibrium and dominate the whole.

Illusory cracking noises echoed as the invisible connections within Lumian, linking his various traits, were forcibly severed by the catastrophe.

However, this did not cause Lumian's body to collapse catastrophically. Instead, it shattered

the protections maintaining his balance.

Grafting!

That protection was Grafting.

Shortly after becoming a dual-pathway true god, Lumian had enlisted Mr. Fool's assistance

to Graft the Uniqueness and Beyonder characteristics within him into a cohesive whole, stabilizing his existence in a peculiar manner. He had made similar preparations before facing

the Primordial Demoness.

Now, the Grafting had shielded him from one catastrophic collapse of his balance, but it could only do so once. Beyond this, even the Lord of Mysteries Klein could no longer intervene in

what transpired here.

Lumian's three heads continued to spin, each turning toward different directions. Had he not spent the past month adjusting his state and further stabilizing his psyche and

spirit, Lumian, who had relied on Grafting to escape the predicament, would still have taken

the inevitable turn, albeit less catastrophic.

As his three heads rotated, Lumian managed to barely regain control of Cheek's face. He raised one arm on his right side.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1154: Calamity of Destruction

□

As Lumian clenched one of the arms on his right side, the void before him collapsed entirely, meeting its apocalypse. It formed a vortex of chaos that contained all colors and possibilities.

Just as an Apocalypse was an ascendant form of Catastrophe, Chaos was an ascendant form of Apocalypse.

Catastrophe led to the collapse of an entire system. Apocalypse deepened that collapse into a total explosion of contradictions, entangling all into one. Chaos represented the singularity in a convergence, the conclusion after the total explosion.

Thus, the Chaos of the Chaos Demoness could not be applied directly to a stable and balanced target. A catastrophic collapse must first be created in the designated area, followed by the total explosion of contradictions to form a substantial vortex of chaos. Only then could it spread outward to affect the target.

As soon as the vortex containing all colors appeared, it began spreading toward the malevolent dragon.

It encountered an invisible barrier, unable to directly reach the dragon's massive body. This was part of the sealing mechanism. The malevolent dragon was incapable of creating catastrophes or launching attacks within the area It occupied or where the iron-black chains extended. Otherwise, It would have destroyed the sealing chains through self-inflicted damage long ago, returning to the "sea"-after all, as long as even a single flame of Its being remained, It could rebuild Its body.

This limitation restricted both the malevolent dragon and Lumian.

The vortex of chaos churned violently against the invisible barrier, pulling and shredding it in an attempt to consume it. Yet the barrier's power seemed endless, showing no signs of faltering in the short term.

Around the dragon-sealing well, high-ranking figures from the Western Continent, such as the Celestial Master and the Holy Monk, successively unleashed Their powers. Layer by layer, They decoupled the seal, creating a breach in the area where Lumian was attacking.

The vortex of chaos quickly broke through the invisible barrier, extending toward the malevolent dragon's enormous body.

On the surface of the chains binding that part of the dragon, the demon carvings-rather than showing anger as they faced the encroaching chaos-wore expressions of joy. They

straightened their backs, lifted their heads high, and their terrifying visages of green faces, sharp fangs, bare bones, and oozing pus radiated pride and relief.

The vortex, containing all possibilities, swept them in, quickly dissolving them into nothingness.

The corresponding chains fractured and fell into the chaos.

That section of the malevolent dragon's body was also torn apart-deep red flames, iron- black bones, white spikes, and black fur all dissipated into the vortex of chaos.

All three of Its heads tilted back simultaneously, letting out agonized howls.

The affected part of Its body broke apart. Without the binding chains, It ignited prematurely with black flames that restrained madness, destruction, and chaos.

The swathes of dark flames collided with the approaching chaos, plunging the blood-colored sea into instant darkness. Light, sound, and motion all ceased to exist.

Both forces annihilated each other simultaneously.

As Lumian prepared to capitalize on his strike, to unleash catastrophe, herald apocalypse, and initiate wave after wave of warfare, a surge of madness erupted from deep within his mind.

The "occasional" state he was in ended prematurely.

He lost control. He went mad!

This was because the malevolent dragon was an incomplete Origins of Disaster. Unless It deliberately restrained Itself, Its corresponding symbols would inevitably influence the surrounding area. For Lumian, two latent calamities were most prominent: his fragile balance and the fact that he had already lost control and succumbed to madness, only temporarily lucid due to The Fool Klein's wish. The first had already been triggered earlier, and now, the second was inevitably manifesting as disaster!

The central head on Lumian's body lost all reason. Its expression twisted with madness. At the same time, the chaotic vortex face on his left shoulder suddenly developed two holes, as if organs had been forcibly gouged out at the positions of its eyes.

This face took over his entire body.

A Virtual Persona!

It was the Virtual Persona from the Visionary pathway!

Over the past month, besides stabilizing his state and helping the Tarot Club members, as well as those he still cared about in the protected zones, Lumian had been contemplating potential challenges in his battle against the malevolent dragon.

Thanks to The Fool Klein's awakening and accommodation of Sefirah Castle, Lumian gained deeper understanding and mastery over symbols and their influences. He learned the nature of the Origins of Disaster, Calamity of Destruction, as well as their potential impacts on himself.

To counter this, he had used the Visionary's abilities to implant a virtual persona in himself. If his primary consciousness lost control and descended into madness, this temporary persona would immediately emerge, fusing with the chaotic vortex face to take over his body.

The chaotic vortex face was chosen because only Its status and rank could suppress the other faces and the uncontrollable madness of his primary consciousness.

The Virtual Persona, a near-exact replica of Lumian but with subtle differences, barely restrained his frenzied instincts. At that moment, an endless black void appeared before him, along with a star larger and brighter than the sun.

The star's core collapsed on a massive scale, releasing unparalleled light and heat.

A sea of unimaginable brilliance surged forth, just seconds away from engulfing Lumian.

The central head on Lumian's body burst into maniacal laughter.

"Is this also a damn calamity?"

...

At the border between the Western Continent and the Fog Sea, high above the grayish-white

fog.

The nest-like, ten-thousand-meter-high peak on the blood-red moon began to tremble, sinking inch by inch.

The halted fusion resumed, though not at the same rapid pace as when the blood moon first

rose.

Among the countless manifestations of Klein surrounding the moonlit world, some were engaging in "infighting," while others remotely influenced the Mother Goddess of Depravity, albeit only causing interference.

...

Somewhere in the ruins of the Southern Continent.

Within a concealed area protected by slight corruption transmitted by the Mother Tree of Desire through the Chained God, the grotesque followers of the Mother Tree of Desire- oozing pus, with misplaced facial features, or bearing animalistic traits like rabbit ears, skinny pig limbs, and sheep torsos, or writhing in agony under ceaseless curses- simultaneously received messages from Suah and Tirié: "Come to the altar! "Hahaha, the Mother Goddess of Depravity is about to succeed. After accommodating the Brood Hive, She will assist us according to Her pact with the Lord, the Primordial God

Almighty!

"This is what we gained in exchange for the loss of the Tree of Shadow!"

Upon hearing the name Mother Goddess of Depravity, many of the followers underwent grotesque transformations, sprouting genitalia, staining blood-red, or swelling as fetuses prepared to tear their way out...

These Beyonders staggered toward the altar.

Suah and Tirié, in Their madness, were indifferent to their states, or perhaps, didn't even

consider it.

...

Confronted by the exploding sea of light, Lumian ignited.

He transformed into an invisible, colorless flame before becoming pure light.

In a sun-like state wreathed in fire, he met the raging, searing, terrifying sea of light.

Lumian was absorbed into it. His outer flames extinguished and reignited repeatedly, while his inner luminous consciousness alternated between disintegration and cohesion.

As the explosion neared its end, he morphed into a vortex of chaos, absorbing the surrounding light and heat to reconstruct his body.

Relying on the chaotic vortex face's status, rank, abilities, and Its affinity with light, Lumian

barely survived this calamity.

Yes, the Calamity of Destruction encompassed universal symbols, and a supernova explosion was undoubtedly one such calamity!

Similarly, as the Calamity of Destruction represented a universal-level symbol, the scope of the City of Calamity could be infinitely small or infinitely vast.

Immediately after, Lumian transformed into light and, at the speed of light, raced toward the location of the malevolent dragon he sensed.

At that moment, an indescribably deep darkness emerged in the adjacent starry sky.

The darkness couldn't be directly seen or truly perceived. It was identifiable only through the distorted gases and the slow-spinning disk-like structure surrounding it.

The light that Lumian had become bent uncontrollably toward the darkness, entering the

rotating structure of diffuse material.

This too was a calamity!

A true Calamity of Destruction!

Lumian realized he had only one path to survival: to quickly pass through the earlier breach

and enter the malevolent dragon's territory.

There, the malevolent dragon couldn't launch attacks or create calamities. Otherwise, It

would have freed Itself long ago!

Amid the bending light, Lumian abruptly reverted to his fiery giant form.

Clusters of his intangible flames flew toward the spinning disk's core, followed by the iron-

black bones that made up his frame.

Seizing a fleeting opportunity, a vivid banner-like mark emerged on the forehead of the

central head.

He was invoking the sacrificial ability of the Red Priest, offering tribute to the malevolent dragon and pleading for Its aid!

In a normal state, the malevolent dragon would have ignored Its enemy. But now, with the external consciousnesses and inclinations temporarily stripped from it, the malevolent dragon was a pure creature of instinct.

Receiving sacrifices and providing Its help was an ability etched into the Beyonder characteristics, authority, concepts, and symbols of the Hunter pathway. The malevolent dragon would instinctively, uncontrollably respond to Lumian, even if it led to Its own

downfall.

This was why Lumian had begun the battle by forcing the dragon back to its godhood and instincts with the Omniscient Eye!

As time slowed to a crawl, Lumian, now missing most of his body, received the malevolent

dragon's response.

"Haha!" His central head laughed maniacally.

The darkness and its surrounding distortions dissipated in tandem.

That individual for which it came was the same reason it vanished. Before the malevolent dragon could react, Lumian activated a contract mark on his body.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1155: Dao

Lumian's figure abruptly disappeared into the boundless cosmos, following the mystical connection established by the malevolent dragon's response to his offering, "transporting" himself to Its domain.

Surrounding him were layers of dense, overlapping colors and wailing souls.

The spirit world!

Unless entirely and specifically isolated, every place was connected to the spirit world and the astral world.

This was one of the symbolic meanings of a Pillar.

However, waiting for Lumian was an overwhelming brilliance that swept away everything. It was as if two galaxies collided, tearing through the spirit world.

Lumian did not linger in the spirit world. Before the exploding sea of light engulfed him, he transformed into an abstract symbol and concept, entering the astral world.

An infinite flood of light, heat, and matter surged after him.

Reaching out with both hands, Lumian created a door directly within the astral world, amidst a composition of symbols and concepts-a "painted" door, layered and intricate.

The door was instantly opened, and Lumian's figure disappeared from the astral world.

His eyes then beheld the entwined, colossal forms of the malevolent dragon.

Finally, he had arrived at the domain where the dragon lay coiled, a place where It could not unleash calamities. He reached this location through a "door."

The contract seal he activated was not one from Zedus, as that form of "transportation" belonged to spirit world creatures and could not access the astral world or open a "door."

Instead, he used a newly acquired contract seal-one obtained a month ago from Gehrman Sparrow!

By its nature, the contracts of a Contractee lost the ability to forcefully compel agreements or obligations once they reached higher levels of power without the qualitative enhancement provided by Inevitability. However, if both parties willingly agreed to and honored the contract, and the contractee's body and soul could bear the power transmitted by the other party, it remained effective. Such mystical connections, though, were fragile and could not sustain more than two uses, being easily disrupted.

Before facing the Primordial Demoness, Lumian had ventured into the astral world, where he sought angel-level boons of true gods for his puppet soldiers. He had also signed a contract with Gehrman Sparrow, who wielded the Door pathway's Uniqueness, to prepare for situations where he couldn't rely on his puppet soldiers.

In that prior battle, while the Primordial Demoness had indeed held back, so had Lumian, keeping some of his cards hidden!

Earlier, Lumian waited until the sacrificial ritual took effect and the malevolent dragon responded before activating the contract seal that represented high-level power from the Door pathway. This was to confuse the dragon with his persistence and journey, catching It in a moment of distraction so that It would not detect or disrupt the contract connection in time. Additionally, the ritual strengthened the mystical connection between Lumian and the dragon, ensuring he could locate It and reach his destination, despite the dragon's potent Fog of War.

The negative effects of signing a Door-related Uniqueness contract with Gehrman Sparrow originally manifested as "frequently getting lost and encountering hostile, dangerous entities." However, after being Fooled by The Fool Klein, the drawback changed to "potentially getting lost and encountering hostile entities only while using the contract's abilities."

In the current scenario, the most hostile and dangerous entity to Lumian was undoubtedly the malevolent dragon!

Once Lumian "opened the door" to enter the sealed domain of the malevolent dragon, he immediately felt the calamities stemming from the dragon's influence subside.

The power of the Wish returned, and he once again entered his state of "occasional" lucidity!

The malevolent dragon roared, emanating powerful Conquest and Charm, but despite Its ferocity, It could not easily break free from the dragon-sealing chains and the countless demons holding It down.

While relying on the chaotic vortex face on his left shoulder to resist the Conquest and Charm without yielding quickly, Lumian stood above the dragon within the blood-colored sea. He deactivated the Virtual Persona and turned his gaze toward the terrifying, grimacing demons on the dragon-sealing chains.

Having learned from Mr. Fool about the origins of the chains and demons, Lumian's expression was filled with respect and admiration. Using a phrase he had deliberately learned from Franca in the Western Continent's language, he addressed the demons, "Fellow Daoists, please aid me in ending this calamity!"

The terrifying, twisted demons suddenly froze.

Fellow Daoists... This ancient title, seemingly long lost to history, echoed in their ears.

Their fierce expressions softened. On their green and white phantom-like faces, there was a look of reminiscence.

Still straining to maintain their positions along the various nodes of the chains, ensuring that the malevolent dragon remained sealed and could only use abilities like Conquest and Charm within the domain, some of them extended their hands to straighten their crooked, tattered crowns. Others painstakingly tidied their rotting, flesh-exposing garments. Some lifted trembling hands to wipe the bloodstains from their faces...

A gentleman must not lose his crown, even in death!

The Haoli sect's leader, standing beside the dragon-sealing well, also heard Lumian's words. As a high-ranking figure of the River of Eternal Darkness, He slightly relaxed His control and suppression over the demons.

The demons raised their heads and looked upward, shouting to Lumian in unison, "Fellow Daoist, I shall aid you!"

These cries interwove and echoed, spreading in waves.

With their permission, Lumian quickly incorporated them into his army, making them his teammates and soldiers to resist the dragon's forceful Conquest and terrifying Charm.

One after another, the layered phantom images of the demons materialized behind Lumian- these were their mirror selves.

The demons at the bottom of the blood-colored sea numbered in the tens of thousands, if not more. While maintaining the chains and the seal to prevent the dragon's escape, they awaited Lumian to lead their mirrored selves in a devastating attack against the dragon's true form. Lumian's six arms either ignited intangible flames, formed chaotic vortices, grasped soul- freezing black flames, held up an illusory red altar, carried a grayish-white aura, or raised a scorched banner-all simultaneously unleashing attacks on the dragon's massive body.

These six powers, belonging respectively to the Red Priest and the Primordial Demoness, intertwined to form a giant black-flaming sword of destruction.

The demons' mirror selves also launched their own attacks under Lumian's rank, especially those who had once belonged to the Haoli sect and its related factions.

They obtained approval and blessings from the Haoli sect's leader outside the dragon- sealing well and the Underworld Daoist within the River of Eternal Darkness, each borrowing a droplet of the colorless, dark river water.

These droplets transformed into countless illusory arrows that filled the sky, flying toward Lumian's sword of destruction. Some were repelled by the Red Priest's team abilities, while

others merged into it.

What was the Dao?

The Dao was generations of perseverance, capable of moving mountains!

The Dao was a spark that could ignite a prairie fire!

The Dao was struggling against the heavens with endless joy!

The malevolent dragon roared, unable to unleash calamities or disasters within this domain.

It could only rely on abilities like Conquest and Charm.

It was restricted, and so was Lumian.

The destruction Lumian unleashed remained confined to the mirror world, unable to reach reality. Meanwhile, the dragon's true form was not within the mirror-it was sealed and

constrained.

The demons who had borrowed the River of Eternal Darkness's water, both their mirrored

selves and true forms, succumbed one after another to the erosion of the sefirah's power. Yet none showed pain; their expressions were calm and serene, with smiles of expectation and

hope.

The remaining demons, seeing the black-flaming sword of destruction draw ever closer to the

dragon, also smiled.

Come, strike us!

As more droplets of the River of Eternal Darkness merged, the giant flaming sword Lumian had created grew smaller and darker.

Soon, it transformed into a sword of normal size, one that any human could wield.

The sword, entirely dark, continued to contract as though compressing the concepts of time, space, creation, death, destruction, and renewal into a single point.

As the mirrored attack neared the dragon's domain, the Celestial Master, Holy Monk, and

others around the dragon-sealing well made Their phenomena increasingly evident, merging

them into the well.

With a crash, the blood-red waters surged, breaking chain after chain.

At the final moment, the high-ranking figures of the Western Continent lifted the seal,

allowing calamities and apocalypses to erupt in the dragon's domain.

Lumian's attack pierced through the mirror world, entering reality and striking the

malevolent dragon's heads.

Behind him, the demons dissipated one by one due to the erosion of sefirah's power. In front

of him, more demons crumbled under the force of destruction.

Seeing this, a surge of intense emotion erupted in Lumian's heart.

He shouted loudly, "Fight!"

Fighting meant giving your all, pressing forward unyieldingly!

Fight meant sacrificing with great ambition, daring to change the heavens and the earth!

"Fight!"

With this cry, Lumian drove the unstable, dark sword into the dragon's entwined necks. Immediately, a small, dark singularity formed there, tearing apart surrounding flesh, flames, steel, and bone, consuming all authority, concepts, and symbols.

The malevolent dragon's entire body arched back, emitting a soundless howl. Then, along with the sealing chains and the demons, It was devoured by the singularity.

The darkness destabilized, expanding into an explosion that released immense light and heat.

One by one, all of Lumian's Mirror Substitutions shattered, and his body appeared outlined on the edge of the domain.

He looked ahead, seeing only emptiness-nothing remained.

But at that moment, a frenzied, violent aura from the dragon began to pervade the void again.

Its massive body was reforming.

As a consciousness derived from the City of Calamity, Its spirit was indestructible. Once Its physical form was obliterated, It could soon be "reborn" from the City of Calamity. The Western Continent's cultivators had not killed the dragon back when they could seal It in

a domain where most of Its powers and calamities were nullified. They had understood it was

pointless!

Seeing this, Lumian wasn't disappointed-he had been prepared.

The second phase of the battle was about to begin-a pure clash of consciousness.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1156: The Battle of Consciousness

Taking advantage of the malevolent dragon's scattered consciousness and unformed spirit, Lumian, who had just engaged in battle using the ritual and The Fool Klein's reality-bending ability, rapidly expanded his figure, "summoning" his physical body from within the

protected zone.

Almost simultaneously, Klein in the astral world created an opening in the grayish-white fog that blanketed the Western Continent.

With the Mother Goddess of Depravity fully accommodating the Brood Hive, even if the seal on the Western Continent were completely lifted, she would not currently destroy the continent. However, Her symbolic influence and natural power would still radiate outward, so Klein maintained the seal, merely opening a "door" that connected the interior to the outside for Lumian.

Lumian, now three-headed and six-armed, shot out of the protected zone and Teleported himself to the depths of the grayish-white fog, appearing above the dragon-sealing well.

He dove in, arriving beside his consciousness and spirit.

The two instantly overlapped.

Lumian grew immensely large, his three heads gazing in different directions while all six arms were raised.

Leaping out of the now-unsealed dragon-sealing well, he hovered above the bustling metropolis. Stretching his hands downward, he pulled at something heavy from a distance.

The people within the city suddenly felt the sky darken, and the ground trembled noticeably. An image of the city was forcibly extracted by Lumian from its physical form. Within this image, the citizens were grotesque-some were reduced to a single head dragging a bloody, skeletal spine; others were well-dressed but headless; and some were swollen, their features obscured...

This was originally intertwined with the actual metropolis, with secret doors and intersecting timelines connecting the two-

the City of Calamity!

Lumian's massive body sank abruptly, plunging into the extracted image of the city.

The City of Calamity shrank rapidly and bizarrely, entering Lumian's body and swiftly moving toward his brow.

Lumian intended to seize the moment, before the malevolent dragon's consciousness was fully reborn, to forcibly accommodate the City of Calamity-and then confront and merge with it!

The next second, the city's image froze at Lumian's brow.

His consciousness and spirit were immediately drawn into it.

He saw a staircase ascending to infinite heights, at the end of which lay a divine throne stained with dark red blood. On the steps, the dragon's body quickly took form, coiling to block his path forward.

...

In the real world.

Deep within the blood-red full moon, the pounding heartbeat grew intense again.

The nest-like peaks seemed to resonate, their sinking accelerating.

The accomodation of the Mother Goddess of Depravity with the Brood Hive progressed further, showing no signs of slowing.

Within the grayish-white fog directly beneath the blood-red moon, the "Madames" and "Ladies" under the core power of the Mother Goddess of Depravity stood one after another, turning their gaze toward their leader.

This figure, a beautiful woman with a full-moon-like face radiating maternal glory, spoke to her companions,

"We must return to the embrace of the Mother.

"She has mobilized more of the Chaos Primogenitor's power to accelerate Her fusion with the Brood Hive. We must return to Her embrace, restore Her power, and help alleviate Her burden."

Seeing confusion on their faces, the woman added,

"The Chaos Primogenitor is the Original Sin of the universe. Although merely Sequence o of the Valley God pathway, It carries significant symbolism.

"That symbolism represents the nascent, Original Creator of the next universe. Nurturing It is one of the Mother's most vital symbols and a key reason she remains a Pillar even after the Brood Hive's separation.

"Even as a Mother, She cannot overly wield Its symbolic powers without risking instability or further complications."

Understanding dawned on the Ladies and Madames, their expressions reflecting varying degrees of reverence born of the knowledge imparted.

Together, they chanted in unison,

"Praise be to you, Mother of All Things!

"Praise be to you, Eternal Evil!

"Praise be to you, the True Great Mother Goddess!"

Amidst their praises, these bestowed and Beyonders transformed into beams of red, black, or brown light, streaming one after another into the blood-red moon and merging with it.

A hidden corner of the World of Ruins' South Continent.

The bizarrely shaped Rose School of Thought Beyonders and Mother Tree of Desire followers flocked densely near an altar, their numbers overwhelming.

Atop the yellow, pyramid-like altar, a figure wrapped in bandages, thorns, and roses hung motionlessly, appearing to bind all curses and desires-on the verge of erupting.

Chained God Tolzna.

Following the Vortex incident and the descent of the crimson moon, this deity had effectively perished. His body, consciousness, and spirit were entirely corrupted by the Mother Tree of Desire, acting as Her proxy.

Now, He would serve as the primary sacrifice for this ritual, forcibly opening a passage with the Mother Goddess of Depravity's aid allow the Tree Desire escend within

the barrier. Of course, if the barrier shattered under the Mother Goddess's assault, It would simply return directly to the great existence, the Mother Tree of Desire.

When the sacrifices were ready, the thoughts of Suah and Tirié radiated outward from in front

of the Chained God.

"The ritual!

"Begin the ritual!"

...

Within the consciousness space corresponding to the City of Calamity.

Seeing the malevolent dragon's body rapidly forming, the three-headed, six-armed Lumian

suddenly disassembled.

He split into six consciousnesses and six figures.

These included his primary consciousness, Aurore's consciousness, Jenna's consciousness,

the dull and unresponsive chaotic vortex consciousness, Primordial Demoness Cheek's consciousness, and Blood Emperor Alista Tudor's consciousness.

Though not entirely fused, they had partially merged, cooperating, conflicting, or entangling to form a fragile balance-while portions corresponding to Omebella and Zedus had fully integrated with Cheek and Tudor, becoming indistinguishable.

In the real world, Lumian could not break this balance or separate these distinct consciousnesses. However, in this space, where they had a degree of independence, they

could unite or divide.

If Lumian succeeded in accommodating the City of Calamity, his consciousness would eventually form a unified whole-indivisible, even under similar circumstances. This was the distinction between dual-pathway true gods and great existences.

The six consciousnesses coalesced instantly. Lumian pulled the statue-like chaotic vortex face consciousness, along with Aurore's and Jenna's consciousnesses, a step back, disappearing from the dragon's impending attack. This left only Primordial Demoness Cheek

and Blood Emperor Alista Tudor in place.

Cheek gazed deeply into the Blood Emperor's eyes, then fixated longingly on the dragon, as if saying: Finally, this moment has come.

Behind Her appeared a figure clad in a black skeletal dress-the mirrored Oldest One's

feminine aspect.

Similarly, behind Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, the mirrored Oldest One's masculine aspect

emerged, clad in white armor.

In the real world, these figures were forbidden from meeting or merging. But in the consciousness space, Cheek and Tudor could briefly reunite, provided Lumian withdrew the

chaotic vortex consciousness.

This reunion could only occur once, as it would severely wound both Cheek and Tudor. Left unchecked, it could lead to the true birth of the mirrored Oldest One's consciousness. Lumian was now gambling on this symbolism to counter the dragon's consciousness, seizing

every moment!

Instantly, the malevolent dragon's consciousness transformed the space into an infinite, dark cosmos filled with scattered calamities.

Cheek and Tudor drew close, accompanied by their mirrored forms.

The entire "universe" froze, all calamities losing their vitality, their light and heat

extinguished, plunging into total silence.

Then, the most violent explosion erupted. Massive amounts of matter scattered outward,

forming stars, suns, seas, and various lifeforms.

The malevolent dragon's consciousness dissolved in the prior "freeze" and was shattered amidst the current "creation," reforming into disparate entities.

Once again, It dissipated, reconstituting within the City of Calamity, where It would recover

before long.

The figures of Cheek and Tudor merged into a single sphere, twisting and writhing as They struggled to fully integrate.

At this moment, a chaotic vortex face emerged from within, separating Them into four positions-north, south, east, and west.

Annihilation and creation became unstable.

The next second, Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna returned, towering as giants. They forcibly dragged the weakly reborn malevolent dragon's consciousness close to

them.

Under these circumstances, the chaotic head of the malevolent dragon and the chaotic vortex face became strongly attracted, exerting a powerful pull toward convergence. They originated from the same place-they were one to begin with!

The chaotic vortex face and chaotic head merged, drawing each other to a central point to

fully unite. This act separated Cheek and Tudor, including Their mirrored forms.

The instability of annihilation and creation ceased abruptly. Having finally prevented the true birth of the mirrored Original Creator's consciousness,

Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna were forced to return to the body containing the chaotic vortex

face.

In doing so, they and the malevolent dragon were now inseparably close, breathing audible,

forms distinct.

Neither could evade. Neither could retreat!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1157: Special Symbolism

□

The malevolent dragon's camel-like head, adorned with antler-like horns and covered in blood-red fur, lunged past the chaotic head and violently collided with Lumian's face, devouring it.

Lumian did not back down; he bit into the dragon's head, tearing at Its eyes, nose, and cheeks.

Iron-black scales began to protrude from Lumian's face and neck.

This was a symbolic manifestation of the struggle and merging of consciousness.

In such situations, creating calamities and causing severe disasters would inevitably lead to self-inflicted harm.

The dragon's other head and its snake-like, jade-white body entwined with the heads of Aurore and Jenna. They both Charmed and cursed one another, black flames-embodying destruction and ferocity-igniting and wrapping around them.

Having disrupted the malevolent dragon's consciousness twice and forcibly merged before it could fully recover, Lumian had finally reached an equal footing with his opponent.

But it still wasn't enough!

The malevolent dragon's consciousness would not remain weakened forever.

Amid their tearing and biting, Lumian clasped his two hands together, and a corresponding vision emerged in his mind.

Fuzzy, ethereal figures returned to the malevolent dragon from all directions, reintegrating into the once-unified consciousness.

They were the consciousnesses of the City of Calamity's Dao integrators that Lumian had previously separated.

Because they had been separated, they had avoided destruction in the earlier battle.

Now, Lumian used the power of a Visionary to reintegrate these separated consciousnesses back into the malevolent dragon, reuniting them and throwing Its consciousness into chaos. This stirred inclinations, emotions, and reactions within

the dragon.

...

Thump! Thump!

The heartbeat deep within the blood-red full moon's Chaos Primogenitor continued to pound violently, causing the mountain-like Brood Hive to sink faster, now more than halfway submerged in crimson.

Thump! Thump!

The sound of the heartbeat resonated in a hidden corner of the World of Ruins on the Southern Continent.

Suah and Tirié, conducting Their ritual, seemed to have grown hearts of Their own, Their beats echoing the sound.

They watched as Beyonders and bestowed transformed into masses of flesh, merging into the Chained God Tolzna. The mummified figure wrapped in bandages, thorns, and roses rapidly sprouted into a tree of desire extending toward the astral world.

"The time has come!"

"The help from the Mother Goddess of Depravity has arrived!"

Excited, Suah and Tirié spread incomprehensible thoughts while merging into the tree atop the pyramid altar.

For these fervent beings, returning to the Mother's body was the highest honor!

The tree of desire grew rapidly, seemingly about to touch the astral world's barrier and tear a large hole into it. Suddenly, it tilted and twisted,

collapsing toward the symbols, concepts, and representations that formed Lord of Mysteries Klein.

This happened because the help from the Mother Goddess of Depravity had not arrived. Suah and Tirié had been deceived, misjudging the timing.

This was because They had been marked by Klein long ago!

When Lumian confronted the Primordial Demoness, the entire Tarot Club had mobilized to assist. But hidden within that action was an unknown purpose unbeknownst even to the Major Arcana card holders: to lure out the evil god Angels-Suah, Tirié, and others who had been hiding using the powers of the Mother Tree of Desire and the Mother Goddess of Depravity. At the time, Suah and Tirié had indeed escaped the entanglement of Angel of Time Pallez, Angel of the Holy Spirit Reinette, and Ma'am Hermit Cattleya. But unbeknownst to them, Klein, fully awakened as half a Great Old One, had silently followed, discovering

the secret hiding place of the indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought, other followers of the Mother Tree of Desire, and where Chained God Tolzna was.

If not for the fact that the Chained God had effectively perished and His Uniqueness had been deeply corrupted by the Mother Tree of Desire, which rendered purification impossible in the short term—as it would aid the Mother Tree of Desire establish a new, firm mystical connection with the Tenebrous World-Suah and Tirié would have long been Parasitized and controlled, leaving Them no chance of survival to this day.

However, Klein had taken precautions. The moment this area had any anomalies, he could sense it and respond accordingly.

Upon discovering that the Rose School of Thought was conducting a major ritual involving the Uniqueness to open the astral world's barrier and create a passage, Klein had refrained from stopping Them outright. Instead, he applied Fooling and Deceit, causing Suah and Tirié to misjudge the timing and redirect the ritual's target toward himself instead of the Mother Tree of Desire.

The next second, the tree extending into the astral world rapidly collapsed toward Lord of Mysteries Klein's location, instantly condensing into a bloody mass encapsulating the Chained God's Uniqueness.

Klein immediately Grafted this mass onto an area above the gray fog.

...

Within the consciousness space, the malevolent dragon, destabilized by the returning Dao integrators' consciousnesses of the City of Calamity, grew bewildered. Its madness subsided, and It no longer purely followed instinct.

Seizing the moment, Lumian activated another contract mark on his body-a new one

acquired a month ago.

His eyes turned dark, and the clothing manifesting from his consciousness billowed.

The malevolent dragon froze as if It had forgotten It was devouring and merging with Lumian's six consciousnesses.

Fooled!

Using a Contractee's power, Lumian had borrowed the Fooling ability from The Fool Klein. It could only be used twice!

If the malevolent dragon had remained purely instinct-driven, Fooling would not have been so effective-Deceit would have worked better. But Lumian had deliberately caused the City

of Calamity's Dao integrators to return to the dragon's consciousness, blending seamlessly as

a part of it.

Since they were already fused with the dragon, Its instincts harbored no resistance or

rejection toward them.

Taking advantage of the malevolent dragon being Fooled, and Its consciousness still in a

weakened state, Lumian's six arms worked in pairs to grasp the dragon's iron-black body, Its jade-white snake-like body, and the formless body supporting Its chaotic head.

Lumian's five faces twisted in unison. Manifesting as a colossal giant, he ripped the

malevolent dragon's three bodies apart with an ear-splitting tear.

Crimson flame-like blood sprayed everywhere, splattering onto the staircase ascending

infinitely high.

Lumian's central head opened wide and swallowed the dragon's iron-black body, including

Its head.

Two of his other arms pressed the malevolent dragon's jade-white body and beautiful head, forcefully shoving them between the closed eyes of Aurore and Jenna.

His chaotic vortex face then sucked in the majority of the malevolent dragon's chaotic head. The malevolent dragon resisted desperately, struggling against Lumian's merging attempt. It sought to create a calamity to destroy both Lumian and itself.

If successful, while Its-now, third-time-destroyed consciousness would enter a deep slumber within the City of Calamity, waiting centuries or more to reawaken or gradually revive, Its enemy would also die-completely and irreversibly.

At this moment, as Lumian devoured the dragon, he smiled, his thoughts echoing within the malevolent dragon's spirit: "It's useless. Even if I die, there's Medici and the City of Calamity's current cultivators. Once you're in a deep sleep, you won't be able to resist Their accommodation." This was a lie. Neither Medici nor the current strongest cultivators of the City of Calamity were in a position to

accommodate it anytime soon. But such a lie sufficed to deceive the

dragon in its Fooled state.

The malevolent dragon hesitated.

Lumian followed with another thought, smiling. "I'm not the first sacrifice, nor will I be the last!

"You've seen my state. If you choose to merge with me, in a few minutes, when your consciousness fully recovers, I won't be able to maintain balance-you'll replace me!"

This was the truth.

...

Boom!

A thunderous heartbeat echoed from the depths of the blood-red moon's Chaos

Primogenitor.

Even with countless marionettes and avatars interfering, the mountain-shaped Brood Hive

sank heavily, completely engulfed in crimson.

This was the extremely special heartbeat of the Chaos Primogenitor about to be born.

It was fundamentally different from earlier beats, symbolizing the Chaos Primogenitor's imminent entry into reality. This moment heralded the emergence of a new Original Creator, a being even the Mother Goddess of Depravity could only summon once every "major month" —or 2,160 years. Such a phenomenon could not be repeated without catastrophic consequences.

If She borrowed this special symbolism for less than 2,160 years, the Chaos Primogenitor would truly descend into the real world-a consequence the Mother Goddess of Depravity couldn't predict. All she knew was that it would be a devastating catastrophe for Her. Detecting the crisis, She instinctively ignored everything else and prioritized fully merging with the Brood Hive!

And afterward, even in a weakened state for centuries, she could still escape with the Brood

Hive, even if she failed to seize anything else.

Boom!

With the echo of that heartbeat and the manifestation of the special symbolism, the invisible

barrier of the astral world began to undergo ominous changes.

The barrier, originating from the Original Creator, vanished entirely-disappearing into thin

air as if its original master had recalled it!

Even Lord of Mysteries Klein was powerless to stop it.

The apocalypse had arrived.

And it came in this way.

At that moment, Klein performed two actions:

First, he extended slimy, eldritch tentacles into the thin gray fog and pulled the astral barrier

back from history, placing it in front of entities like the Circle of Inevitability and other Great

Old Dominators.

Of course, the historical projection of the astral barrier lacked the Oldest One's status-much

like the contradictions between historical projections and Uniquenesses. Without the Oldest One's status, this astral barrier could only hold for two or three seconds.

Second, Klein Grafted nearly all living beings and their corresponding environments from the Western Continent into the protected zones.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1158: What Has Been Will Be Again

□

As soon as Klein completed these two actions, the blood-red full moon ascended into the sky.

Immediately afterward, the crimson liquid enveloping the moon surged upward, coalescing into a colossal figure in an instant.

This figure emitted an incredibly terrifying suction, drawing forth grayish-white fog from the infinite heights and revealing the crimson moon and the strange, brownish earth. It seemed as though these elements wished to return to their "mother's" embrace but were held back by the gray fog.

Similarly, the Beyonder characteristic of the Beauty Goddess within the protected zone broke free of its seal and approached the gray-white fog's edge.

Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence!

Although the Mother Goddess of Depravity was considerably weakened after accommodating the Brood Hive, She could still utilize the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence to directly reclaim the Uniqueness of the Mother pathway, the Uniqueness of the Moon pathway, and the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics-as long as there was no opposition on the same level.

Taking advantage of the Mother Goddess of Depravity's focus on reclaiming Her possessions, Lord of Mysteries Klein lifted the seal over the entire Western Continent, causing the grayish- white fog there to vanish abruptly.

Now, only five sefirot watchers-the Celestial Master, the Holy Monk, and three others- remained on the Western Continent. They did not fear the natural dispersal of the Mother Goddess of Depravity's power or its accompanying symbolism.

As Klein removed the Western Continent's seal, the eight "stars" before him grew exceptionally massive, each eager to shatter the illusory barrier of historical fog and seize the sefirah and Uniqueness They craved.

This sight stirred a sense of despair and fear in both the God of Steam and Machinery, Stiano, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Herabergen.

They could tangibly feel the oppressive aura emanating from the Great Old Dominators.

At this moment, Klein's voice echoed within Their minds: "There's still a chance."

The gods instinctively turned to Klein and saw the Lord of Mysteries, cloaked in a black trench coat, gloved in dark leather, and holding a star-encrusted cane, surrounded by grayish-white fog.

Carrying the weight of history, he stepped into the illusory barrier to confront the eight Great Old Dominators-beings as vast as stars.

The God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Herabergen, understood that Klein's "there's still a chance" was addressed to Them and the Archangels.

After Klein had fully awakened and become the true Lord of Mysteries, Beyonders below Sequence 1 and ordinary humans were no longer in danger.

If the situation became truly untenable, Klein could abandon the sefirot, Uniquenesses, and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and lead the planet's entire population of normal races to a remote, habitable edge of the universe. In the absence of conflicts of interest or instinctual desires, no Great Old Dominator would willingly oppose the Lord of Mysteries.

But for gods like Herabergen and Archangels outside the Mysteries pathway, escape was impossible!

Even if They lowered Their status—allowing avatars to flee-Their avatars would likely be corrupted once Their main bodies were devoured by the Great Old Dominators. There would be no means of preservation.

This was likely Their last chance!

Realizing the Lord of Mysteries could not hold off the eight Outer Deities for long,

Herabergen turned His gaze to the real world, toward the protected zones.

A liquid of pure chaos, encompassing all colors and possibilities, had seeped out, coalescing into a massive cross.

On this cross hung a figure, formed entirely of radiant light, with a head that retained a human shape adorned with a thick, pale golden beard.

A long shadow with five heads trailed behind Him, while a golden sun quietly hovered behind His head.

The figure opened His eyes, revealing a pair of clear, infant-like golden irises. He nodded toward the God of Knowledge and Wisdom Herabergen and Lord of Storms Leodero within the astral world. "Come, my Kings of Angels."

Amidst the reverberating, layered voice, Herabergen and Leodero were momentarily dazed. It was as if They had returned to the past, following the light

and hope.

The God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Herabergen, flew out of the astral world, revealing His true form.

It was a brass dragon the size of a city, capable of expanding even larger.

The dragon's body resembled a soft, foldable tower of thick, illusory books, each bearing a brass eye.

The closer one moved toward the dragon's head, the darker and more ominous the layers of books and eyes became. At the dragon's brow, a nearly black brass vertical eye opened, gazing at the cross and the figure upon it.

The brass dragon suddenly ignited, enveloped in formless, colorless flames and quiet, eldritch black fire.

Dragging His elongated body and blazing tail, the dragon hurtled toward the figure on the

cross.

At that moment, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Herabergen, chose self-destruction, merging with Grisha Adam.

This was not an entirely good thing-it had its dire consequences. Grisha Adam was still battling the Primordial God Almighty's will and was at a disadvantage, with no chance of becoming the Omnipotent and Omniscient One.

In the short term, Herabergen's residual consciousness would help Grisha Adam resist the Primordial God Almighty, forming a fragile new balance. This would allow Grisha Adam to better control the body and provide stronger protection for the protected zones after the Great Old Dominators shattered the barrier, ensuring it remained untainted by the Outer Deities' power and corruption until Lord of Mysteries Klein seized the opportunity to transfer everyone during the chaos.

In the long term, however, integrating the White Tower pathway's Uniqueness at this moment would enhance the Primordial God Almighty's will and spirit, accelerating His recovery-significantly disadvantaging Grisha Adam in Their struggle.

Within the protected zone, Herabergen, clad in a plain white robe threaded with brass threads, looked skyward and sighed deeply.

In the astral world, the Lord of Storms, Leodero, appeared in human form-a stern middle- aged man clad in black armor and wielding a trident.

He glanced at the Western Continent, illuminated by scarlet moonlight, its entry sealed, and snorted at the Evernight Goddess, Amanises, and the God of Steam and Machinery, Stiano.

"The Storm will not destroy itself!

"Nor will it surrender!"

Crackling sounds erupted as the King of the Skies, Emperor of the Seas, Lord of Calamity, and God of Storms transformed into layers of entangled, ball lightning. He shot down from the astral world at near-light speed, straight toward the crimson moon and the colossal figure. The storm illuminated the skies, illuminating the entire world.

...

Within the consciousness space-

Boom!

Lumian and the malevolent dragon both heard that peculiar heartbeat.

With the former severely damaged, the dimmed Cheek and Tudor faces grew clear once more, and his central chaotic vortex face began to spin faster. Meanwhile, the dragon's two lateral heads instinctively sought to merge but were blocked by Lumian's mouth and Its own chaotic

head.

Now!

Taking advantage of the moment, Lumian, in his colossal form, forcibly swallowed the dragon's iron-black body whole.

Under this influence, the beautiful head that had been trying to merge with its other half ceased resisting and fused with the faces of Aurore and Jenna. This brought back the imprints of Aurore's and Jenna's past selves left in the mirror, which swiftly repaired the corresponding fragments of their souls.

Lumian fully accommodated the malevolent dragon.

Immediately, he felt a torrent of madness, ferocity, and destructive intent rampaging within

him. These were partially absorbed by the chaotic vortex face, partially drawn away by the lingering consciousness of the City of Calamity Dao integrators, and partially suppressed by the combined wills of Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna.

On both sides of Lumian's body, bulges began to form and writhe rapidly, each developing into a new body. These new bodies were connected to his original flesh, tightly adhered, and

partially fused.

On the right was a purely female figure clad in a sacred white robe, her hands milky and ethereal. Her head featured Aurore at the front and Jenna at the back, able to rotate freely in any direction, unrestrained by a neck.

On the left was a half-male, half-female body, with a head composed of the Cheek face, the chaotic vortex face, and Alista Tudor's face. It wielded a charred banner in its hands.

In the center was Lumian himself, adorned with long, blood-red hair and iron-black eyes. A prominent design of a true dragon from the Western Continent was etched between his brows. Suppressing the madness and will of the malevolent dragon, Lumian turned his head to the

right.

Aurore and Jenna's eyelashes quivered lightly before their eyes opened in unison, revealing

smiles.

Lumian exhaled suddenly, a mixture of relief, emotion, and regret in his mind as he communicated telepathically: "It really is possible to resurrect... in this way...

"Unfortunately, it won't last more than a few minutes."

Lumian meant that the balance within his body would not hold for more than a few minutes.

This balance was predicated on the weakened state of the malevolent dragon's consciousness and will. Once the malevolent dragon recovered, the balance would inevitably collapse.

The two types of Uniqueness in his current body were closely linked to the mirrored Original Creator, counterbalanced by the chaotic vortex face corresponding to the Primordial God Almighty. This trifecta of forces maintained a delicate equilibrium.

Although Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna's bodies had achieved corresponding status levels, and their wills had been sufficiently strengthened, they were only supported by two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics each.

In this situation, should the malevolent dragon's consciousness awaken, Lumian, Aurore, and

Jenna would have little means to resist-unless the Primordial God Almighty actively sought resurrection within the chaotic vortex face, forming a larger and more stable framework.

But alas, no such fortune would come to pass.

This was the consequence of being forcibly driven and filled to reach this point.

With her hair turned black, her eyes restored to deep brown, and her appearance and charm

elevated to Above the Sequences, Aurore listened to Lumian's sentiments. Her expression remained calm, and she smiled gently, her voice soft.

"When I died in Cordu Village, I did feel wronged, angry, and resentful. But when you became a Demoness of Unaging and I began to sense everything around me, to perceive what was happening, I gradually came to terms with it. Death isn't always a bad thing.

"When I learned about the Dragon Lock and its story, and when I saw the actions of those souls just

now, I found even greater peace. Our predecessors and forebears could sacrifice themselves; so can I.

Death can be as light as a feather or as heavy as a mountain. I am willing to accept the destiny that awaits me and to act accordingly."

The head rotated, and Jenna's increasingly radiant face turned to Lumian. With a smile, she

said, "When I killed Hugues Artois, I thought, 'Even if I die, I must avenge my mother and those victims. That bastard can't keep laughing.'

"When I advanced to become a Demoness of Unaging, I thought, 'Even if I die, I must save you. You still

have unfulfilled wishes.'

"Now, it brings to mind something Franca once joked about:

"""Would you rather be a coward for a lifetime or a hero for five minutes?'

"To die with you and Aurore to save everyone-I think that's the most romantic thing in the world."

As Lumian listened, his heart gradually calmed, his self-destructive tendencies easing. He lifted his head to gaze at the blood-stained throne high on the steps, his smile radiant as

he said, "Then let's complete the final step of accommodation."

...

In the real world.

The mass of entangled lightning approached the blood-red moon and the colossal figure at

near-light speed.

It tore through the void but quickly froze beside the crimson full moon. Each strand of its

light was tainted scarlet, gaining new life as they detached and scattered.

The terrifying lightning mass rapidly disintegrated.

Its two brightest remnants were guided by Klein through Grafting toward the cross above a

protected zone.

In the next moment, the explosion and shockwave from the lightning unfurled, erupting with

a deafening roar. The natural light of the crimson moon shattered and dissipated, revealing a

breach.

In the astral world, the Evernight Goddess, Amanises, holding a golden bird-shaped ornament in Her hands, stepped forward, leaving a single remark for the God of Steam and Machinery, Stiano, "It's our turn to stake our lives."

The God of Steam and Machinery, Stiano, was about to follow when He suddenly sensed

something and turned His gaze to the heights of the real world.

A deep crimson meteor inexplicably appeared, dragging a long tail of flame as it plunged toward the blood-red moon and the colossal figure.

The entire sky and world were engulfed in crimson fire.

In the Year 1360, as July faded to its final days, crimson rained from the heavens.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1159: Oath of the River Styx

As the crimson meteor descended, the entire world outside the protected zones erupted in flames. Across the cosmos, catastrophic disasters across various star systems momentarily froze before either intensifying or subsiding.

Behind the Great Old Dominators attacking the astral barrier, hand-drawn black holes and their accretion disks materialized. The energy seas, depicted like paintings, quickly receded, plunging into cold, deathly silence.

Numerous calamities descended upon this place.

These calamities were deliberately engineered by Lumian as symbolic manifestations triggered during his full accommodation of the City of Calamity and his advancement to the Origins of Disaster, Calamity of Destruction.

He harbored no illusions that these indiscriminate calamities could seriously harm the Great Old Dominators. His sole aim was to sow chaos, giving Mr. Fool a brief respite.

At that moment, the sound of plucked strings suddenly resonated. The black hole and its accretion disk, already like hand-drawn illustrations, grew thinner and smaller, losing their conceptual weight.

The black hole, now a true painting, instinctively tore at the dimensions bearing it, attempting to absorb them within and alter the current state.

A massive, terrifying mouth abruptly appeared, biting down on the "canvas" carrying the black hole and devouring it whole.

Multiple abstract stomachs emerged, expanding and contracting as they fiercely struggled against the undigested entities.

Primordial Hunger, the symbol of devouring, an insatiable convergence, the cleanser of all things!

Other Outer Deities also took measures to suppress the calamities erupting behind Them.

Meanwhile, the crimson meteor was swallowed by the muddy radiance emanating from the blood-red moon.

The ocean of bloodstained light alternated between destruction and rebirth, gradually slowing the meteor's approach toward the colossal figure.

However, beyond this sea of blood, everything else was set aflame by the crimson meteor. Even the moonlight that once Illuminated the Western Continent was burned away, vanishing completely.

Seizing this opportunity-taking advantage of the brief chaos among the Great Old Dominators and the reduced pressure on the illusory barrier-the Lord of Mysteries, Klein, sent forth a projection of himself and turned his gaze toward the protected zones.

Within the protected zone, Trier remained tranquil. On the terrace, Queen Mystic Bernadette had already taken out her crown adorned with dark gemstones, holding it in both hands.

The crown abruptly flew into the air, leaving the protected zone and ascending into the skies over the Western Continent.

Accompanying it were the brass-bound book descending from above the gray fog and two beams of light, one from behind the cross and the other from within the protected zone.

In the blink of an eye, they arrived before the magnificent stone door standing amidst the clouds, falling into the hands of a towering figure crowned with an emperor's diadem and velled by cascading tassels.

The figure nodded toward the astral world before turning away, returning to the summit of the thirty-three heavens and seating Himself on the throne of the Celestial Thearch.

He immediately placed the crown adorned with dark gemstones atop His head, overlapping it with the emperor's crown.

His hands clutched the brass-bound book tightly, while the two beams of light spiraled for a second before merging into His body.

Within the protected zone, the disappearance of the Black Emperor's Uniqueness prompted Queen Mystic Bernadette to let out a soft sigh.

This had been one of Klein's true purposes when Lumian visited her with a prophecy as an excuse.

Through the Genie's description of the urgency of the situation and His suggestion to temporarily strengthen the Nation of Disorder, Queen Mystic Bernadette immediately understood Mr. Fool's intent.

He intended to borrow the Black Emperor Uniqueness.

At that moment, Bernadette had already made her decision.

Behind her, the figure of Empress Roselle, wearing a luxurious golden crown, materialized. With a complicated tone, She said, "As long as the order and rules he

established remain, he can still be resurrected."

Bernadette murmured to herself, "Can someone with the Nation of Disorder, with all its Uniquenesses and Beyonder characteristics, truly become a Great Old Dominator?"

"No, the Nation of Disorder's consciousness is interwoven with too many external spirits. It's not a complete birth and remains chaotic. Even with all its components, it cannot undergo a fundamental transformation. It may take decades or centuries for a new, unified consciousness to emerge, enabling the Shadow of Order to truly manifest in reality.

"The only way to instantly elevate the Nation of Disorder to the level of a Great Old Dominator is to unseal and release Genie. However, what Genie might do after escaping His seal is entirely unpredictable.

"For now, the Lord of Mysteries can only temporarily enhance the Nation of Disorder to a state close to that of a Great Old One, allowing it to play a role in the upcoming battle," Empress Roselle explained plainly.

She paused for a moment before adding, "Even if the Nation of Disorder births a new consciousness and becomes the Shadow of Order before his resurrection, with the Lord of Mysteries' help, he could still revive through the rules. However, he would only be able to reclaim two portions of the Prince of Abolition Beyonder characteristics."

Queen Mystic Bernadette turned to Empress Roselle and fell silent for a moment before asking. "And what about you?"

A look of contentment and solace appeared on Empress Roselle's face. "If the apocalypse passes, the mirror world should have a relatively normal ruler. By then, the reflection world within the mirror will no longer be dark."

…

Following the Lord of Storms Leodero's suicidal attack and the descent of the Calamity of Destruction, the Mother Goddess of Depravity's blockade over the Western Continent was completely broken.

Evernight Goddess Amanises and the God of Steam and Machinery Stiano seized the opportunity to descend from the astral world to the Dragon Lock Tower.

The former wore a layered yet unadorned black classical gown, Her face shrouded in a veil, ethereal and graceful. The latter appeared as a middle-aged man seemingly composed of numerous depictions of civilizations, which finally coalesced into a man in his prime.

Evernight Goddess Amanises nodded at the sect master of the Haoli lineage, communicating telepathically. "Let us begin."

The Haoli sect master closed His eyes, and a broad, dark, colorless river flowed out of the void, reaching the Evernight Goddess.

Within the illusory dark waters, figures dressed like the Haoli sect master appeared, floating and sinking.

Among them, the most lucid was a figure wearing a rusty iron crown, with pale whiskers fluttering at His chin-the Underworld Daoist.

Evernight Goddess Amanises pointed at the silently flowing River of Eternal Darkness and spoke with Her mind.

"Let the River of Eternal Darkness bear witness. I, Amanises, pledge to strengthen the Haoli lineage, ensuring all disciples achieve balance between internal and external cultivation and attain characteristics. Should I break this oath, I shall suffer a backlash from the sefirah, and I shall sink eternally to the river's depths!"

Having already reached an agreement, the Underworld Daoist nodded slightly. He extended His pale right hand, with a texture like jade yet marred by cracks oozing yellow pus or sprouting white feathers, and placed it atop the Evernight Goddess's head.

"You shall be sect master!"

With these words, streams of radiance rose from the River of Eternal Darkness, weaving into complex, orderly symbols that entered Amanises's body.

Amanises found Herself standing in the broad, dark river, where the shadows and bones of past Haoli sect masters gnawed at Her arms, back, and soul.

Already in partial control of a tributary of the River of Eternal Darkness, Amanises remained calm, resisting the chaotic consciousness infused with the spirits of countless Dao integrators.

The straight, illusory river flowed through Her body and emerged from the other side.

…

God of Steam and Machinery Stiano sat cross-legged before the Celestial Master. The latter's intent echoed in His mind:

"You have two choices:

"First, acknowledge me as your master and join my sect. I will grant you the Supreme Clarity Talisman and pass down the position of Celestial Master to you, allowing you to control what you call the Knowledge Moor. However, this carries a risk..."

As the intent reverberated, silhouettes began to emerge in the moor behind the Celestial Master. They were dressed in feathered robes and high crowns, their faces either hideous or decayed, exuding intense malice.

"They are the Celestial Masters and accomplished cultivators of past generations.

"Under the influence of the Unborn Ancient Mother every Celestial Master since the first Celestial Master's integration with the Dao must possess corresponding bloodlines and complete cultivation.

"You lack these. Through the Supreme Clarity Talisman, I can help you accommodate the Knowledge Moor in a short time. But afterward, you will face backlash. Whether you can endure and resolve the resentment of past Celestial Masters and accomplished cultivators or avoid being drawn into the moor to become one of the wandering spirits - I do not know.

"The second choice is to acknowledge me as your master and join my sect. I will grant you the Three Caverns and Five Thunders Talisman.

"After corresponding with Fellow Daoist Zhou, I have improved the Three Sovereigns Calamity Dispelling Formation based on the experiences of predecessors. With this, you can join me as a true disciple in powering the formation. You will lend me your power, allowing me to integrate with the Dao briefly to combat the vile demons from beyond."

In an instant, the Celestial Master's thoughts were fully understood by God of Steam and Machinery Stiano through the infusion of knowledge.

In the same manner, Stiano conveyed His question:

"Can either method result in the emergence of a temporary Great Old One?"

The Celestial Master, holding His horsetail whisk, shook His head.

"Neither. We both still lack time, Unlike the new master of the Haoli lineage, you have not yet preemptively gained partial control of the Dao.

"These two choices can only bring us close to the Dao, not fully integrate into it."

Knowing time was pressing, God of Steam and Machinery Stiano deliberated briefly before kneeling to give His answer: "I am willing to acknowledge you as my master and become part of the formation."

The Celestial Master seemed disappointed, as though His hoped-for liberation had not been achieved.

He pressed His horsetail whisk against Stiano's shoulder.

"In the interest of urgency, we will simplify the rites to granting a title and talisman.

"From this day forth, your Dao name shall be:

"True Blessing."

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1160: Transforming Barbarians to Buddha

Within the solemn Buddhist land, adorned with glazed and amber decorations, countless Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, Arhats, and Wisdom Kings sat atop Mount Sumeru, attentively listening to the great Buddha whose golden body filled the space between heaven and earth, delivering profound teachings.

In that moment, vibrant clouds illuminated the sky, flowers fell like rain, and golden lotuses blossomed from the ground.

Suddenly, two silvery streaks of light flew in from the outer world, landing on either side of the great Buddha and transforming into distinct figures.

To the left of the great Buddha's golden body appeared a boy of about eight or nine years old, dressed in a child's formal suit with a bow tie, his baby-fat face framed by medium-length silvery hair.

To the right stood a young man, draped in a linen robe, his features soft and elegant, and his long silver hair flowing freely.

These were none other than Will Auceptin, the Angel of Mercury from the Church of The Fool, and Ouroboros, the Angel of Fate from the Aurora Order. Will accommodated the Uniqueness of the Fate pathway and held a Sequence 1 Snake of Mercury Beyonder characteristic, while Ouroboros had two Snake of Mercury Beyonder characteristics.

As soon as Will Auceptin and Ouroboros appeared, the Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, Arhats, and Wisdom Kings who had been intently listening to the Buddha Ancestor's teachings simultaneously turned their gazes upon them. Their expressions betrayed greed and yearning, as though all of them wished to draw near, sniff deeply, or take a bite.

On either side of the great Buddha's face, two mouths suddenly split open, revealing gleaming, razor-sharp teeth.

Clang!

The sound of a bell echoed from infinite heights, and time froze for a second.

The great Buddha regained a dignified and compassionate expression, and the hideous mouths on His face disappeared.

Seizing this moment, the Holy Monk within the Dragon Lock Tower returned to the Buddhist kingdom.

He glanced around, pressed His hands together, and softly recited, 'Merciful Buddha.'

As His voice reverberated, the Holy Monk transitioned from corporeal to ethereal, taking a single step to merge with the great Buddha's golden body.

The great Buddha glanced to the left and right, speaking in a calm yet majestic voice,

'I thank you both for your efforts.'

Seeing this, Will Auceptin quietly breathed a sigh of relief. Imitating the great Buddha's posture, he crossed his legs and sat down to the Buddha's left, sitting side by side.

Ouroboros maintained a serene expression as He also assumed a lotus position on the Buddha's right.

Immediately afterward, the Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, Arhats, and Wisdom Kings below transformed into beams of various-colored lights. They swiftly returned to the great Buddha's golden body, merging into one entity.

All Buddhas converge to their origin.

While everyone had a Buddha-nature, there was only one Buddha in the world.

…

Meanwhile, the Master of the Shadow Cottage departed the Dragon Lock Tower, returning to the boundless Tenebrous World hidden deep beneath the earth.

Here, another figure already Naboredisley, His ice-blue eyes piercing beneath the brim of His semi-tall hat.

'You're unwilling to accept this fate too, aren't you?' the Master of the Shadow Cottage said, smiling as He looked over.

'Would you be content if you were in my shoes?' Naboredisley retorted.

Master of the Shadow Cottage shook His head.

'If they want to consume us, they'll have to pay a price.'

'Fellow Daoist, we've known each other spiritually for a long time. How about collaborating this time?'

'I came here precisely to cooperate!' Naboredisley's voice suddenly grew louder, as though He had returned to His Farbauti era.

'Haha!' The Master of the Shadow Cottage laughed heartily, and together with Farbauti, They stepped into the pitch-black, shadowy world without hesitation.

…

In the real world.

As Lumian, in the form of a crimson meteor, drew closer to the true body of the Mother Goddess of Depravity, his progress became increasingly arduous.

Finally, he saw the colossal figure clearly.

It was as if countless birthing organs were haphazardly piled together, with swirling smoke and crimson moonlight intertwining to form an accretion-disk-like extension that served as clothing.

Yet, this massive figure had a head resembling that of a human woman. Her features—facial structure, long brown hair, and crimson eyes—were flawless, embodying the very concept of 'beauty.' She was the symbol of beauty in the universe, radiating an unmistakable maternal brilliance.

At that moment, even Lumian hesitated to strike.

However, attracted by beauty, Cheek's face, Aurore, and Jenna—driven by Lumian's will—used Charm on the Mother Goddess of Depravity, seemingly seeking to draw closer to Her.

As a result, the Mother Goddess of Depravity did not immediately attack Lumian, who stood in a three-bodied, three-headed, six-armed form.

Yet Her symbolic nature continued to influence the surrounding area. As Lumian drew nearer, he quickly felt the effects of New Life.

The weakened consciousnesses within him began to experience a New Life.

Cheek's consciousness and Tudor's consciousness gained new life. The will of the Primordial God Almighty gained new life. The divided consciousness of the mirrored Original Creator gained new life. Even the consciousness of the malevolent dragon gained new life!

With the malevolent dragon's rapid recovery, the suppression exerted by Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna's wills on Her faltered.

What had been a fragile balance capable of lasting several minutes seemed poised to collapse immediately under the effect of New Life, with unforeseeable consequences.

In the face of these changes, Lumian neither feared nor panicked. Instead, he seized the opportunity to break free from the allure of beauty. Smiling, he lifted his head to gaze at the astral world.

Lord of Mysteries Klein, who was now guarding the astral world alone, withdrew the illusory barrier and turned toward the real world. Like a Magician about to perform, he raised both hands.

He did not immediately transfer humanity from the protected zones. Such an action would undoubtedly cause a significant commotion.

While it would be simple for Klein to shield a few dozen or a few hundred people and quietly move them to the edge of the universe without the Great Old Dominators' knowledge, the Great Old Dominators would not be fools to let the billions of surviving humans escape unnoticed.

Of course, if there were only one or two Great Old Dominators outside the barrier, Klein might have had a way to briefly reduce Them to fools. But now, eight of them stood watch.

During a previous Tarot Club meeting, The Magician Fors had speculated that a Pillar could contend with two Great Old Ones. Gehrman Sparrow had remained noncommittal at the time, still a proxy. Now fully awakened as the Lord of Mysteries, Klein's answer was: that judgment was both correct and incorrect.

'Correct' if confronted by Great Old Dominators with specific symbols capable of countering the Lord of Mysteries' abilities—Marionettes, Parasites, Blink, etc. In such cases, Klein could only rely on the unique symbolism of a Pillar to contend with two at most.

'Incorrect' in that, in the absence of such countermeasures, there was no fundamental difference between battling two or eight Great Old Ones.

Among the Great Old Dominators outside the barrier, several possessed symbolisms that countered Klein's abilities. Therefore, he dared not be overconfident. He intended to wait until the Great Old Dominators rushed in impatiently after the barrier cracked and plunged the situation into chaos, allowing him to secretly evacuate the beings within the protected zones.

At that moment, the Great Old Dominators would be fixated on the sefirot and Uniquenesses, disregarding everything else. Even if They noticed Lord of Mysteries Klein's secretive actions, They would not expend any effort to interfere.

Yet, this plan was not foolproof. Certain Great Old Dominators with relevant symbols might secretly inform Their followers to disrupt the evacuation.

The Great Old Dominators Themselves had no interest in Beyonder characteristics below Sequence 1, but Their followers might think differently!

Hearing the cracking of the illusory barrier behind him, Klein shifted his gaze to the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the Origins of Disaster Lumian.

Lumian, now fully displaying his three-bodied, three-headed, six-armed form, gazed at the Mother Goddess of Depravity, who had just escaped Charm. Half in appreciation, half in jest, he laughed.

This is exactly what I've been waiting for—to let you impose New Life on me!

The Charm was to ensure that you wouldn't develop vigilance or spiritual forewarning, allowing the New Life influence to occur naturally!

As long as I am not dead, the symbolism of the Mother Goddess of Depravity within me remains valid!

Previously, my rank was too low, and I lacked the corresponding elements. Using this symbolism, I could only disguise myself as you to provoke the Brood Hive's rebellious will through Mr. Fool's Fooling. It was difficult to truly harm you.

But now, I am an Above the Sequences great existence, differing from you only in the unique symbolism of a Pillar.

And the New Life you naturally imposed just activated the feminine and masculine halves of the mirrored Original Creator within me. Isn't this equivalent to me also nurturing the Original Creator?

This is remarkably similar to your nurturing of the Chaos Primogenitor, the Original Creator of the next universe. The most critical corresponding element is now complete!

The Genie previously hinted at using my uniqueness and Mr. Fool's symbolism. Combined with the warning about your impending accommodation of the Brood Hive, it became clear: You possess a unique symbol of limited use pointing toward the Original Creator, one I can align with!

After Mr. Fool's full awakening, he did not rush to become the Lord of Mysteries, deliberately deceiving you while roaming the continents and gathering concealed truths through your followers.

Thus, I've come straight for you, waiting for your instinctive and indiscriminate influence to awaken the mirrored Original Creator within me!

Moreover, with the Brood Hive assimilated by you, Lugano—who once belonged to you—now pledges allegiance to me, and the Phoenix Egg deep within the Underworld will soon be swallowed by me. We are more alike than ever.

You are the Great Mother who nurtures the Oldest One, Omebella, and Zedus. So am I!

In the blink of an eye, Lumian, in his giant form, conjured the Grafted Phoenix Egg into his hand and swallowed it in one gulp.

Then, he brought his six arms together, forming a massive black-flame sword bound with destruction and chaos, and drove it into his own body.

At the same time, he looked at the Mother Goddess of Depravity and smiled brilliantly.

Now, I am equivalent to you. Killing me equals killing you!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1161: Pillar Symbolism

The Mother Goddess of Depravity, having broken free from Charm, began to change as soon as Lumian took hold of the Phoenix Egg.

Her colossal body rapidly collapsed inward toward Her abdomen, as though transforming into a nest or womb, reverting Herself to an embryonic state for rebirth.

This process would reset all symbols associated with Her, except those intrinsic to Her being, erasing external mystical correspondences.

Lumian would no longer be able to exploit the mystical law of similarity to equate himself with Her, thereby killing Her by killing himself.

Previously, the Mother Goddess of Depravity had refrained from using this method to rid Herself of symbolic influences for two reasons. First, She had just descended into the barrier by leveraging Her symbolic powers when she was immediately Fooled and Deceived by The Fool Klein using the core aggregation instinct of godhood. She was then guided into the grayish-white fog sealing the Western Continent. Her focus was on reclaiming the Brood Hive and She did not wish to reset Herself and lose useful symbolisms. Second, during the process of accommodating the Brood Hive, rebirth was impossible, as it would reset Her progress to zero.

As the Mother Goddess of Depravity began to collapse and reset Herself, Lord of Mysteries Klein, in the astral world, abandoned the maintenance of the illusory barrier. Listening to its creaks as it neared shattering, he raised his hands, revealing a massive door of light tinged with bluish-black hues deep within the shadows of his black trench coat.

Sefirah Castle!

Klein was now fully utilizing one of the core symbols of the Lord of Mysteries.

With a resounding clang, the Mother Goddess of Depravity's collapse and rebirth slowed noticeably. What would have been instantaneous now required two or three seconds to complete.

Change!

This was one of the core symbols of the Lord of Mysteries: control over change-slowing, accelerating, halting, or introducing errors into transformations. The Mother Goddess of Depravity's attempt to revert to an embryonic state and reset Her symbolisms fell under this domain.

Previously, Klein had not used the symbolism of Change to influence the Mother Goddess of Depravity's accommodation of the Brood Hive because doing so required full exertion of Sefirah Castle's power. At the time, he needed to maintain the barrier and contend with the other eight Great Old Dominators. Furthermore, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, having invoked the unique symbolism of the Chaos Primogenitor, was in a prolonged state of weakness that couldn't be recovered using New Life.

This made any influence over Her transformations significantly more effective.

With the Mother Goddess's collapse into an embryonic state delayed, Lumian-the Origins of Disaster-smiled brilliantly yet resolutely as he drove the massive black-flame sword, imbued with destruction and madness, into his own body. This act embodied the symbolism of disaster.

In an instant, flames of destruction erupted from within him, consuming his body, the consciousness of Cheek, Alista Tudor's consciousness, the divided halves of the mirrored Original Creator, the remnants of the Primordial God Almighty's spirit, the consciousness of the malevolent dragon, and even Lumian's own consciousness along with those of Aurore and Jenna.

Lumian's body began to collapse catastrophically, nearing its annihilation and return to chaos.

To bring disaster upon oneself and embrace destruction was the truest embodiment of the Origins of Disaster, the Calamity of Destruction.

Amidst the silent, roaring black flames, Lumian turned his head, exchanging smiles with Aurore and Jenna, both of whom bore expressions of pain.

He then looked back at the Mother Goddess of Depravity, his face twisted yet serene with delight.

He saw black flames, imbued with destruction and chaos, erupting within the crimson-glowing Mother Goddess. Her semi-collapsed colossal body crumbled layer by layer, ejecting various birthing organs that were swiftly reduced to ash in the enveloping Fire of Destruction.

Having ascended to become the Origins of Disaster, Lumian no longer required Mr. Fool's assistance to fully harness symbolic powers, especially those capable of bringing calamity!

The Mother Goddess, flawless in Her beauty – a concept that equaled beauty itself-threw Her head back slightly and let out a banshee-like scream filled with agony.

Many of the Kleins surrounding the area withered instantly, collapsing into death and returning to the embrace of Mother Earth.

The entire planet lost its vitality, the stars in the sky dimmed, and tremors reverberated throughout the boundless cosmos.

Reality quaked.

The accelerated collapse of Lumian's consciousness and body gained a boost from death and desolation, further amplifying his destruction. This, in turn, worsened the Mother Goddess of Depravity's collapse, leaving numerous remaining organs lifeless.

As the Mother Goddess of Depravity was reduced to a thin, womb-like shell surrounding Her colossal form, the black flames of chaos and destruction extinguished or could no longer penetrate deeper.

The Indestructible!

This was the Mother Goddess of Depravity's symbolism of Indestructibility. Her Indestructibility nature meant that, like the Primordial God Almighty and The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, Her spirit would never be eradicated and would gradually recover over time, It also represented the indestructibility of Her soul and body.

The Mother Goddess of Depravity would never perish - unless She encountered the Original Creator, who could make the impossible happen, or the fourth Pillar symbolizing the end to everything was born, or She overextended the Chaos Primogenitor's unique symbolism.

Of course, Klein and Lumian had never aimed to truly kill the Mother Goddess of Depravity, aware of Her honorific title and Indestructibility as The Indestructible. Their plan had always been to severely wound Her and drive Her out of the astral barrier.

At this moment, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, having used the Chaos Primogenitor's symbolism and entered a prolonged state of weakness, slowed Her recovery from the influence of New Life. Simultaneously, Lumian's exploitation of symbolic correspondence and the calamity symbol had dealt Her a devastating blow, fully achieving the first stage of a Magician's performance plan.

The problem, however, was that the second stage could never be realized, as the astral barrier was no more.

Lord of Mysteries Klein remained calm and unaffected by disappointment. Raising his star-studded cane, he infused the bluish-black door of light's projection with his will.

His eyes reflected the image of the Mother Goddess of Depravity reduced to Her last organ and embryonic state.

Banishment and Sealing!

Previously, attempting to extract a Pillar in reality from the planet would have been nearly impossible. But now, with the Mother Goddess of Depravity severely wounded, an opportunity had emerged!

As starlight fell, the Mother Goddess of Depravity's distorted form changed.

She transformed into a colossal, ethereal oak tree, rooted deeply in reality, supporting the heavens, and intertwining Herself with the fabric of the real universe.

Pillar symbolism!

The Mother Goddess of Depravity invoked Her dominion over reality, embodying the symbolism of a Pillar.

The immense, incomprehensible oak tree trembled violently, yet remained firmly rooted in reality, unable to be banished or sealed.

A wilderness unfurled around it as a greenish mistletoe-covered branch broke from the treetop, flying above Lumian's black-flame-wreathed, crumbling form, and raining down dew-like droplets.

The Fire of Destruction engulfing Lumian were swiftly extinguished, and his collapsing body was halted by the effects of New Life. Among the consciousnesses within him, only his, Aurore's, and Jenna's were revitalized, restoring balance for a few more minutes.

At that moment, the Mother Goddess of Depravity chose to save him!

Of course, saving him was also an act of self-preservation.

She did not want Lumian to die prematurely before the symbolism was removed, worsening Her weakened state. Nor did She want him to lose balance and unleash something potentially terrifying, which could reflect through their symbolic connection and lead to the Chaos Primogenitor's emergence in the real world.

As the dew-like droplets fell, the immense oak tree supporting the world leveraged Klein's banishment powers and vanished from its location.

The Pillar in reality, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, left the planet and reappeared beyond the solar system.

She transformed into a crimson liquid, enveloping a gas giant, and began reverting to Her embryonic state, initiating New Life to reset Her form.

This time, though no influence was exerted by Lord of Mysteries Klein's symbolic power, the severe wounds and compounded weakness delayed Her recovery. The symbolism of destruction seemed to obstruct New Life, carefully avoiding agitating the now-dormant Chaos Primogenitor.

From a great distance, the crimson planet continued to gaze at the location containing parts of Herself. While severing symbolic connections and healing Her wounds, She patiently awaited a new opportunity - when the remaining Great Old Dominators descended into fierce competition, weakening or suppressing the Lord of Mysteries, and She could return to reclaim all and gain even more.

Lord of Mysteries Klein did not pursue the Mother Goddess of Depravity to strike Her again, and Lumian did not exploit symbolic connections for further self-destruction. Both understood the Mother Goddess of Depravity's Indestructible nature. Severely wounding and driving Her away for a period was already their anticipated outcome. Any additional efforts risked unforeseen consequences, such as awakening the Chaos Primogenitor.

More pressing matters loomed as Klein heard the faint but definitive sound of shattering behind him.

The last barrier he had pulled from the fog of history had completely collapsed.

What Lumian saw next was a terrifying star cluster composed of erupting suns.

The lifeless planet beneath his feet was violently torn apart into fragments, ceasing to exist.

***

Thanks to the users "**Максим Довбняк**", "**TempestUknow**" for the chapters provided!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1162: A Distant Planet

As the planet was torn into fragments in an instant, the three-headed, three-bodied, six- armed Lumian remained completely unaffected.

How could calamity itself ever be harmed by Disaster?

At some unknown point, he had already taken out the Box of the Great Old Ones, encrusted with various gemstones, and directly opened its third layer.

Inside, there was nothing-yet clear and unnerving sounds of chewing and digestion emanated from within.

Almost simultaneously, the right hand of the body housing Aurore and Jenna reached inside, pulling from the void a mass of chaotic liquid that contained all colors and all possibilities.

Then, that hand clenched into a fist, absorbing the liquid into a chaos vortex it created. It annihilated the contents within, incorporating them into Lumian's own consciousness and spirit, specifically into the feminine aspect of the Origins of Disaster, thus balancing the residual corruption that could not be entirely eradicated.

As Lumian performed this action, a massive cross above the protective zones caused an even larger tide of chaos to surge forth, engulfing the zone completely.

The next moment, the terrifying gravitational pull of the immense star cluster and the disintegration of the fragmented planet caused the protective zones and the Chaos Sea that submerged it to tremble violently, as if on the brink of total collapse. The massive cross began to bend noticeably.

Yet, no matter what, the protective zones remained stable-for the time being, at least. Now!

Klein felt the Great Old Dominators rushing to breach the barrier. Seizing the opportunity, he directed the projection of the bluish-black door of light into the protective zones, where it scattered into countless starlit fragments.

The Chaos Sea enveloping the protective zone abruptly contracted, retreating back into the shadowy figure on the cross. All that remained was a patch of deep darkness and a few dangerous artifacts.

The protective zones vanished.

They disappeared entirely.

Lord of Mysteries Klein instantly transferred billions of humans, countless other species, and the scenes from the dream to a target planet at the edge of the universe.

It was like a magician's trick-drape a cloth over the table, then whip it away, and the objects underneath were gone.

-

Within the protective zone, still functioning but with only five minutes left, The Magician Fors, standing in her home in Backlund, suddenly froze for a moment.

She said to Xio, Franca, Anthony, and Ludwig, "There's no need for me to transfer you anymore. We've already reached our destination. Everyone has."

"Uh..." Franca was stunned.

She had thought she would still have one final chance to make a decision.

It wasn't until Madam Magician finished speaking that she, Madam Judgment Xio, Ludwig, and the others realized the environment around them had already changed.

At that moment, The Magician Fors frowned slightly and said, "Enemies are approaching- from space!"

As she spoke, Fors stretched out her right hand. With a burst of dazzling starlight, she conjured a fantastical screen in front of her.

On the screen were shadowy figures traversing different dimensions, as well as faint, unattainably high humanoid shapes, leaping toward the current planet.

Sequence 2 Dimensional Shadow and Sequence 1 Observer of the Painter pathway... and there's more than one of them... Have they discovered Mr. Fool's transfer of the protective zones and seen through the Deceit, locating this planet from a higher dimension and sending their Blessed? While Madam Magician Fors's consciousness resonated, the figures, however, did not directly descend into the current dimension. They stopped instead.

They understood that relying solely on Their angelic powers would not be enough to deal with the numerous and powerful "prey."

They began summoning Visitors, seeking reinforcements.

This was Their habit. They were not mindless creatures driven by instinct to hunt recklessly without considering alliances.

The next second, one grotesque creature after another arrived through Hostels.

Some were women with closed eyes, weaving webs of fate; others wielded illusory, silvery dirks that seemed capable of severing the threads of fate and cutting off branches of the River of Fate.

Some belonged to different species, appearing humanoid or bizarre. All had three heads and six arms, with expressions ranging from malice and rage to sorrowful numbness, compassionate serenity, or blank incompleteness.

Some were radiant beings of starlight with six pairs of wings, while others were colossal transparent dragons, attempting to drive a small asteroid toward the planet at the edge of the universe.

Others were draped in black robes, revealing only writhing snakes or tentacles beneath. Still others had no physical form, existing only as whispers deep within living beings' hearts.

Some wore fresh flower wreaths, appearing beautiful, holding wooden bows and arrows like true deities. Others resembled tree-like sea monsters, covered in slimy blossoms and chaos- slick scales, dotted with brown-green tumors.

There were beings that looked like dark vortices, filled with gleaming white teeth and tendrils of shadow extending outward, crowned with disparate heads. Others were blobs of liquid containing all colors.

Some seemed composed of water-colored time, Their massive forms slowing everything around Them. Others were hunched, ancient to the point of decrepitude, with loose, wrinkled skin blotched with decay. Aside from Their mountainous size, They appeared unremarkable.

Some stood loftily, as if holding up the sky itself to prevent it from collapsing, yet Their abdomens were entirely hollow. Others resembled immense greenish oak trees that seemed to pierce the heavens...

Upon seeing this scene, The Madam Magician Fors's mind was suddenly flooded with information, drawn from Mr. Fool, Ma'am Hermit, The Chariot Lumian the Chariot, and her

own explorations.

Sequence 2 Web Weaver and Sequence 1 Blade of Fate of the Goddess of Fate pathway...

Sequence 2 Sinner and Sequence 1 Angel of Redemption of the Circle of Inevitability pathway...

Sequence 2 Radiant Angel and Sequence 1 Star Dragon of the Tide Scholar pathway...

Sequence 2 Great Old One Attendant and Sequence 1 Voice of the Heart, of the Initiator pathway...

Sequence 2 Cupid and Sequence 1 Leviathan of the Mother Tree of Desire pathway...

Sequence 2 Angel of Devouring and Sequence 1 Chaos Gastric Juices of the Chef pathway...

Sequence 2 Time Giant and Sequence 1 God of Decay of the Monarch of Decay pathway...

Sequence 2 The Supreme or Broken Pillar and Sequence 1 Tree God of the Heretic Spellmaster

pathway...

Madam Magician took a deep breath, turned her head, and smiled at Judgment Xio. "It's not over yet. We still have work to do."

Having spoken, the recently advanced Sequence 1 Key of Stars stepped out of the protective zone and appeared above the habitable planet she had discovered during her previous travels.

She raised her right hand, unveiling a vast and dreamlike starry sky to cover the entire protective zone, sealing it in a defensive barrier.

The coming battle could not be allowed to affect the interior of the protective zone, nor could those evil god Blessed infiltrate it!

No sooner had Fors finished this task than another figure appeared nearby-the Pope of the Church of Evernight, Saint Dabomachie.

Saint Dabomachie, now transformed into a giant dozens of meters tall with elongated limbs, grayish-blue skin, and a single vertical eye on His forehead,

had ascended to Sequence 1 Hand of God in the Warrior pathway. His right hand seemed to be made entirely of glowing orange twilight.

Summoning pure, dense light imbued with orange hues, Saint Dabomachie added another layer of unyielding radiance outside Fors's seal.

Double protection!

As Saint Dabomachie wielded His protective power, yet another figure emerged from the

protective zone.

This was a black-haired, blue-eyed middle-aged man with a stern demeanor, square face, and high nose, cloaked in a dark mantle: William Augustus, the founder of the Loen Kingdom.

William Augustus did not act immediately. He raised His head to observe the tug-of-war between disorder and balance, the evolving order of the battlefield, and the enemy forces' formation, carefully calculating the rules and structures He would impose.

Such decisions could not afford errors. If situations like "Mystery weakens here, while reality grows stronger" were imposed, and the enemy deployed something akin to the ship used in the sea prayer ritual, those very rules might end up limiting their own side's Angels.

The Magician Fors, about to speak to Saint Dabomachie and William Augustus, saw Xio and

Franca appear beside her.

Meeting her gaze, Judgment Xio said calmly, "For me, establishing and maintaining order is fundamentally about protection."

Fors smiled but said nothing. Instead, she turned to Franca.

Franca cleared her throat and replied solemnly, "I'm not the type to hide behind others.

"At a time like this, every bit of strength counts. Every bit of light helps." Given her personality, how could she not have fantasized about being a savior—the kind who signed non-disclosure agreements and remained unsung after the fact? Madam Magician laughed. "Even if you didn't come, I would've summoned you."

Then, through the seal and barriers, she addressed Anthony within the protective zone, "Your

job is to placate and maintain stability."

Anthony hesitated briefly before turning to Ludwig and saying, "I'll handle the Trier area."

Without waiting for a response, he entered the sea of collective subconscious.

His expression was heavy, yet tinged with joy.

How wonderful. This time, I can do something. I can placate. I can stabilize the rear for the Angels.

Back then, it may have been naive and laughable, but I didn't join the army for wealth or status-I did

it to protect my country and its people...

Ludwig neither followed Anthony nor immediately left the protective zone. Instead, he now held a jewelry box encrusted with countless gemstones and a

writhing blob of chaotic liquid.

From across half the universe, Lumian had hurled the Box of the Great Old Ones to him. Staring at the two items, Ludwig's expression fluctuated. After a few seconds, he gritted his teeth and swallowed the chaotic liquid.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1163: The Gathering

□

Backlund.

Justice Audrey stood in the sea of collective subconscious, gazing at the drifting light and shadow and listening to the cacophony of voices. It was as if she were standing at a bustling street corner, feeling the highs and lows of life and the vibrant pulse hidden beneath it all.

She turned her head and smiled at the golden retriever, Susie, by her side.

"Your duty is to placate."

As she finished speaking, Audrey's figure vanished from the protective zone and reappeared silently beside The Magician Fors and Judgment Xio.

"But I'm just a dog..." muttered Susie, left behind in the sea of collective subconscious, her voice carrying a resigned sigh.

--

Rorsted Archipelago, Bayam.

The Hanged Man Alger sat at the edge of the square outside the Church of the Sea God, silently watching white doves take flight amidst the comings and goings of people.

Suddenly, he heard the voices of a children's choir singing from inside the church: "Break! Break! Break!"

Alger couldn't help but smile faintly.

A howling gale arose, enveloping and lifting him, carrying him upward into the sky.

--

New City of Silver, within the headquarters cathedral of the Church of The Fool.

The Sun Derrick nodded to the now exceptionally gigantic Waite Chirmont standing beside him.

"The door to the light has appeared," Derrick said.

"This will be a glorious battle," Waite Chirmont with a dark-green sigil tattooed on his bald scalp replied with a grin.

Without further words, Derrick transformed into pure and sacred sunlight, soaring out of the protective zone like a radiant golden sun rising into the sky.

...

Seeing the sun ascend and rise higher into the heavens,

Angel of the Holy Spirit Reinette Tinekerr, who now had a head on her neck, spoke with mild dissatisfaction to Her student, Sharron.

"Those entities are far too hideous.

"Let's curse Them into normalcy."

Temperance Sharron nodded slightly, watching her teacher vanish before her eyes.

She did not follow immediately. Instead, she closed her eyes and silently assessed her own state.

She remembered a teaching her mentor had once imparted to her: "Temperance is not about perpetual suppression; it is about rationally understanding oneself and preparing for an explosive moment when it truly matters."

Now, the time had come!

...

Berserk Sea, aboard the deck of the Future.

Ma'am Hermit Cattleya looked at her first mate, Frank Lee; second mate, Heath Doyle; navigator, Ottolov; and boatswain, Nina. A sudden wave of sentimentality rose in her heart. When she had left the Dawn, her only thought was to grow stronger, build her own fleet, and prove herself to the Queen, regaining her recognition. Later, she began to think about leading her crew and fleet to better futures.

But now, her task was to protect this world-to face and fight against the impending apocalyptic disaster.

"Perhaps this is the fate of a Sage..."

With that thought, The Hermit Cattleya dissolved into a torrent of complex, illusory information, rushing out of the protective zone.

Then, she noticed two similar streams of data surging from Trier.

A sense of peace and quiet joy settled within her heart.

...

Backlund, in his own home.

The Moon Emlyn sat quietly in a chair, staring at a room full of dolls.

He had already learned that the Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess Beyonder characteristic left behind by the Ancestor had not been transferred to the current planet.

This was an unavoidable choice.

The other Great Old Dominators were undoubtedly vying fiercely for the sefirot and the Uniquenesses now, leaving Them too preoccupied to deal with Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics to the point of personally descending. Once the divine war concluded, if Mr. Fool and other great existences emerged victorious, the Sequence 1 Archangels or corresponding Sealed Artifacts that were transferred would naturally remain safe. If the outcome was the opposite, pre-prepared measures could be employed-cutting losses by ejecting those Beyonder characteristics, avoiding another targeted assault by the Great Old Dominators.

But there was a specific issue- the Mother Goddess of Depravity was not entangled in the chaotic war. She was distancing Herself from the area to acquire new life. If the Beauty Goddess Beyonder characteristic had been transferred with the protective zone, She might very well take the time to come here. In that case, all resistance would be rendered meaningless unless Mr. Fool abandoned the original battlefield.

As his thoughts churned, The Moon Emlyn stood abruptly, black, membranous bat wings unfurling from his back.

The wings flapped as Emlyn ascended into the air, looking down at the ordinary, oblivious Sanguine without godhood below, who had yet to realize the environment had changed.

He circled overhead before heading beyond the protective zone, his vast bat wings seeming to blot out the sky.

Below, several crimson moonbeams emerged from coffins and graves, following The Moon Emlyn.

...

Loen Kingdom, Awwa County, Tingen City.

The Star Leonard stared blankly at the sky, feeling that events were deviating from his

expectations.

He quickly reined in his thoughts and addressed the assembled members of the Blackthorn

Security Company.

"Vacation starts now. Everyone, go home."

"But Deacon, aren't we supposed to deal with possible infiltrations by the Blessed of the evil gods?" asked the team members, clad in red gloves or black trench coats, their faces filled

with confusion.

The Star Leonard reiterated firmly, "Go home immediately.

"This is your mission; this is what you must do."

The Nighthawks exchanged puzzled looks but ultimately obeyed the command. After all, the protective zone was not the real world. Perhaps returning home carried a unique symbolic significance or psychological effect.

As his team departed, Leonard gazed skyward once more.

With his Concealment authority, he could sense one Angel after another gathering there.

Leonard exhaled slowly and closed his eyes, memories of past scenes flashing in his mind-

scenes of Megose's visit to the Blackthorn Security Company.

His figure quickly faded and was transferred outside the protective zone.

"Captain, you see this? We are protecting this world.

"This time, I am not alone. Every Angel is fighting alongside me..."

...

The Star Leonard's figure materialized outside the seals and barriers of the Door pathway, where he saw the old man, Pallez, separate from him and coalesce into a figure nearby.

He also spotted the ascetic-looking Madam Arianna and the youthful-featured yet prematurely gray-haired Antigonus, along with other familiar Angels.

Then, the voice of Red Angel Medici echoed in his ears. "Everyone, I want you to join my

legion."

To become part of the Red of War Legion, combining the powers of all Angels into one unified force rather than fighting individually? The Star Leonard understood Medici's intention.

He did not refuse and nodded in agreement.

Franca also heard Medici's words but did not immediately respond.

It wasn't resistance but rather a thought that occurred to her. Judging by the changes in the Box of the Great Old Ones, Lumian should already be the Origins of

Disaster, Calamity of Destruction, with Jenna and Aurore revived.

That means they are great existences now, existences tied to war.

And I am a member of their team, an ally of the essence of war!

I wonder how extensive the effective range of a legion is for a great existence... Symbolically, it should span the entire universe. But in terms of tangible abilities, it's likely limited...

If I'm still within range, couldn't I share Lumian and their rank and power, becoming a smaller-scale Origins of Disaster, Calamity of Destruction to wreak havoc on this battlefield?

With this thought, Franca sought to "borrow power" on the spot. Unfortunately, she failed.

Is the range not extensive enough, or has some Great Old Dominator used Their symbolism to disrupt Lumian and the team's abilities? Franca muttered under her breath and reluctantly chose to temporarily join Medici's legion.

At the same time, she saw the War Angel, with fiery hair like a burning blaze and clad in blood-stained black armor.

In between Medici's brows, a crimson, dripping banner emblem had already manifested. He had long completed the sacrifice to the essence of war and undoubtedly received its feedback and aid. Otherwise, even with two sets of Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristics, the range of the legion's influence would not have sufficed to connect all the Angels-there were simply too many gathered in such a constrained space spanning about twenty

kilometers.

Now, with the backing of the essence of war, He was far better equipped to handle the

situation.

Feeling the agreement and participation of one Angel after another, Red Angel Medici looked

at the Outer Deity Angels assembling in another dimension and laughed coldly.

His expression was both disdainful and solemn.

Violet flames ignited in His hands.

Once, I followed the Lord, saving humanity and ushering in glory.

Now, I still remain. I will continue to protect it all.

Author's Note: This chapter is a bit short, but I feel it is just the right stopping point for the

chapter. More content would be unnecessary.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1164: Know Thy Enemy

□

When vast clusters of suns exploded, tearing apart planets and pulling all matter toward themselves, a pervasive grayish-white fog appeared. Within it stood Klein, wearing a half silk top hat and a long black trench coat, his figure slightly distorted as he faced Supernova Dominator, one of the Great Old Dominators.

At the same time, Klein sensed an almost untouchable shadow emerging from a higher dimension. He scrutinized the Spirit Body Threads, preparing to interfere, manipulate, influence, and disrupt them.

High-Dimensional Overseer!

This was a Great Old Dominator capable of countering abilities such as Parasitism, Marionettes, and Blink. He wielded the corresponding symbol:

Dimensionality!

From higher or lower dimensions, Spirit Body Threads were tangible and real- something that could be touched. Blink only allowed movement on a small scale, while those Parasitized were bound together into one entity.

This rendered the unique, ubiquitous nature of the Lord of Mysteries' avatars ineffective. Combat against the High-Dimensional Overseer could only rely on Klein's true body.

Thus, as long as the battlefield contained the High-Dimensional Overseer, Klein could only leverage Pillar symbolisms while contending with one additional Great Old Dominator. However, in a one-on-one situation, the Dimensionality symbolism of the High- Dimensional Overseer did not completely suppress the Lord of Mysteries' Change symbolism, which included space-time. These forces mutually counteracted each other. Just as the King of Space-Time could hinder the Lord of Dimensions from freely traversing dimensions, Klein could rely on symbolism like Foolishness to turn the tide against the High-Dimensional Overseer. Klein couldn't truly kill Him but could defeat Him, banish Him, and make Him suffer significant losses.

Apart from the High-Dimensional Overseer, three other entities could disrupt the Lord of Mysteries' ability to manifest in countless forms and fight multiple foes simultaneously: Monarch of Decay, Inextinguishable Ravings, and Primordial Hunger.

The Monarch of Decay's symbols of Decay and Certain Death made it so that the death of an avatar equaled the death of the main body, and the decay of an afterimage equaled the decay of the main body.

Inextinguishable Ravings seemed to share His origin with the residual psyche of the Original Creator within the Beyonder characteristics. It was the source of all ravings, capable of ignoring the interference of marionettes, avatars, and afterimages to directly project His voice into sefirot and Uniquenesses, transmitting His madness and implanting His intent. Moreover, He did not have a true physical form but attached Himself to certain objects, causing them to exhibit specific colors or appearances.

Primordial Hunger symbolized the instinct of Convergence. Through this mechanism, He could forcibly pull Klein's true body to His side. Furthermore, if He devoured an avatar or marionette, He could absorb and erase the corresponding abilities, reducing or even temporarily nullifying their symbolic influence.

Without these four Great Old Dominators, Lord of Mysteries Klein would undoubtedly be able to hold off the remaining four on his own. While he might not secure a decisive victory, he would certainly not lose or allow Them to disrupt other battlefields significantly.

If the Mother Tree of Desire were still complete, as the Source of Curses, She would have been fully capable of cursing avatars and marionettes to indirectly curse the true body. Unfortunately, She has currently lost that aspect of symbolism. The uniqueness of the Chained and two of Her Abomination Beyonder characteristics were still sealed by Klein, and the Tenebrous World resisted Her influence.

A more reality-oriented Great Old Dominator like Supernova Dominator could rely on symbols and concepts like Density, Gravity, and Attraction to influence space-time and distort dimensions. However, for the Lord of Mysteries, who controlled change and could turn falsehood into truth or truth into falsehood, mere indirect interference was sufficient to stall Him without engaging directly.

The Circle of Inevitability wielded symbols of Past, Present, Future, Cycle, and Destiny, which theoretically could impact avatars, marionettes, and the ability to blink. However, it was effectively countered by Klein's combination of the concepts of King of Space-Time, Beacon of Destiny, and Error. If the Lord of Mysteries lacked any of these targeted concepts, the Circle of Inevitability would have had a chance to reverse the suppression or even gain the upper hand. But Klein had all three: the King of Space-Time countered Past, Present, and Future and Beacon of Destiny countered Cycle; and Error countered Destiny.

The Goddess of Fate's symbolisms primarily centered on the domain of fate, particularly conscious manipulation, which made Her an appealing opponent for the Beacon of Destiny's Foolishness symbolism. As for Her other significant symbolism, Eternal Life, Klein had no intention of actually killing Her, so it posed no major concern.

Based on prior intelligence gathering, divinations, and prophecies, Klein has long understood which entities to intercept and which to redirect elsewhere. His hope was to hold off three to four Great Old Dominators on his own, creating opportunities for breakthroughs on other battlefields.

How should one guide the unwanted Great Old Dominators to other places while keeping those intended for containment? Beyond employing Fooling and Deceit, one must also have a general understanding of the goals of these Great Old Dominators.

This was one of the preparations Klein had made over the past month.

The High-Dimensional Overseer desired sefirot related to rules, order, and space-time. Through divination and prophecy, Klein deduced that He sought either the Nation of Disorder or the River of Eternal Darkness. If the Great Old Dominators concentrated Their efforts to press the Lord of Mysteries back into His coffin, the High-Dimensional Overseer would also likely seek to accommodate the Uniquenesses of the Door and Error pathways and take control of Sefirah Castle.

Inextinguishable Ravings was highly likely to covet the Knowledge Moor and aimed to control the Chaos Sea, accommodating the Uniquenesses of The Hanged Man, White Tower, and Visionary pathways.

Primordial Hunger would not miss any opportunities related to chaos or primordial qualities. His objective appeared to be consuming the City of Calamity, ingesting but not digesting the Chaos Sea, and absorbing the Uniquenesses of The Hanged Man pathway and others. However, Klein suspected that Primordial Hunger might lose control over His convergence instinct and directly swallow the Chaos Sea. If this occurred, the situation would become even more complex and troublesome.

The Monarch of Decay was relatively easy to deduce-His goals were either the City of Calamity or the River of Eternal Darkness, though He could only choose one.

The Mother Tree of Desire would prioritize reclaiming the Tenebrous World and its corresponding Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. This was an instinctual drive of Her godhood.

The Circle of Inevitability undoubtedly coveted the Key of Light the most. However, the City of Calamity and the River of Eternal Darkness were also within His scope, as these pathways symbolized destined conclusions and various calamities. Additionally, similar to the High- Dimensional Overseer, if the Lord of Mysteries were defeated in a joint effort, the Circle of Inevitability would not shy away from seizing control of Sefirah Castle and accommodating the Uniquenesses of The Fool and Error pathways.

Supernova Dominator's goals were harder to pinpoint. Klein speculated that He desired the City of Calamity to embody the symbolism of Universal Catastrophe, the Knowledge Moor to enrich His star systems and civilizations, and the Nation of Disorder to complete the order and rules beyond celestial mechanics.

Furthermore, He was likely interested in the Chaos Sea and the Uniquenesses of the Sun and Storm pathways.

The Goddess of Fate similarly prioritized the Key of Light. However, if Sefirah Castle was left vacant, Her goals would align with the Circle of Inevitability. As for the Chaos Sea and the associated Uniquenesses of the White Tower and Visionary pathways, Klein felt there was a

certain probability of Her interest.

Having roughly understood these intentions, Klein already had a plan for what to do next. First, he did not Graft the Western Continent's Buddhist Kingdom or the Tenebrous World to somewhere near him. Instead, he proactively detached himself from the astral world. Suddenly, at an infinite height overlooking the entire world, Lord of Mysteries Klein, wearing black gloves, a dark trench coat, and holding a star-encrusted cane, appeared. He was extraordinarily immense, towering over all creation. Raising his right hand, he snapped his

fingers with a sharp crack.

With this motion, grayish-white fog immediately enveloped the spirit world, covering the entire universe's spirit world.

Supernova Dominator, High-Dimensional Overseer, and other Great Old Dominators instantly lost Their connection to the spirit world and could no longer exert any influence over

it.

The Lord of Mysteries-the Dominator of the Spirit World!

This was a direct utilization of Pillar symbolism!

From that moment on, for a set period, no creature could enter the spirit world without

Klein's explicit permission.

All their abilities, authorities, and symbols related to the spirit world were rendered

ineffective!

The three Pillars differed significantly in how They wielded Their respective symbols. For example, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, as the Dominator of Reality, could not seal off reality to prevent unauthorized entry or expel all adversaries. Such actions were unachievable. She could only impose a continuous weakening effect on targets within reality. However, on the other hand, reality was the foundation of the universe. Unless everything ended, reality would eternally exist. Thus, the Mother Goddess of Depravity possessed the characteristic of indestructibility, never to perish. As long as she wished, She could not be

displaced or sealed. While the Lord of Mysteries sealed the spirit world, Lumian, with three heads and six arms, waited for his target to appear.

Since he was not yet dead or collapsing, it was time to execute the next phase of the plan. The plan was: to take the initiative and devour a Great Old Dominator!

If the Great Old Dominators could absorb another sefirah to approach Pillar status, so could

he, the Origins of Disaster, Calamity of Destruction!

Do you Great Old Ones lack sefirot within yourselves? Whatever you can do, I can do too!

As for the indestructibility of your psyche or the potential consequences of devouring you-I'm already

dying, so why should I care?

Lumian had long identified his target for this purpose and made preparations in advance.

For example, he had reinstated the title of Malady God within his Sick Church.

Previously, the Malady God referred to the Monarch of Decay.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1165: Two Star Dominions

□

After sealing off the spirit world and sensing the intrusion of the remaining Great Old Dominators, Klein turned his attention to the Evernight Goddess, who had not yet fully accommodated the River of Eternal Darkness, and the Celestial Master, who was still making final preparations-both masters of a sefirah.

Klein seized the remaining moments to take one crucial action.

Using the authority of the Door pathway, he "transferred" all the remaining people and objects not aligned with the Outer Deities from this star dominion to another, significantly more distant star dominion.

This was both to buy more time for his allies and to scatter the enemy forces, splitting the battlefield and minimizing interference between the symbolisms being utilized in each area. Klein could have replicated the balancing abilities of the Justiciar pathway to evenly split forces across battlegrounds, but this would have had limited effect on the Great Old Dominators and would have hindered his ability to intervene in the other battlefield.

At the level of the Great Old Ones, it was possible to respond to prayers across the universe and exert influence on it as a whole. However, in actual combat, the immediate area of effect was usually limited to a single star system or the radiation zone of a black hole. This level of influence was mainly achieved by reality-oriented symbolisms like those of Supernova Dominator or Calamity of Destruction.

In simpler terms, Lumian could reduce or increase the frequency of disasters across the entire universe or create disasters in any known location, but his sensing range did not exceed a large star system unless pre-established mystical connections existed in those areas.

During combat, Lumian's short-term symbolic impacts also remained mostly confined to this range, with only minor, manageable disruptions spreading throughout the universe. The farther from the battlefield, the weaker the disturbance.

In this context, using the power of the Door pathway to separate the two battlefields by distance effectively reduced Klein's susceptibility to the negative effects of the symbolic influences wielded by Outer Deities like the High-Dimensional Overseer and the Monarch of Decay. At the same time, it preserved his capacity as the King of Space-Time to intervene in the other battlefield when necessary.

This was also a tactic to manipulate the enemies-redirecting Their target objectives and scattering Their actions. Klein could then allocate time to intercept those he wished to confront, avoid those he had to bypass for now, and deceive those he hoped to mislead. Neither Lumian, the Evernight Goddess who was in the process of accommodating the River of Eternal Darkness, nor other sefirah holders like Grisha Adam opposed the Lord of Mysteries' transfer, allowing the star dominion to transform. Lifeless planets and several stars from different directions emerged before them.

With their objectives abruptly removed, the Great Old Dominators immediately prepared to leap through the astral world to pursue them.

None of Them sought to stay behind and confront Lord of Mysteries Klein.

Though many among Them deeply coveted Sefirah Castle, the Uniquenesses of the Fool, Door, and Error pathways, their instincts told Them that it was easier and more practical to pursue the sefirot that had not yet developed full consciousness. Why take the immense risk of engaging a Pillar to seize His sefirot?

Besides, it wasn't as if They could fully accommodate it!

Even if some Great Old Dominator was tempted to target the Lord of Mysteries, They had to consider a harsh reality: They couldn't act alone. And without the Uncertain Mist to coordinate and unify Them into an alliance, none dared bet on receiving support if They stayed behind. If left alone against Klein, the fate of Genie could very well repeat itself— albeit with much greater difficulty.

The roles of hunter and prey could reverse!

As some of the Great Old Dominators entered the astral world, Grisha Adam, in a different star dominion, suddenly showed an expression of pain.

He immediately broke free from the massive cross He was bound to, transforming into a radiant giant whose head reached the astral realm. Beneath His feet lay the Chaos Sea, encompassing all colors and possibilities. Behind Him trailed a long shadow with five heads, while a sun blazed at the back of His head. Storms and lightning swirled around Him, and in His hands, He held a white tower made of books, adorned with brass eyes.

He raised His right hand and pointed toward the astral world. Instantly, abstract concepts and symbolic markers there descended into chaos, delaying the Great Old Dominators from reaching this star dominion.

Lord of the Astral World!

Grisha Adam, temporarily achieving balance through the return of the Uniquenesses of the White Tower and Tyrant pathways, forcibly manifested a state close to that of a Great Old One and employed the most critical symbolism of Omniscience and Omnipotency to disrupt the astral world, buying time.

The Great Old Dominators, now delayed or disoriented in the astral world, or still preparing to enter it, simultaneously encountered Lord of Mysteries Klein.

The Goddess of Fate appeared with three bodies standing side by side, all female in form and dressed in simple but elegant white dresses.

The figure on the left had hollow eyes and swiftly used both hands and an illusory loom to weave silvery drops of destiny into a net, which converged into streams.

These streams flowed to the middle body, which lacked arms, arriving at the present node of the River of Fate, merging into it and surging toward the void's edge.

The figure on the right was headless, holding an illusory silver-black knife in its hands, cutting away portions of the River of Fate's tributaries.

The Weaver of All Fates, the symbol of ultimate judgment, the eternal Goddess of the Future!

As the Goddess of Fate was about to enter the astral world, distorted shadows emerged within the silvery, illusory River of Fate.

They swam from the past and future toward the present node and toward the true form of the Goddess of Fate.

This brought a tolling, causing the flow of the River of Fate to stagnate.

Meanwhile, Supernova Dominator, composed of countless exploding suns, found Himself surrounded by one starry door after another.

These brilliant doors filled the cosmos, bending and shattering under His intense gravitational pull.

Yet, every time a door broke, another appeared in its place, covering the star dominion and blocking the path to the astral world with countless layers of overlapping gates.

Layers upon layers of doors!

The Mother Tree of Desire resembled a humanoid giant tree covered in chaotic scales. Its surface was adorned with enticing crystalline fruits, glistening alluring flowers, various metallic emblems, black hearts, bare tumors, and coins from different civilizations.

At the tree's upper reaches were two heads. The lower head was male, eyes closed, exuding bizarre desires. The upper head was female, with green hair and a face of extraordinary beauty, possessing a charm that spoke directly to affection.

One after another, Kleins wearing half-silk top hats and black trench coats surrounded the Mother Tree of Desire in the void. All were marionettes-dead

people, puppets devoid of

desire.

Simultaneously participating in three battles, Lord of Mysteries Klein also turned his gaze to the Circle of Inevitability.

This was formed by three bodies arranged in a circle. The one facing left was pitch black, with a sinister, malicious visage seemingly composed of the deepest, most chaotic sins. The one facing forward was silvery, emaciated, and filled with pain. The one facing right radiated pure, redemptive holy light, emanating solemnity and compassion toward all things.

The light of the three bodies intertwined into a silvery-black hue.

After brief deliberation, Klein decided not to stop the Circle of Inevitability from entering the

astral world.

This was based on Genie's first hint: "the Circle of Inevitability will bring calamity but is also the universe's most powerful and genuine Angel of Redemption" - a key to surviving the

apocalypse.

In this matter, Klein chose to trust Genie. If his side failed, many Great Old Dominators coveting the Nation of Disorder would turn to seize the Magic Wishing Lamp, leveraging its connection to the Uncertain Mist to strike down and devour Him in His weakened state.

For the moment, Klein's battlefield would remain relatively stable, with occasional bursts of change and intensity. However, the other battlefield would inevitably descend into chaos. One of the essences of fate was chaos, and placing the Circle of Inevitability there increased the likelihood of creating opportunities amidst the disorder!

Opting not to intercept the Circle of Inevitability, Klein seized the chance to Blink to Primordial Hunger, who was eager to reach the astral world, tossed a Deceit, and disappeared.

Primordial Hunger was a dark vortex revealing bared white teeth and chaotic liquid encompassing all colors. His exterior no longer featured elongated black shadows with different heads, as they seemed to have been consumed by Himself long ago.

After being struck by Deceit, Primordial Hunger's ring of gaping white teeth snapped twice

without finding anything amiss. He ignored the deception and proceeded straight into the

astral world.

His illusory stomach gurgled, awaiting the digestion of His most delectable meal.

Grisha Adam's influence on the astral world didn't last long-only two or three seconds before five Great Old Dominators reached their target star dominions through various means.

At that moment, They lost "sight" of the light.

The already dark universe seemed even more deathly still. Distant stars, the radiant giant

striding across the Chaos Sea, Lumian with his three heads and six arms as the Origins of Disaster, and other entities were submerged in intense, inky blackness.

An illusory, straight, unfathomable, colorless river flowed forth from the darkness, heading toward the five Great Old Dominators.

Upon its phantom waters, nothing could float. Asteroids attempting to cross the river sank into its depths, yet one figure stood unwavering on its surface.

It was an extraordinarily massive female figure clad in a layered but unadorned black gown, with an iron crown upon Her head and a thin veil covering Her face, rendering Her features indistinct yet imbued with a tranquil beauty.

Her body was studded with points of starlight. Pale wings sprouted from Her back, while two short, darkly furred arms each extended from under Her ribs and armpits, clutching a dusk- orange greatsword and a black, night-like scythe. Her exposed forearms and hands appeared like sculpted jade, cradled an illusory book formed of coiled feathered serpents.

Eternal Darkness!

Evernight Goddess Amanises had finally accommodated the River of Eternal Darkness with the assistance of the lingering consciousnesses of the Dao integrators from the Haoli lineage!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1166: Battle Royale

□

When Amanises became Eternal Darkness, on a distant planet at the edge of the universe, Red Angel Medici was leading an angelic legion. Though fewer in number at Sequence 1 compared to Their enemies, They had more Sequence 2 Beyonders equipped with Grade o Sealed Artifacts as They fought against the invading Outer Deity Blessed.

Within this legion, Azik Eggers suddenly noticed His soul's condition improving while the decay powers nearby were suppressed and weakened. Pale Empress Sia Palenque Eggers experienced the same.

They immediately understood the reason-tinged with both melancholy and relief.

Eternal Darkness had been born.

From now on, the Underworld would no longer be without a master. Eternal rest would have a destination, and even time would have an end!

Across many planets in different star systems, corpses that had been summoned with great difficulty suddenly "slept" once again. Civilizations beleaguered by undead plagues were astonished to find that all their undead creatures had collapsed lifelessly in the wilderness... Among the myriad changes brought by the strengthened symbolism, Eternal Darkness Amanises simultaneously struck at the five Great Old Dominators with Her terrifying dusk- orange greatsword and Her dark, bizarre scythe, while opening the book formed of coiled feathered serpents.

Suddenly, dusk was consumed by darkness, pallor faded into eternal rest, and time and space fell silent-as if they had been swept into that colorless, shadowy river.

The straight river surged forward, aiming to carry the five Great Old Dominators to the ultimate stillness of death.

The final destination was tranquility.

At this moment, watery streams of time appeared ahead of the River of Eternal Darkness.

These emanated from the Monarch of Decay, whose body was the size of a planet, covered entirely in golden plating resembling an alien mummy. Between the gaps of the golden plates, greenish-yellow pus oozed out, slowing the flow of the River of Eternal Darkness and dragging the region's time toward its conclusion.

The Monarch of Decay extended His left hand, which was not covered by gold. It was riddled with blue veins, rotting flesh, yellow-green blood vessels, and deeply wrinkled skin.

This hand blocked the surging Eternal Darkness.

Everything fell still. All light vanished. Two nearby planets were reduced to dust but remained frozen in place.

In the still and unchanging dark silence, a massive sword wreathed in black flames that bound destruction and chaos pierced through the stillness, breaking the silence with its sound.

It came from beyond the darkness, slashing toward the Monarch of Decay, who was still partially trapped by the Eternal Darkness.

Its arrival subtly but terrifyingly altered the deathly stillness, and these changes would manifest upon the Monarch of Decay.

Origins of Disaster Lumian had descended.

As the Sword of Destruction, which drove the still dark silence, was about to strike the Monarch of Decay, silver-black light appeared in Lumian's eyes.

It came from the Circle of Inevitability.

Lumian and the Circle of Inevitability were meeting in the truest sense-after Lumian had become the Calamity of Destruction with only a few minutes left to live.

The mercury-like Present Self of the Circle of Inevitability had, at some unknown moment, contorted into a visage of pain and suffering, clasping its hands before it.

He was using the Sufferer's power to reenact His past torments and impose them upon Lumian.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian felt an unimaginably massive suction force that diverted him and the Sword of Destruction away from the Monarch of Decay, pulling him toward the Circle of Inevitability.

This was the aftermath of the Original Creator's awakening-when portions of sefirot had been torn away and drawn to Earth.

At that time, the Circle of Inevitability had also been affected, enduring great suffering to prevent His sefirah from being forcibly extracted or split. Now, He was imposing that "torment" upon Lumian to draw him closer and protect the Monarch of Decay from serious harm.

If the Mother Goddess of Depravity, Mother Tree of Desire, or Son of Chaos had similar Sufferer powers and used them now, Lumian would have suffered tremors

in his sefirah, rendering him weak and incapable of using his powers for a short time-even if his sefirah wasn't wholly extracted or partially consumed.

For now, his attack target was merely forcibly redirected, without any additional effects.

While the Present Self of the Circle of Inevitability wielded the Sufferer's power, the quiet mercury-like River of Fate emerged, and the Future Self selected one tributary, forming a hand seal to anchor it in place.

Lumian's Sword of Destruction struck toward the Circle of Inevitability but narrowly missed, grazing His body.

Meanwhile, Lumian clenched both hands on either side.

Before the Circle of Inevitability, chaos encompassing all colors and possibilities formed a vortex. Behind Him, a black hole with an accretion disk symbolizing His existence emerged out of thin air.

Calamity of Destruction!

Lumian wasn't merely trying to annihilate the Circle of Inevitability within this calamity; he also sought to leverage the destructive effects of the black hole on time and space to delay the High-Dimensional Overseer, Primordial Hunger, and Inextinguishable Ravings, buying more time for the Celestial Master and the God of Steam and Machinery.

Amid the double calamity, the three continuously orbiting bodies of the Circle of Inevitability resembled a small boat in a tempestuous sea, always precariously skimming the vortex and black hole's uncertain regions and weak spots-dangerously close yet never succumbing, as if predestined to remain unaffected here.

Elsewhere, the dark shadow traversing dimensions was slowed by the terrifying black hole and chaotic vortex, taking an entire second longer to ascend dimensions before lunging toward the sefirah holders such as the Celestial Master.

No one could discern what had affected the Inextinguishable Ravings, only that the frenzied voice in their hearts paused for a second before resuming and distancing itself from the Origins of Disaster and Eternal Darkness.

Both Inextinguishable Ravings and the High-Dimensional Overseer deemed sefirot easier to handle than the great existences like Lumian and Amanises-and among those sefirot lay what They desired most. Thus, They stayed behind to help the Monarch of Decay and the Circle of Inevitability to swiftly incapacitate and restrain Their opponents.

They abandoned Their allies and charged straight toward weaker prey that They coveted more intensely.

No, not allies-since the injury and retreat of the Uncertain Mist, They and the Monarch of Decay, as well as the Circle of Inevitability, could not even be considered temporary allies. Primordial Hunger greedily bit into the chaotic vortex, but influenced by the symbolism of the Origins of Disaster, He failed to devour the corresponding abilities and authorities. Nevertheless, He managed to create a gap through His bite, allowing Him to charge toward

His target.

At this moment, Lumian felt a sudden wave of disappointment.

It wasn't because he had only managed to stall the High-Dimensional Overseer, Inextinguishable Ravings, and Primordial Hunger for one second. Rather, his spiritual intuition had finally confirmed one thing: this was not the end of the universe. The Origins of Disaster could not merge with Eternal Darkness to form the Fourth Pillar, symbolizing the

final end!

In other words, it wasn't the birth of the Fourth Pillar that would bring about the end of the universe, but the universe reaching its true apocalypse that would give rise to the Fourth Pillar. The current conditions were not sufficient.

Thus, if the situation became hopeless, Lumian would have no way to surrender himself, allowing the Origins of Disaster to integrate with Eternal Darkness, thereby birthing the Fourth Pillar to drag everyone into death and restart the universe.

He had lost a crucial deterrent.

White mist then enshrouded the star dominion, and Lumian began suppressing the

perceptions of all the Great Old Dominators present.

Under the cover of the Fog of War, Lumian, wielding the Sword of Destruction, projected his thoughts into the mind of Eternal Darkness Amanises. "Become my ally."

Amanises, holding the dusk-orange greatsword, the dark scythe, and the strange book, hesitated not at all. She gently nodded and replied, "Okay."

The moment she agreed, Her perception was restored, and She shared in all of Lumian's abilities and authorities-but not his symbolisms. It wasn't entirely impossible to share symbolisms, but the sharer could only utilize them to a limited extent.

The same applied to Lumian.

Elsewhere on the battlefield, the High-Dimensional Overseer, wielding the symbolism of

Truth, was unaffected by the Fog of War. He lowered His spatial dimensions and appeared before the Nation of Disorder's 33 levels.

The Celestial Thearch's projection was just shy of completing its preparations and couldn't react in time. At that moment, the decayed figures wandering across the Knowledge Moor all gathered behind the Celestial Master.

The God of Steam and Machinery, Stiano, sat inside a formation. Across from Him was something He had painstakingly constructed over a long period, specifically designed to temporarily wield the Uniqueness of the Hermit pathway.

It was a massive figure draped in a black cloak. Beneath the hood, the figure's visage shimmered with cold metallic light, with red beams shooting from its eyes.

At last, the Celestial Master opened His eyes and stood up.

He grew incomparably massive, forcing the High-Dimensional Overseer to look up at Him

first.

An infinite height away, a pair of indifferent, clear, emotionless eyes appeared, seeming to contain an entire universe.

Under His gaze, the Celestial Master rapidly thinned, becoming a paper figurine and melding

into the surrounding scenery as part of a painting.

This was the Lord of Dimensions, the Eye Overlooking the Mortal Realm, the source of all

illusions, and the Creator of the Painting World!

The Celestial Master, now part of the painting as a paper figurine, swiftly turned incorporeal, transforming into a torrent of complex and massive information, thereby breaking free from the confines of the "painting."

Information was not restricted by lower dimensions.

Humans were conglomerations of information, and paintings were as well!

With the Celestial Master buying time, the Celestial Thearch's projection finally completed

His final step. Holding a brass book, He stood up, His grand voice echoing in layers and rapidly transmitting His intent, "The Three Realms and Six Paths shall unite as one!"

In an instant, all dimensions-higher, lower, and the current one-became interconnected, as though overlaid with layer upon layer of glass barriers.

As a result, the High-Dimensional Overseer could no longer increase dimensions unscathed, nor could the Celestial Thearch's projection lower dimensions without maintaining His

influence on the battlefield.

With their companions' resistance in place, the Buddhist Kingdom of Light fully retracted, transforming into a massive golden Buddha that filled the heavens and the earth, though it appeared somewhat illusory.

Within the Tenebrous World, countless black shadows gathered, coalescing into a pitch-black

fiend dripping with viscous fluid. The fiend had two heads-one belonging to the Master of the Shadow Cottage and the other to Farbauti.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1167: Inextinguishable Ravings

As the pitch-black fiend fully materialized, a terrifying raving echoed from deep within, as if originating from the very source of existence.

This awakened madness within the sefirah itself caused all negative emotions and rampant desires to explode uncontrollably. Whether it was the Master of the Shadow Cottage's head or Farbauti's, both instantly lost Their ability to think, Their vision filled with twisted crimson and flickering black shadows.

Simultaneously, this terrifying raving resonated equally from the sefirah, Uniqueness, and Beyonder characteristics of every living being within the star dominion.

The Celestial Master froze in the void, while the decayed figures gathered within the Knowledge Moor simultaneously raised their heads and let out pained howls.

Behind the Celestial Thearch's projection, similar figures with veiled faces emerged one after another, their hair and beards bristling in agitation.

The illusory golden Buddha trembled as if on the verge of shattering.

The Philosophical Essence, the Inextinguishable Ravings, the Symbolism of Life's Spirit, and the Eternal Consciousness!

The raving primarily awakened the spiritual imprint of the Original Creator, which resided within all sefirot, Uniqueness, and Beyonder characteristics. No one could escape it; no one could remain unaffected!

However, compared to those sefirot, Uniqueness, and Beyonder characteristics directly derived from the Original Creator, the Tenebrous World was much less affected in this regard. This was because it had been torn from the Mother Tree of Desire, rather than a product split from the Original Creator.

Even so, the Abyss and the Chained pathways—heavily laden with desires and malice—were highly volatile. The Master of the Shadow Cottage and Farbauti, lacking the critical Uniquenesses, were already the weakest among the four quasi-Old Ones. As a result, the pitch-black fiend nearly disintegrated and lost control, becoming utterly powerless for a moment.

Compared to the Tenebrous World, Great Old Dominators like the High-Dimensional Overseer and the Monarch of Decay were less impacted by the terrifying raving, barely able to endure it.

This was because They were not direct descendants of the Original Creator's three children but offspring of the union between the Original Creator and the Mother Goddess of Depravity. With an intermediary layer, the spiritual imprint of the Original Creator within the sefirot, Uniqueness, and Beyonder characteristics was relatively weak.

For Them, this was an opportunity!

Fortunately, after a brief moment of chaos, the Celestial Master and the Celestial Thearch's projection began to unleash Their powers wildly and irrationally upon the outside world. One flooded the region with an ocean of knowledge, while the other distorted all surrounding concepts, authorities, and symbolisms.

When the effects of the Inextinguishable Ravings subsided, the Master of the Shadow Cottage and Farbauti were astonished to find Themselves still alive, with Their other allies similarly unscathed.

Neither the High-Dimensional Overseer nor Inextinguishable Ravings had managed to seize the opportunity or achieve Their objectives.

As long as the Key of Light existed and retained a measure of consciousness without succumbing to madness, He would naturally bring good fortune to Himself and His companions.

He was the symbolism of fate!

…

The influence of Inextinguishable Ravings extended across this star dominion. Even Eternal Darkness Amanises was not spared, feeling a madness from the source that seemed to want to seize Her consciousness and claim Her body.

Amanises immediately put Herself into a state of slumber, letting Her thoughts, spirit, and even the madness within Her sefirot fall into stillness to escape the influence.

The Monarch of Decay, understanding what was happening, seized the opportunity to release a vast and overwhelming suction force from His golden-plated body.

This was the power of Beyonder characteristic convergence from His sefirot!

The force could pull every being within the star dominion toward Him!

The Monarch of Decay indiscriminately activated this convergence, unwilling to waste time allowing the Fog of War to decay and die naturally. Both Eternal Darkness and Origins of Disaster were closer to Him than other Great Old Dominators or sefirot and would reach Him first.

The still-slumbering Amanises passed through the Fog of War and was instantly drawn to the front of the Monarch of Decay.

The Monarch of Decay immediately stopped the convergence, preventing other Great Old Dominators or sefirot from interfering with His upcoming attempt.

He extended His massive, rotting left hand, yellow-green and veined with blue, pressing it toward Eternal Darkness Amanises from a distance.

Sure hit, certain death!

But as the Monarch of Decay reached out His hand, Eternal Darkness Amanises transformed into Origins of Disaster Lumian.

The moment Lumian sensed the effects of the convergence, he realized the Monarch of Decay's intent. Using the authority subordinate to the essence of war, he swapped positions with Amanises.

They were a team, and their positions could be exchanged at any time!

Now, it was Lumian who faced the rotting left hand.

Like the Outer Deities, Lumian was barely affected by the Inextinguishable Ravings. This wasn't because the spiritual imprint of the Original Creator within his sefirot, Uniqueness, and Beyonder characteristics hadn't been awakened. On the contrary, as one of the Calamity pathways prepared for the Original Creator's resurrection, the madness within him was the most intense. However, the incomplete mirrored Original Creator symbolism within him had corresponding masculine and feminine consciousnesses that were actually strengthened under the influence of the ravings.

This enhanced consciousness and symbolism of the mirrored Original Creator controlled the awakened spiritual imprint, allowing Lumian to retain his ability to think and fight, though it significantly shortened the fragile balance within him.

Facing the inevitable strike imbued with certain death, Lumian's main head and the face of Aurore both turned to look at the Monarch of Decay.

His other head rotated as well, alternating between the faces of Alista Tudor and Cheek. Their gazes reflected the Monarch of Decay's form into a deep mirror world, where celestial bodies rapidly began to form around Him.

Under the lingering effects of the terrifying ravings, the sefirot, Uniqueness, and Beyonder characteristics of the Monarch of Decay suddenly erupted into an indescribably horrifying spiritual storm.

This came from the spiritual imprint of the Original Creator.

Normally, the Monarch of Decay could endure the resulting tremors and influence, as His spiritual imprint of the Original Creator was not strong due to being a child

of the Original Creator and the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

But this was not a normal situation. Lumian forcibly activated the incomplete mirrored Original Creator symbolism, further amplifying the spiritual imprint within the Monarch of Decay. And then, disaster struck.

Origins of Disaster!

Lumian simultaneously utilized this symbolism!

The Monarch of Decay, swept up entirely by the spiritual storm, fell into chaos. His outstretched left hand froze, torn between continuing the attack and retreating to end His own life, aiding the triumph of the madness within.

Seeing this, Lumian smiled and shared the powers of the now-awakened Eternal Darkness Amanises, striking the Monarch of Decay with a dusk-orange greatsword of bound destruction, a vortex of chaos, a decelerating blade of twilight, and a deathly blackness of pallor and tranquility.

These forces both repelled each other and exhibited strange fusion.

As the horrifying transformation was about to occur, all of Lumian and Amanises' abnormalities vanished, and the dense white mist before them dissipated.

This region reverted to the moment before Lumian created the Fog of War, before the Monarch of Decay fell into madness and chaos.

Circle Inhabitant!

…

A shadowy vortex, rimmed with sharp teeth, did not linger near Lumian but instead raced toward the enormous luminous figure upheld by the Chaos Sea.

He was heading to devour Grisha Adam!

This was a Deceit from the Lord of Mysteries Klein.

Against Primordial Hunger, the symbolism of Foolishness had little effect, but Deceit did. Klein exploited Primordial Hunger's instinct for convergence and desired target, forcibly guiding Him to seek the Chaos Sea He could merely control rather than the City of Calamity He could accommodate.

This gave Grisha Adam, who had achieved temporary balance, time to hold off Primordial Hunger, while other Great Old Dominators would likely target weaker sefirot, avoiding the truly great existences. This, paired with the birth of Eternal Darkness, allowed the Knowledge Moor and the other three sefirot to hold off three Great Old Dominators, giving Origins of Disaster Lumian a chance to face the Monarch of Decay one-on-one.

This was the intended plan, though inevitable developments and unexpected variables arose. Now, however, something had changed: The Circle of Inevitability had begun aiding the Monarch of Decay, forcing Amanises to remain and join Lumian, leaving the four sefirot to fend off two Great Old Dominators on Their own.

Crack, crack. Primordial Hunger continued devouring the luminous figure and chaos before Him, only to grow hungrier the more He ate.

It was all fake, all mere envisioned illusions!

Suddenly, the Chaos Sea quaked, and Grisha Adam's enormous luminous figure wavered, sinking halfway into the depths.

Inextinguishable Ravings!

The attack, which awakened the spiritual imprint of the Original Creator, had an extraordinary effect on Grisha Adam, inheritor of the Primordial God Almighty's titles of Creator and the Omniscient and Omnipotent One.

The madness that erupted within the luminous figure rivaled that of Lumian, who accommodated the City of Calamity, but without the relevant Original Creator symbolisms to suppress it, Grisha Adam fell into chaos.

Primordial Hunger did not seize the opportunity to devour Him but instead paused and began consuming the voices echoing within His own mind.

They tasted rather good.

Amid the undulating Chaos Sea, Amon, donning a pointed soft hat and classical black robe, leaned against a massive cross, tossing a crimson sphere seemingly composed of the concept of beauty, filled with countless shadows of people, and catching it again.

Glancing at the battle outside the Chaos Sea, Amon clicked His tongue and chuckled to Himself.

'Why am I here?

'I should be causing mischief outside the protected zones.

'Unexpectedly, I can still participate in battles of this caliber.'

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1168: Easily Triggered Malice and Desire

When the Inextinguishable Ravings reverberated, targeting the spiritual imprint of the Original Creator, Amon, who had long since transitioned to the Inevitability pathway, was largely unaffected. His Sequence 1 identity as the Angel of Redemption was fully capable of suppressing the madness and chaos originating from the Sequence 2 Trojan Horse of Fate.

Under the protection of the Chaos Sea, Amon patiently observed the battlefield, especially where the four sefirot were engaged in fierce combat with two Great Old Dominators.

He waited for an opportunity-perhaps only a single chance.

Patience was a virtue He had always possessed.

…

On a distant planet.

Leading the angelic legion, Medici found the situation improving after weathering the initial two waves of attacks.

More Angel-level Beyonders left their protected zones to join the battle, including ancient Angels like Ariehogg and Hermes, who had previously remained hidden, as well as the remaining Western Continent cultivators who had finally understood the gravity of the situation. The invading Outer Deity Blessed were disorganized, forming only small, scattered groups of a few to a dozen at most. Furthermore, They seemed to be rejected by the spirit world itself!

Except for the subordinates of the High-Dimensional Overseer and those with limited access to the astral world, the rest had lost Their ability to Teleport and Blink. Even the Beyonder powers derived from the Inevitability pathway angels' Contractee had largely failed, as Their contractual partners were mostly spirit world creatures.

These Outer Deity Blessed had also lost Their spiritual intuition and Their ability to quickly recover spirituality via the spirit world, among other disadvantages.

Red Angel Medici, overseeing the battlefield, quickly identified the key targets for the next phase: Dimensional Shadows and Observers.

After a dozen seconds, He found an opening.

The entire angelic legion, originally blocking the protected zones, suddenly vanished, leaving behind only a barrier of light and seals of starlight.

The invading Outer Deity Blessed were momentarily stunned. What They truly desired was the Angel-level Beyonder characteristics.

Their prepared attacks landed on the barrier of light, causing it to tremble violently but not shatter completely.

The angelic legion reappeared in a corner of the sky battlefield, beneath the thin shadowy figure lurking in an inaccessible height.

Teleport!

Mass Teleportation!

Immediately, several Angels in the legion acted according to pre-arranged mental channel communications.

The Magician Fors extended her hands, creating a dazzling, dreamlike door of starlight at an inaccessible height.

She forcibly opened a door to a higher dimension.

Antigonus swiftly made a wish and realized it. "My wish is for most of the Observer's revival arrangements to fail."

He avoided wishing for "all" revival arrangements to Rewards fail, wary that some might be miracles beyond His level to disrupt, potentially warping the entire wish.

As long as most of the opponent's revival setups were neutralized, forcing Him to retreat and spend more time reviving, the strategic objective would be achieved!

The faster the revival arrangement, the easier it was to disrupt. Those beyond Antigonus' miracle and possibly involving higher dimensions would likely require more complex, secretive processes, consuming additional time for a Sequence 1 Observer.

This was typical logic, though unforeseen exceptions could occur-the target might have arrangements involving higher levels or means to quickly revive Himself, Regardless, it wasn't Antigonus' responsibility to deal with those.

As a legion member, He only needed to fulfill His assigned task.

In the territories of the Life School of Thought and the Aurora Order, two mercury-colored serpents had already been prepared. One blessed Red Angel Medici, while the other, using the open dimensional door, imposed a heavy misfortune upon the target.

This arrangement handled unforeseen circumstances.

Justice Audrey; the ancient dragon, Ariehogg; a massive rabbit and other Angels of the Spectator pathway hovered above the legion, Placating each member's minds to counter the terrifying voices echoing within.

Meanwhile, Angels like The Star Leonard and Saint Vièvе intercepted nearby Outer Deity Blessed, preventing Them from aiding Their targets.

The entire legion functioned like a seamlessly coordinated machine, each part performing its role with precision and order.

Demoness of Catastrophe Franca shared her Demoness's black flames with Medici, watching as the Red Angel's iron-black eyes swung His terrifying greatsword bound with destruction toward the Observer.

The Observer immediately fled to another dimension, but behind Him, one starlight door after another opened, keeping Him tethered to reality.

The black-flame greatsword of destruction slashed through the starlight doors, finally striking the Observer.

The Observer twisted and disintegrated, becoming illusory.

This was not his true body-it was a self-created illusion!

Crack!

A faint, almost inaudible sound of shattering echoed. Medici's Sword of Destruction had struck the connection between the illusory self and the true body, hitting a weak point.

The illusory Observer was ignited by the Fire of Destruction, and the true body, far away in another dimension, also caught fire with horrifying black flames!

The Observer let out a cry of pain, His aura rapidly weakening.

Although He was not killed outright, He suffered serious injuries. All His revival and recovery setups had been rendered useless.

His luck was abysmal.

Without hesitation, the Observer ascended dimensions again, retreating from the battlefield and never returning.

He feared being pursued in His weakened state and worried that His greedy allies might secretly shift Their targets to Him.

After all, a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic was at stake!

The angelic legion, having succeeded in their assault, disappeared once more, avoiding further encirclement and attacks from more Outer Deity Blessed.

They returned outside the protected zone, where Saint Dabomachie repaired the barrier of light by driving an orange greatsword into it.

…

The star-cluster-like Supernova Dominator observed the endless, layered barriers of doors blocking His way. Without hesitation, He caused several supernovae to erupt simultaneously.

A vast, ferocious sea of brilliant light swept through the region, consuming all the doors and wreaking havoc on the surrounding spirit world.

This cleared all obstructions to the astral world and even helped the Mother Tree of Desire eliminate several Kleins wearing half-height silk top hats and black trench coats.

Suddenly, at the edge of the terrifying sea of light, a Klein appeared. Raising his right hand, he snapped his fingers.

The supernovae erupting from Supernova Dominator underwent an immediate Change-an error in their state. They began to collapse violently toward a single point.

This immense gravitational collapse pulled the Supernova Dominator's star-cluster form, threatening to create an unimaginably massive black hole.

The Klein who snapped his fingers was quickly consumed by the sea of light, evaporating with no resistance. But the Supernova Dominator was forced to stabilize His structure, lest the intense gravity and exaggerated explosions destroy His body.

When He finished, the endless, layered doors reappeared around Him.

Klein's primary focus was directed at the Goddess of Fate, attempting to leverage restraint to find an opportunity to severely wound and drive away this eldest daughter of the Mother Goddess of Depravity, even in a one-against-three situation.

At this moment, the Mother Tree of Desire, relying on the symbolism of Desire, had already located the true body of Lord of Mysteries Klein. However, Klein paid no heed to this discovery, instead swiftly Grafting the surging desires in his heart onto various marionettes one by one.

Some of these marionettes became greedy, others furious, others filled with love, and still others overwhelmed by longing. Yet, they were quickly released from manipulation and died on the spot.

The remaining marionettes continued to blockade the Mother Tree of Desire.

Almost simultaneously, the shadows wandering the River of Fate suddenly surged upward, forming a massive black trench coat.

Foolishness!

Klein wielded the symbolism of Foolishness against the Goddess of Fate!

…

In the battlefield where the four sefirot clashed with the two Great Old Dominators, the High-Dimensional Overseer had already seen through the truth. From a higher dimension, He discovered the weaknesses within the aggregate forms of the Celestial Master and the Celestial Thearch's projection.

He swiftly ascended to the tenth dimension, intending to directly disrupt the internal connections of these aggregates from there.

At this moment, the Celestial Master swung His horsetail whisk.

A vast flood of knowledge spanned multiple dimensions and poured into the mind of the High-Dimensional Overseer.

This knowledge was not only vast and complex, making it impossible for even a Great Old Dominator to fully absorb in a short time, but it also activated sequentially, transforming into grotesque and bizarre illusory creatures that tore at the High-Dimensional Overseer's thoughts, consciousness, and spirit.

These creatures even instigated rebellion among the High-Dimensional Overseer's pre-existing knowledge, causing them to become animated and mutinous.

Demons of Knowledge, the Secrets of Madness!

The High-Dimensional Overseer immediately fell into chaos, trapped in a battle against Himself.

His turmoil brought about changes in all dimensions.

The illusory, coiled strings around Him unfurled and formed a painting that enveloped the Celestial Master and the Celestial Thearch's projection.

As the Celestial Master and the projection entered the painting, it became filled with suns, planets, and a variety of rules and principles.

The High-Dimensional Overseer did not expect this to seal the two sefirot but merely set the exit in a concealed location to buy time and suppress both the rebellion of His own knowledge and the influx of external information.

The golden Buddha noticed this and immediately sought to reboot the process to return the Celestial Master and the Celestial Thearch's projection to the real world.

But before He could complete this task, distorted figures began to emerge from His golden body - Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, Arhats, and Wisdom Kings. These were the lingering spirits of the former Dao integrators.

They had all been awakened and corrupted!

This was the effect of Inextinguishable Ravings.

He was the symbolism of the spirit of living beings!

For aggregates composed of multiple spirits, Inextinguishable Ravings were Their nemesis!

Conversely, Eternal Darkness could put chaotic and complex spirits into slumber.

The pitch-black fiend faced an even graver fate.

Countless shadows emerged, gnawing at its own body. The Master of the Shadow Cottage and Farbauti could only exert all Their effort to suppress and fight against Themselves, unable to do anything else.

A tranquil and silent darkness spread from the distance, soothing the chaos of the golden Buddha and the pitch-black fiend, allowing these two sefirot to barely escape Their predicament.

However, this darkness was swiftly disrupted by the Monarch of Decay.

Realizing They would have to endure the effects of Inextinguishable Ravings on Their spirits repeatedly and that Amanises's assistance might not always be as timely as it was now, the Master of the Shadow Cottage and Farbauti exchanged glances, Their eyes burning with resolute malice.

Time to risk everything!

They would make sure Their devourers paid a heavy price!

The pitch-black fiend immediately triggered an explosion of all the desires it could sense in His surroundings.

The concentrated desires gathered by Inextinguishable Ravings detonated. Unable to find the Knowledge Moor temporarily, He shifted His target to the Tenebrous World.

For Him, this was not an optimal choice, one He would usually avoid-but it was still an option!

With desire ignited and unable to care about anything else emerging from the depths of the pitch-black fiend's heart, it transformed into frenzied thoughts and formless consciousness that ravaged Farbauti and the Master of the Shadow Cottage's souls, seeking to overwhelm Them quickly.

Farbauti and the Master of the Shadow Cottage burst into laughter.

This was exactly what They wanted!

They seized Their final moments of clarity to curse Themselves and everything attached to Them.

Everyone would die together!

Blood-colored flames erupted across the pitch-black fiend's body, transforming It into a gigantic rabbit while turning the previously formless Inextinguishable Ravings into the rabbit's consciousness and spirit.

The blood-colored flames continued to burn, intent on consuming all life in the vicinity.

From within the Chaos Sea, Amon observed the scene. Though surprised by Farbauti and the Master of the Shadow Cottage's choice, He still stood up.

He had waited for this opportunity!

Raising His hand, He used pre-obtained authority to retrieve an item from Sefirah Castle.

It was the Uniqueness of the Chained pathway!

This Uniqueness bore the corruption of the Mother Tree of Desire, which even Lord of Mysteries Klein could not remove in the short term. It was also a vital component of the Tenebrous World, capable of connecting the Mother Tree of Desire and the Tenebrous World, which were originally one entity.

Now, Amon sought to use this connection to transfer the damage inflicted upon the Tenebrous World to the Mother Tree of Desire, just as He had once dealt with the Uncertain Mist.

He had not anticipated Farbauti and the Master of the Shadow Cottage's rapid self-destruction but had merely intended to exploit the injuries inflicted upon the Tenebrous World to achieve His objective. Now that the situation had changed, He was determined to seize the opportunity.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1169: Assistance

Amon's monocle radiated a dazzling light.

He vanished from behind the enormous cross within the Chaos Sea, wandering the astral world to roam into the deep black void just two lunar distances away from the Tenebrous World.

At that moment, the golden Buddha had also been caught in the indiscriminate explosion of desires triggered by Farbauti and the Master of the Shadow Cottage. However, fortune was on His side; the desire occupying His thoughts was primarily one of "universal salvation and relief from suffering." As a result, He only froze momentarily before becoming even more fervent in His participation in the battle. In His hands, He conjured a massive tricolor wheel of mercury, lapis lazuli, and deep black, inscribed with complex patterns and symbols.

Amidst the grand sermon-like chanting, a nearly formless River of Fate emerged, drawn into the enormous divine wheel, which began to turn toward a particular symbol.

This River of Fate belonged to Inextinguishable Ravings!

Under its influence, Inextinguishable Ravings, who had been cursed to have a rabbit's consciousness and spirit, could not free Himself from the pitch-black fiend, found Himself unable to escape. It was as though destiny itself had entangled Him there, forcing Him to endure even fiercer curse damage as blood - colored flames ignited Him.

Even for these great existences, fate retained its mysterious power!

This caused all sentient beings in the current star dominion to experience chaotic consciousness and disoriented spirits. The disturbance gradually spread outward to other star dominions, weakening as it extended until it eventually dissipated.

Inextinguishable Ravings, the symbol of consciousness and spirit!

Meanwhile, on the other side, the High-Dimensional Overseer in a higher dimension, along with the Celestial Master and the Celestial Thearch's projection trapped within the dimensional painting, were not fully consumed by the explosion of desires. They only entered a brief state of stagnation.

Amon raised both hands, bringing forth a tiny illusory figure wrapped in layers of bandages, thorns, and roses, allowing it to float before Him.

The Chained Uniqueness.

Gazing at the Uniqueness, Amon keenly sensed its profound mystical connection with the Tenebrous World and the Mother Tree of Desire. He prepared to use the authority of the Error pathway to elevate this connection into one akin to that between an avatar and its true body, or oneself and oneself-allowing the damage and consequences to be transmitted to the Mother Tree of Desire.

Amon tilted His head and glanced toward the direction of the Chaos Sea. Clicking His tongue, He gently shook His head.

To Him, the apocalypse had to end in victory. Even if most of the sefirot were lost, and civilization continued on the peripheral planet at the universe's edge, it would merely be a comforting delusion - possibly just a temporary postponement of the apocalypse.

This was because the victory of the Great Old Dominators did not signify the end but symbolized a seismic shift in the cosmic landscape. After seizing the sefirot They desired, would They not accommodate them? Once accommodated, powerful entities comparable to the Pillars would emerge!

By then, if the Circle of Inevitability accommodated the Key of Light, Amon Himself would no longer dare leave the planet and could only survive tenuously under the protection of the Lord of Mysteries.

Given the premise of failure, this was the optimal outcome. If the Mother Goddess of Depravity were to mend and recover, allowing Her to fulfill the contract and aid the Primordial God Almighty's return, even the Lord of Mysteries would face a crisis.

These two capable and willing Pillars could sign a contract through the Notary pathway, cooperating sincerely enough to dismantle and seal the Lord of Mysteries, ensuring the Celestial Worthy could never resurrect!

In such a scenario, Lord of Mysteries Klein might not be able to win but could perhaps avoid destruction. However, the peripheral planet at the universe's edge would be left entirely unprotected.

Amon retracted His gaze and looked at the Chained Uniqueness before Him, chuckling softly. "Only I steal from others. When have others ever dared rob me?"

Before His voice faded, Amon's monocle emitted an even more dazzling brilliance.

This transformed the surrounding void into light, ushering in a white day.

…

Lord of Mysteries Klein was just about to wield the symbolism of Foolishness against the Goddess of Fate when he suddenly dissolved into shadows, sinking back into the River of Fate's main current and tributaries. He returned to his strategy of interference, obstruction, and delay.

This was because he had agreed to Amon's request to use the Uniquenesses of the Error and Door pathways.

It was also because he had received corresponding information from the spirit world and decided to shift his primary focus to the Mother Tree of Desire.

The grotesque, chaotic tree adorned with scales of chaos had been blinded to spiritual premonitions, unable to gather information from the spirit world. Thus, She remained unaware of the developments on another battlefield-until She saw the many Kleins rise into the air, spreading their arms to project starlight- dyed bluish-black doors before them. Only then did a sense of foreboding strike Her.

Klein had reinforced the mystical connections and corresponding symbolisms that Amon had "reconstructed," linking them across countless star dominions to the current battlefield!

Before the Mother Tree of Desire could respond, the familiar roaring of Inextinguishable Ravings reverberated through Her psyche, wreaking havoc on Her consciousness and spirit.

Then, blood-colored flames engulfed Her, and She let out a howl of pain. Her massive arboreal body began collapsing, morphing into a giant rabbit with scales of chaos.

Klein had anticipated a similar scenario but had not expected the Mother Tree of Desire to be so severely injured. Just as he could not foresee the instability of the pitch-black fiend's emotional state, which had exploded at the slightest provocation.

As he prepared to seize the opportunity to seal or even slay the Mother Tree of Desire, the chaos-scaled rabbit erupted with ferocious aggression and greed.

She exploited the cursed mystical connection against Herself, unabashedly releasing the gathered forces to drag Herself toward the Tenebrous World battlefield!

The Mother Tree of Desire vanished into the astral world, bypassing Klein's attempts to block Her.

Every event has both a good side and a bad side; this was a fundamental rule of the universe, and the reverse was equally true.

Klein's marionettes raised their coats and extended their right hands into the void, attempting to Graft the mystical connection between the Mother Tree of Desire and the Tenebrous World onto one of the marionettes, hoping to return the rabbit with scales of chaos without Her realizing it.

At that moment, crimson moonlight descended, and an illusory, slightly damaged oak tree grew from the mystical connection between the Mother Tree of Desire and the Tenebrous World, solidifying the corresponding symbolism.

Klein's attempt to Graft failed.

Mother Goddess of Depravity!

The Mother Goddess of Depravity had assisted the Mother Tree of Desire remotely!

Klein was both surprised and unsurprised.

He was unsurprised because he had long known that the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the Mother Tree of Desire had signed a contract witnessed by the Primordial God Almighty. The latter had sacrificed the Tree of Shadows to help the former bypass barriers. The former now owed assistance, which She could provide by exerting influence remotely from the astral world through the corresponding contract.

What surprised Klein was the speed at which the Mother Goddess of Depravity had recovered, having reset Her state and healed Her injuries faster than he had anticipated, no longer worried about Lumian's influence. Though She still needed to remove the suppression of the symbolism of destruction to fully heal, She was already daring enough to intervene in the battlefield remotely-a true testament to Her symbolism of New Life.

Naturally, the Mother Goddess of Depravity was still weakened from using the Chaos Primogenitor's special symbolism. Until She was fully healed, She would not descend directly while bearing dual negative impacts.

With this interference, Klein failed to stop the Mother Tree of Desire. The massive rabbit with scales of chaos leapt from the astral world to the burning Tenebrous World.

Weakened and desperate, She let out a resounding roar, awakening the survival instincts of all sentient beings in the region.

In an instant, the golden Buddha turned and fled far away. Amon, clutching the Chained Uniqueness, wandered back behind the enormous cross in the Chaos Sea. The High-Dimensional Overseer, along with the Celestial Master and the Celestial Thearch's projection, also chose to retreat for a moment.

Within the Tenebrous World, the heavily cursed Inextinguishable Ravings developed certain thoughts and emotions.

His current state was dire...

Among the Great Old Dominators, there were still some who could accommodate His associated sefirah...

A weakened hunter could become prey...

Driven by His overwhelming survival instincts, Inextinguishable Ravings Instinctively fled the Tenebrous World, attempting to return to formlessness and escape to another star dominion to hide.

Without interference from the golden Buddha, His attempt succeeded.

At this moment in the Tenebrous World, the consciousness and spirits of the Dao integrators had already been utterly consumed, likewise for Farbauti. The Mother Tree of Desire seized the opportunity, using Her powers of convergence to forcibly absorb the shadowy world.

Then, in Her form as a colossal rabbit, She hugged the Tenebrous World and fled into the astral world without any hesitation, leaving everything else behind.

Severely injured, She no longer cared about recovering the Chained of Abyss Uniquenesses or their corresponding Beyonder characteristics. All She desired was to hide and recover while fully accommodating the Tenebrous World!

Everything had happened so quickly that by the time the Mother Tree of Desire disappeared from the star dominion, the efforts of Origins of Disaster Lumian and Eternal Darkness Amanises to block Her had just arrived. Klein, whose form had been flickering due to the interference of the Mother Goddess of Depravity, finally stabilized and reappeared.

Klein instantly assessed the overall situation and realized that despite the temporary loss of the Tenebrous World, His side had gained the upper hand- the three sefirot needed to deal with one Great Old Dominator.

However, vigilance was still required. Inextinguishable Ravings, despite fleeing in a burst of survival instincts, might surreptitiously return to observe the situation. If Klein's side had not gained a decisive advantage by then, He might rejoin the battle. Thus, time was of the essence.

Klein planned to continue delaying the Goddess of Fate and Supernova Dominator while pursuing the Mother Tree of Desire. He aimed to reclaim the Tenebrous World while She was still severely damaged and had yet to fully hide. Meanwhile, He would occasionally interfere with the Circle of Inevitability to create opportunities for Lumian and the Evernight Goddess.

The next moment, His high-frequency flickering figure stopped. He directed his gaze toward the Chaos Sea.

Crimson moonlight fell from the astral world, bathing the enormous luminous figure, bringing New Life to all consciousnesses.

This included Grisha Adam, as well as Herabergen and Leodero - and also that of the Primordial God Almighty.

The Primordial God Almighty's consciousness was already on the verge of taking over.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1170: Past Symbolism

When the crimson moonlight descended, Klein immediately realized that Grisha Adam likely couldn't hold on much longer. He had been barely maintaining a fragile balance, temporarily reaching quasi-Great Old One strength, only through the merging of Herabergen's and Leodero's consciousness. Once granted New Life, the accumulated latent issues would swiftly manifest.

If the Primordial God Almighty truly gained the upper hand and the Mother Goddess of Depravity returned fully healed, the situation would become irredeemable.

At that moment, three contingency plans formed in Klein's mind:

The first plan had the Evernight Goddess forcibly put Grisha Adam and the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness into slumber. This would buy more time, or perhaps allow Klein to find a way to kill Grisha Adam, putting an end to the possibility of the Primordial God Almighty resurrecting with the Mother Goddess of Depravity's assistance.

The issue with this plan was that it would release Primordial Hunger. At that point, it would likely take a substantial bite out of Grisha Adam, and this insatiable entity would inevitably seek out Lumian, attempting to accommodate the City of Calamity. Combined with the possible return of Inextinguishable Ravings in a short while, the situation would spiral completely out of control.

The second plan utilized the Change symbolism to delay the adverse changes in Grisha Adam, keeping Him as a buffer against Primordial Hunger. Klein would give up chasing the Mother Tree of Desire and recovering the Tenebrous World for now. Instead, he would focus on delaying the Goddess of Fate and Supernova Dominator while joining the battle between the remaining three sefirot and the High-Dimensional Overseer. The goal would be to heavily wound or eliminate this Great Old Dominator as quickly as possible.

This would free the sefirot to assist Lumian and the Evernight Goddess, potentially bringing that battlefield to a swift resolution. If the Primordial God Almighty had not yet resurrected by then, the situation would be brought under control and significantly improve.

The downside to this plan was that if Klein became deeply entangled in the fight against the High- Dimensional Overseer, he would struggle to manage the Goddess of Fate and Supernova Dominator in the other star dominions. Should They intervene, the situation could become even more chaotic and deteriorate further.

The third plan was to once again use the Change symbolism to allow Grisha Adam to hold on a little longer. Meanwhile, Klein would avoid the battle with the High-Dimensional Overseer, refrain from interfering with the Circle of Inevitability or joining Lumian and the Evernight Goddess's battlefield, and not pursue the Mother Tree of Desire. Instead, he would focus all his efforts on confronting the Goddess of Fate and Supernova Dominator.

Although it would be a two-against-one situation, the symbolism's of these two Great Old Dominators did not directly restrain the Lord of Mysteries. By further utilizing the Pillar's symbolisms, Klein had a chance to severely wound the Goddess of Fate and Supernova Dominator, forcing Them to give up and flee, or temporarily seal Them before the Primordial God Almighty could resurrect-despite interference from the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

Afterward, Klein could exchange places with the Evernight Goddess, personally dealing with the Circle of Inevitability while the Evernight Goddess put Grisha Adam into slumber and hold off Primordial Hunger.

In a one-on-one confrontation, Klein was confident he could swiftly deal with the Circle of Inevitability, racing against time before the Mother Goddess of Depravity healed and descended once more. Even if he couldn't isolate the Circle of Inevitability, Klein could simultaneously hold back the Monarch of Decay, enabling Lumian to execute a pre-prepared move that would make the Monarch of Decay experience what it meant by being the Origins of Disaster.

The only flaw in this plan was that every second would count-any wasted moment could lead to failure!

As for the idea of feeding the Uniquenesses of the Moon and Mother pathways to Primordial Hunger to provoke the Mother Goddess of Depravity into dealing with Him, this approach lacked real feasibility. Unless Lord of Mysteries Klein went to the Mother Goddess of Depravity now, making Her succumb to Foolishness and completing a Deceit, She could afford to wait until the situation grew more chaotic and both sides were heavily wounded before descending.

Even if Klein did seek out the Mother Goddess of Depravity, She was still a Pillar, albeit weakened and injured. He wouldn't be able to spare his attention for the other battlefields for some time.

Klein made his decision in an instant. His high-frequency flickering figure raised its coat.

Change!

The symbolism was applied to the enormous luminous figure, immediately delaying the adverse effects of the crimson moonlight.

Next, Klein transferred Amon from the Chaos Sea to the peripheral planet at the universe's edge, leaving behind only the Chained Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess Beyonder characteristic from Lilith, which he Grafted into

Sefirah Castle.

After completing this, Klein's flickering figure disappeared from the star dominion.

He returned to the original battlefield, now fully intent on dealing with the Goddess of Fate and Supernova Dominator!

…

In the meantime, Amon appeared on the peripheral planet of the universe. Still affected by His survival instinct, He hid within the protected zone, not daring to venture out.

On the battlefield outside the protected zone, Franca and other angels were stunned to find that the Cupids and Leviathans had simultaneously left the area, entering the universe and disappearing.

This significantly reduced the pressure on them.

The beautiful Cupids had been firing arrows that stole True Hearts, inciting internal strife. Meanwhile, the Leviathans had stirred up jealousy and dissatisfaction among many Angels, nearly causing the disbandment of the Red Angel Medici's legion. It was only thanks to The Star Leonard, Arianna, and other Servants of Concealment who put the affected Angels into slumber, and Justice Audrey and other Spectator pathway Angels who used Hypnosis, Placate, or implanted virtual personalities, that the angelic legion avoided greater turmoil.

Now, for whatever reason, the departure of the Cupids and Leviathans from the battlefield was a welcome relief for Medici, the legion commander.

…

In the boundless void, sometimes shrouded in the Fog of War and other times plunged into darkness.

The voice of Lumian echoed in Eternal Darkness Amanises's mind. "Change of strategy-target the Circle of Inevitability first."

Previously, Lumian had aimed to use his preparations to swiftly wound or eliminate the Monarch of Decay, making Him the primary target.

He and Amanises had nearly succeeded three times, but each time, the Circle of Inevitability had intervened-either resetting the state through Loop or exerting influence via the symbolism of Inevitability.

This caused Lumian to be affected by the symbolism of Decay, where "anything that can go wrong will go wrong," further destabilizing his internal balance and reducing the time he could sustain himself by another minute.

Hence, Lumian decided not to remain trapped in this back-and-forth. A breakthrough was needed, starting with eliminating the support and the disruptive interference.

Although the Circle of Inevitability was even harder to eliminate quickly-whether through His Loop symbolism or His combination of Future and Destined symbolisms that made Him nearly impossible to hit - Lumian felt it was worth a try given the deadlock elsewhere.

He also noticed the crimson moonlight and understood the urgency of time!

Suddenly, Lumian once again conjured the Fog of War to envelop the void, swapping his position with Eternal Darkness Amanises.

Eternal Darkness Amanises now faced the golden mummy-like Monarch of Decay.

The strange book of coiled feathered serpents in Her hands flipped open with a rustling sound, displaying only one name written across its pages: "Monarch of Decay."

Death!

Amanises invoked the symbolism of Death!

Time, already slow around the Monarch of Decay, slowed further, pushing His body into the depths of illusory ripples.

There, it seemed to reach the end of time, the final point of change.

The Monarch of Decay did not evade the influence of Death. Instead, He used His symbolism as the End of the River of Time to delay Death until that endpoint, leaving the present unaffected.

As Amanises dealt with the Monarch of Decay, Lumian, with his omniscient perspective within the Fog of War, located the Circle of Inevitability.

The body with Aurore's and Jenna's face clenched its right hand.

They caused all contradictions in the area to erupt instantly, transforming the apocalypse into a vortex of chaos that swallowed nearby asteroids, along with time, space, and fate.

This chaos vortex rapidly expanded toward the Circle of Inevitability, targeting not His body but a fixed tributary within the mercury-colored River of Fate.

It sought to drag this tributary into the apocalypse, returning it to chaos, thereby breaking the Circle of Inevitability's Destined powers.

The Circle of Inevitability's three bodies began spinning around a single point.

He attempted to trigger a Loop not yet affected by the chaos vortex, resetting the state of the battlefield.

At this moment, Amanises suddenly abandoned applying symbolic influence on the Monarch of Decay. Instead, using the team's connection, She unleashed deep darkness like a river from the void near Lumian, pulling time and space into Herself and merging them swiftly.

Eternal Darkness was also Space-Time-in-One!

Although this symbolism was incomplete, it managed to halt the Circle of Inevitability's spinning, suspending Him like an insect trapped in amber.

Origins of Disaster Lumian seized the opportunity, allowing the chaos vortex to spread over, engulfing the fixed tributary of fate and the pre-set Loop node.

Then, the chaos vortex, embodying all colors and possibilities, consumed the three-bodied Circle of Inevitability, causing Him to collapse into chaos in an instant.

Neither Lumian nor Amanises paused to confirm their victory, as the Monarch of Decay made the Fog of War advance to its end and applied the symbolism of Certain Death to them.

A second later, at the dissipating chaos vortex's center, the dark body of the Circle of Inevitability reappeared. He had reunited with His mercury-colored and redemptive light-formed bodies, resuming His hand signs.

Past symbolism!

What was not lost in the past could not be destroyed in the present!

Lumian instantly realized one thing: only by using the kind of power associated with the Fourth Pillar- erasing the very concept of the Circle of Inevitability's existence and His past history-could He be truly wounded or killed.

Of course, the King of Space-Time, who held the symbolism of History, might not be able to kill the Circle of Inevitability but could certainly inflict suffering worse than death.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1171: Baiting with One's Own Body

In the original star dominion.

The Goddess of Fate, delayed and obstructed by Klein, had already discerned the changes on the other battlefield by gazing into the mercury-colored illusory River of Fate. She had Prophesized what was about to happen.

The armless body in the center of Her body spat out an object She had been holding in Her mouth.

It was a thumb-sized bead with a glassy texture, radiating multicolored hues and naturally exuding a soothing aura that calmed the mind and body.

This bead originally belonged to a Dao integrator of the Key of Light. It was a relic left behind after their corpse was cremated. During the Vortex incident, it had been traded by Harrison of Penglai to Fate's Attendant Héloïse. After Héloïse recovered, the bead was immediately offered as a sacrifice to the deity Héloïse worshiped.

As soon as the relic was spat out, it flew directly to the body with hollow eye sockets on the Goddess of Fate's left side. She caught it and wove it into the self-contained mercury-colored symbol that had head connected to tail, incorporating it into the corresponding tributary of the River of Fate.

The River of Fate surged quietly onward. Just as the golden giant Buddha, who had only recently overcome the effects of survival instincts, prepared to join the Celestial Master and Celestial Thearch's projection in battling the High-Dimensional Overseer, a fissure appeared on the Buddha's surface. From within, a pair of hands forged of gold began to tear outward, threatening to shatter the entire body.

The follower to whom the relic belonged was now imbued with a new fate and granted new possibilities!

Thus, He had torn through the surface, disrupting the harmony of the Three Buddhas, preventing Them from acting in unison and causing the golden giant Buddha to collapse spectacularly.

Such was the power of the Goddess of Fate, who wove fates.

On the first day, the Original Creator awoke and created this world, but reality, the spirit world, the astral world, and fate were still mixed together.

On the second day, the Oldest One birthed the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Reality gained a foundation, the spirit world and astral world were separated, and the River of Fate began to flow. Soon after, the Mother Tree of Desire was born, giving rise to life and introducing evil and desire. Then came the Son of Chaos, who established order-and with it, shadows naturally emerged.

On the third day, the Oldest One and the Mother Goddess united, and the Mother of All Things gave birth to a firstborn daughter. From then on, the fates of all things began to intertwine, no longer in absolute chaos but instead forming relative patterns and foreseeable futures.

As the firstborn daughter of the Original Creator and the Mother Goddess of Depravity, the symbolism of the Goddess of Fate was sufficiently unique. She could weave, guide, and sever even the fates of Great Old Dominators. As long as the fates of all things converged into the River of Fate, She would attain immortality. Even if Her body were destroyed, Her consciousness and spirit could return from the River of Fate and manifest a new body. She did not need pre-set resurrection mechanisms or the reliance on undying spirits that other Great Old Dominators required, nor did She need to wait ages to revive through a sefirah, Uniquenesses, or Beyonder characteristics.

However, the essence of fate was infinite chaos. Even the Goddess of Fate could not fully control it, nor could She ensure the River of Fate always flowed according to Her woven designs.

At this moment, the Goddess of Fate aimed to disrupt the battle over the sefirot, forcing the Lord of Mysteries to divide His focus and preventing Him from confronting Her with His full power.

If She could delay long enough, Her mother would return, fully healed.

As the firstborn daughter, She was destined to receive assistance-a privilege the Circle of Inevitability and Supernova Dominator did not share.

Thus, She utilized the relic intended for capturing the Key of Light, deploying it early to serve Her current needs!

As the golden giant Buddha was about to be torn apart from within, deep darkness surged forth, engulfing Him and plunging Him into slumber-a sleep from which He could not awaken in the short term.

Only by suppressing His internal Issues could the golden Buddha regain control of the situation.

This left the Celestial Master and Celestial Thearch's projections to face the High-Dimensional Overseer in a two-against-one battle, significantly worsening Their predicament.

Having just returned from the past, the Circle of Inevitability observed the scene and suddenly felt a surge of desire.

This came from a powerful instinct to converge and a greed deeply rooted in godhood.

He now had the opportunity to devour the Key of Light!

Compared to that, aiding the Monarch of Decay against the Origins of Disaster and Eternal Darkness seemed far less important.

…

Supernova Dominator, unable to glean sufficient information from the River of Fate and further hindered by the spirit world's obscuring, grew increasingly agitated.

At last, within the astral world, the concept of "stars" suddenly intensified.

One after another, massive, blazing orbs of terrifying radiance descended into this star dominion, radiating unimaginable light and heat.

These were dying stars summoned by Supernova Dominator-stars nearing the ends of their lifespans.

As the ruler of stars, Supernova Dominator wielded the symbolism of weight, density, and fundamental forces, commanding the laws of the boundless cosmos.

Normally, He could summon His shepherded stars through the spirit world, creating supernovae or catastrophic black holes, all without compromising His structural stability. But Lord of Mysteries Klein, utilizing his Pillar symbolism, had preemptively sealed the spirit world. As a result, Supernova Dominator was forced to spend extra time converting these stars into conceptual forms, sending them into the astral world, and transporting them over here, finally manifesting them in reality.

Once these stars amassed in the star dominion, they immediately began attracting and colliding with one another.

An immense eruption of light and heat followed, obliterating layers of "doors" and overwhelming countless Kleins.

Right on the heels of that, the colliding matter rapidly collapsed, emitting unimaginable gravitational force that captured even the expelled light and heat, compressing the entire star dominion inward and slowing time dramatically.

Supernova Dominator now had an unobstructed connection to the astral world.

At this moment, He sensed an enormous bluish-black door of light formed from countless insects at the edge of the light and heat He had captured.

Standing beneath the radiance was a figure-Klein wearing a silk half top hat, dark gloves, and a long black coat, holding a star-encrusted cane.

Manifesting Sefirah Castle, Klein extended his left palm forward.

Time, already slowed by the massive black hole, became even slower, as if a clock chime resonated from the bluish-black door of light.

Everything stagnated, nearing a complete halt.

King of Space-Time!

Supernova Dominator was also trapped in the near - frozen time, moving with an unbelievable slowness.

He suddenly realized something.

Why am I creating a black hole-one that contracts space and dilates time?

Isn't this helping the King of Space-Time further stagnate time?

Could it be that during the previous battles, I unknowingly came under the influence of the symbolism of Foolishness?

Supernova Dominator did not hesitate. He immediately attempted to reverse the black hole's collapse into the strongest explosion possible. This would break the spatial constraints and temporal stasis and might even significantly damage the now-manifested Sefirah Castle!

Of course, completing such a transformation required at least one second, but a second in the dilated time zone was far longer than one in the external world.

The Goddess of Fate was nearly sucked into the massive black hole created by Supernova Dominator. Only by weaving Her own fate was She able to evade the pull and reach the edge of its influence unscathed. However, She could no longer perceive the fates within that dark region.

At that moment, She noticed the emergence of a figure clad in a black coat, wearing a silk top hat, and holding a star-encrusted cane-Lord of Mysteries Klein - standing within the giant bluish-black door of light.

The mercury-colored River of Fate shifted direction, rushing toward Klein. All its tributaries began converging on the door of light, as though it alone represented the true path and the real future. Even the Goddess of Fate Herself was pulled toward it.

Beacon of Destiny!

The Goddess of Fate now glimpsed the fate of Lord of Mysteries Klein. Her rightmost, headless body followed the surging mercury-colored river, striking out with an illusory silver-black dirk toward the bluish-black door of light.

It sought to sever all tributaries of fate.

The final judgment!

Seeing this, Klein, now manifesting the Sefirah Castle, maintained a calm expression. He spread his arms, lifting his black coat as the bluish-black door of light shone brilliantly.

The scene concealed behind him was revealed - a deep black hole that bound even light and heat, preventing their escape.

The black hole created by Supernova Dominator!

Almost simultaneously, Klein reversed the stagnation of Change, pushing it into acceleration.

Abruptly, Supernova Dominator's attempted transformation was completed. The black hole became a "white hole," erupting with a terrifying sea of burning light and an extreme explosion.

The eruption rushed toward Klein, toward Sefirah Castle, and also toward the Goddess of Fate on the other side of the door of light!

Klein didn't flee the scene. Instead, he placed a hand over his chest and bowed slightly to the Goddess of Fate, whose central head had already reflected the blazing sea of light in its eyes.

Taking advantage of the moment, he redirected the Goddess of Fate's attack to the Supernova Dominator on the opposite side of the Sefirah Castle, completing the linkage.

This was Grafting, a manifestation of the symbolism of Bizarreness!

For Supernova Dominator and the Goddess of Fate, if They had realized the problem earlier, They could have easily stopped Their own attacks, preventing the Grafting from achieving its purpose But this time, Klein had used himself as bait, isolating both sides with Sefirah Castle, and amidst his own simultaneous crisis, left Them no time to react!

Of course, the symbolism of Foolishness, which had gradually deepened its influence over time, was the true hero of the moment.

In an instant, the terrifying sea of light engulfed Klein's body, shaking the bluish-black door of light. Then, it surged forward, completely submerging and tearing apart the three bodies of the Goddess of Fate, dissolving them.

At the same time, the Goddess of Fate's strike, symbolizing the final judgment, successfully hit Supernova Dominator's River of Fate.

Supernova Dominator immediately felt utterly isolated, as if plunged into a deep darkness, unable to locate reality, sense the spirit world or astral world, or even perceive a fate to continue existing.

In the now starless dominion, Klein's figure-dressed in a black coat and dark gloves-swiftly reappeared.

He had just died.

But he wielded miracles, and resurrection was one of them.

Correspondingly, Sefirah Castle had also suffered severe damage during this daring attempt. It would not recover fully in the short term-a price Klein was willing to pay to resolve the battle quickly.

Klein did not relax, as the battle in this dominion was far from over. He had merely gained a temporary advantage, creating an opportunity that he now had to seize fully!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1172: Giving You a Chance

Supernova Dominator, having had His tributary of fate severed, now existed without a future, isolated from reality and unable to sense the spirit world or astral world.

For those not Above the Sequences, this would mean watching helplessly as death and an end approached, with no way to reverse fate. Even most Great Old Dominators would lose Their powers and authorities in such a state, unable to wield many of Their symbolisms. At that moment, a decisive attack from Their enemies could prove fatal.

The final judgment of fate could not directly kill a Great Old Dominator but could temporarily strip Them of most of Their symbolisms, reducing Them to a weakened state, rejected by fate itself-a miserable wretch with no future or dreams.

At this moment, Supernova Dominator wasn't concerned about the Goddess of Fate landing another blow. What He feared was the Lord of Mysteries seizing this opportunity to render His existence worse than death.

As a Great Old Dominator, while He leaned more toward reality than mystery. He was not entirely without means to escape His predicament.

Supernova Dominator quickly caused the myriad explosive suns comprising His body to eject countless particles. Using His symbolism as the Controller of Fundamental Forces-untouched and unremovable - He caused those particles to draw closer, triggering repeated nuclear fusions, transforming into various elements, and creating true matter.

This matter began forming their own fates, weaving together and attempting to break through the isolation, seeking to rejoin the vast, illusory mercury - colored River of Fate.

This would allow Supernova Dominator to find reality and return to the River of Fate.

Within the intricate mercury-colored River of Fate connected from head to tail, the consciousness and spirit of the Goddess of Fate swiftly coalesced, unstoppable and irreversible.

…

Meanwhile, in the other star dominion.

Primordial Hunger had consumed a sliver of chaos, devouring some of The Hanged Man's abilities. Grisha Adam, with a stoic expression, calmly placated, guided, and managed the situation, showing no sign of failure.

To Him, the greater threat than Primordial Hunger was the increasingly revived consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty.

The golden giant Buddha sat cross-legged in the boundless void, His eyes tightly shut, motionless. The two golden hands extending from the fissures in His body hung limply, as it had fallen into slumber.

At this moment, He was entirely incapable of resistance, relying solely on the blessing of passive good fortune.

This growing vulnerability made the greed and convergence instinct within the Circle of Inevitability's godhood surge uncontrollably. It was as though a miser had spotted a long-coveted treasure suddenly left unguarded, with the added assurance of impunity upon taking it.

Eternal Darkness Amanises noticed that the Circle of Inevitability was increasingly fixated on the golden Buddha. She deliberately shifted Her focus to the Monarch of Decay, creating distance from the Key of Light and the other sefirot.

A few seconds later, the Circle of Inevitability could no longer resist His godhood's instinct to converge, His three bodies worked together, setting up several Loop triggers on the battlefield before turning toward the Key of Light. Using the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence, He flung Himself toward the golden Buddha, causing the Buddha to be drawn toward Him in turn.

Suddenly, a straight, illusory dark river flowed forth from the cosmos, heralding the stillness of fate and the proclamation of death.

This was a river that did not Loop. It always moved forward.

Even death itself would dissipate within its currents.

River of Eternal Darkness!

Amanises, though She was truly Above the Sequences, was burdened by the lingering consciousness and spiritual residues of many Dao integrators of the Haoli lineage. Her condition was less than ideal and required time to adapt and purge the negative influences. Thus, except for Her emergence as a Great Old One to fend off the Outer Deities, She had refrained from utilizing Her concentrated symbolism of the River of Eternal Darkness.

But now, understanding the urgency of the moment, She set aside all other concerns, using this river to forcibly break the remaining Loops, prevent the Circle of Inevitability from accommodating the Key of Light, and keep Him occupied, creating a one-on-one opportunity for Lumian against the Monarch of Decay.

The colorless, illusory river submerged all Loop nodes, causing them to instantaneously perish and vanish without taking effect.

The River of Eternal Darkness placed itself between the Circle of Inevitability and the golden Buddha, transforming into denser darkness that enveloped the area, forcing all three bodies of the Circle of Inevitability to close their eyes.

Symbolism of Darkness, compelling thought to silence and inducing slumber!

The body of redemptive light on the Circle of Inevitability's right side also closed its eyes and fell into a state of sleep. Yet, before Him appeared countless tributaries of fate, each representing the same possibility: that the Circle of Inevitability would soon awaken.

Symbolisms of Future and Destined!

The Circle of Inevitability had anticipated His current predicament and prepared in advance, setting the future in motion.

This foresight stemmed not only from insights drawn from the River of Fate but also from His clear understanding that the Key of Light, as the embodiment of fate, would inevitably have absolute good fortune at critical moments, disrupting any attempts to accommodate Him.

This was why He had not fixed the tributary of fate representing His successful accommodation of the Key of Light-it was simply unfixable!

Maintaining the dense darkness, Amanises extended two hands. Before the destined fate could manifest, She plunged an orange-red twilight greatsword into the darkness's edge and into the void.

The dense darkness contracted. The flow of time slowed, converging toward a single point.

The fate of the Circle of Inevitability's destined awakening remained unchanged but was now delayed, pushed several seconds into the future!

Symbolism of Space-Time-in-One!

Though Incomplete, it proved sufficient.

After restraining the Circle of Inevitability, Amanises glanced at the golden Buddha.

Even She couldn't help but marvel at His fortune.

Despite having been schemed against and facing grave issues that forced Him into slumber, He had unwittingly drawn the Circle of Inevitability's attention, granting Lumian the opportunity for a one- on-one confrontation with the Monarch of Decay.

Though it might only last a few seconds, it was still an opportunity.

As the essence of war, Lumian naturally wouldn't let the opportunity slip. He unfolded the mirror world originating from the City of Calamity, forcibly dragging the Monarch of Decay into it.

Within this realm lay an endless starry sky.

Immediately, massive stars erupted around the Monarch of Decay, ejecting vast quantities of matter, creating a sea of destructive burning light and expanding explosions.

Above and below the Monarch of Decay, two black holes revealed themselves through accretion disks, tugging at His body in opposing directions and causing the distant mirror world's barriers to fracture piece by piece as if seeking to escape.

Calamity of Destruction!

Time around the Monarch of Decay grew increasingly sluggish. The intense sea of light dimmed rapidly before even nearing Him, decaying with astonishing speed, rendering it less terrifying. The two black holes began evaporating at an unimaginable pace, shrinking steadily.

Suddenly, a radiant starlight door manifested amidst the slowed time behind the Monarch of Decay. Three- headed, three-bodied, six-armed Lumian stepped out, opening the door and wielding a black flame greatsword bound with destruction and chaos.

He had used the last charge of his Door pathway contract ability.

Immediately, he felt his body decaying and rotting, his internal balance accelerating toward collapse.

The Monarch of Decay remained expressionless, as if such things were already dead and decayed.

As a Great Old Dominator, His golden mummy-like form was free from the limitations of a human structure. He welcomed the Origins of Disaster stepping into a region dominated by slow time and the strongest symbolism of decay.

He extended His rotting, pus-seeping left palm toward Lumian, His head having rotated 180 degrees at some point, gazing upon His sluggish-moving target.

Sure hit, certain death!

Lumian first used the symbolism of Calamity of Destruction to interfere with the Monarch of Decay before opening the Door-not to confuse the enemy but to buy time for one action.

He had transmitted his intent to all his followers: "Call my name!"

On the peripheral planet of the universe, Lugano, Leon, and other Sick Church believers heard the resounding command echo in their ears. They bowed their heads devoutly, repeatedly chanting, "Great Malady God!"

"Great Malady God!"

Amid the prayers, the face of chaos on Lumian's left head turned toward the Monarch of Decay.

He seemed barely affected by the slowed time, pulling both time and space into Himself.

At this moment, the previous and current Malady Gods finally met.

Lumian did not hope that this meager symbolism would equate this Malady God with that one, making his injuries synonymous with those of the Monarch of Decay. The mystical connections between the two remained too weak, and the necessary symbols insufficient.

The connection between the Uncertain Mist and the Mother Tree of Desire had been exploitable for mutual destruction because Genie and the Tenebrous World had once been one. Moreover, Emperor Roselle and the Chained provided an ideal intermediary linking both sides. Lumian could only become the Mother Goddess of Depravity because She had permitted it, creating those links and ultimately providing the critical correspondences.

Currently, none of these conditions were met.

Lumian's purpose in enhancing the symbolism of the Malady God was not to rely on mystical similarity to wound the Monarch of Decay but to offer Him an opportunity.

For great existences, anyone who invoked Their former names and stole Their followers would establish a mystical connection with Them, allowing Them to curse, doom, or even kill the offender-or seize their body. If not for the astral barrier and Mr. Fool's protection, Lumian would have long since perished or become the Monarch of Decay.

Now, Lumian deliberately amplified the symbolism of the Malady God to give the Monarch of Decay a chance to possess his body!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1173: Accommodation

The Monarch of Decay sensed that the prayers to the Malady God were directed at the Origins of Disaster, creating an overlap in identity and offering Him a direct opportunity to seize His target's body.

But He didn't take the opportunity-He wasn't foolish. Killing the Origins of Disaster first and then accommodating the sefirah was the only correct choice!

To seize the other's body now would mean engaging in a battle of consciousness and spirit. The Monarch of Decay wasn't confident of a guaranteed victory at the moment. If, He lost, He would end up being accommodated and devoured by the Origins of Disaster, becoming part of that collective consciousness. Moreover, in such a war of consciousness, defeat would mean no chance of escape, given that His opponent was of the same tier.

Thus, any Great Old Dominator with a functioning mind would never take such bait from Lumian.

For Lumian, having prepared this plan, there was naturally a follow-up strategy: You're rational? You're not foolish? That's fine, I'll make you foolish!

As the believers chanted "Great Malady God" and the Monarch of Decay launched His Sure Hit, Certain Death attack, Lumian activated the contract mark left by Mr. Fool. He could still use it once.

Fooled!

This contract, signed after The Fool Klein accommodated Sefirah Castle, carried a trace of the Foolishness symbolism.

As the mark on Lumian's body glowed a bluish-black, the Monarch of Decay's outstretched left palm suddenly slowed.

He hesitated. He stopped.

For a being as truly great as the Monarch of Decay, the Fooling imposed by half a Lord of Mysteries had limited duration and effect. It wasn't potent enough to make Him lose all reason and act purely on instinct. But Lumian had never expected it to succeed outright.

At that moment, the middle head on Lumian's body laughed, radiating intense provocation, as if saying, "A naturally great existence like you can't even match a lowly one like me who advanced the ranks? If you don't seize this opportunity now, you'll end up being accommodated by me! What's the matter? Did the

Mother Tree of Desire ignite your survival instincts so much that you're too cowardly to confront my consciousness head-on? You might as well crawl back into the Mother Goddess of Depravity's womb and be reborn with a new consciousness!"

Simultaneously, Aurore's and Jenna's faces smiled in turn, each glancing mockingly at the Monarch of Decay.

Provocation plus Charm! Symbolic-level Provocation and Charm!

Another of Lumian's bodies, the one with the face of a swirling vortex of chaos, followed his main consciousness's lead, activating the City of Calamity's convergence force.

The Tudor face brimming with the desire to challenge and the amused Cheek face cooperated perfectly with this attempt, invoking the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence and sending an irresistibly alluring invitation to the Monarch of Decay.

Come, accommodate this sefirah. Take over our body!

Still under the influence of Foolishness, the Monarch of Decay could no longer control Himself in the face of Provocation, Charm, and the Law of Aggregation. His vision fixated solely on the hateful yet irresistibly enticing target before Him. Without hesitation, He stepped forward, shedding the golden plating covering His body to reveal a heavily decayed, oozing yellow- green pus-covered body.

That body rapidly expanded, instantly enveloping Lumian's three-headed, six-armed body.

In the blink of an eye, within Lumian's consciousness space, the bloodstained stone-brick floor became covered in a nauseating yellow-green fungal carpet.

The Monarch of Decay saw several figures standing before Him.

Aurore with her, hair darkened and eyes deep brown; Jenna with an expression of disdain; Cheek, radiating excitement; Alista Tudor, eyes blazing with madness; and the stationary swirling face of chaos.

Behind them loomed the coiled twin-bodied malevolent dragon.

Beyond the malevolent dragon lay the staircase ascending to infinite heights, atop which sat Lumian - wearing a white shirt, black vest, and dark trousers-on a crimson-blooded throne, his right foot resting on his left knee, gazing down at the Monarch of Decay with a bright smile.

As the Origins of Disaster who was Above the Sequences, Lumian's consciousnesses had long since unified into an entity. He was simply using the Visionary's ability to manifest six arms of his consciousness as six figures for ease of unleashing different attacks later. In the real world, his six arms could independently employ distinct abilities, though not involving symbolisms.

…

Within the mercury-colored River of Fate, as the intertwined destinies coalesced into the Goddess of Fate's consciousness and spirit, She prepared to surface, to leave this realm and reclaim a body.

Suddenly, Lord of Mysteries Klein appeared above Her, clad in his black long coat and silk half top hat.

Klein extended his black-gloved left hand.

Steal!

Klein sought to extract the Goddess of Fate's consciousness and spirit from the River of Fate, stealing it into his grasp!

He hadn't attempted this earlier because the Goddess of Fate had not yet intended to leave the River of Fate. Her existence, intertwined with the fates of all matter in the universe, was too heavy to steal. Once She fully regained a body, the Lord of Mysteries would also be unable to directly Steal the consciousness and spirit of a Great Old Dominator from Her united form. Only this moment presented the opportunity.

A strange, tree-like humanoid object coated in black slime floated in front of Klein. It was the Sequence 1 Divine Abomination Beyonder characteristic of the Chained pathway.

Once he stole the Goddess of Fate's consciousness and spirit, he would immediately place it into this formless entity, then use his symbolism to seal Her.

For the Chained pathway's Binding symbolism, high - Sequence Beyonder characteristics were ideal sealing material.

The Goddess of Fate's consciousness and spirit were uncontrollably drawn out from the illusory mercury - colored River of Fate, about to fall into Klein's hand. Just then, crimson moonlight descended, and a broken oak tree grew in the void, "fixing" the Goddess of Fate's consciousness and spirit in place.

The Mother Goddess of Depravity had come to aid Her eldest daughter.

…

Within Lumian's consciousness space.

Still under the lingering effects of Foolishness, the Monarch of Decay stretched His Sure Hit, Certain Death left palm toward the malevolent dragon's figure across the void.

At the same time, He fully invoked the Decay symbolism, slowing the surrounding flow of time and hastening its approach to the terminal point.

The malevolent dragon-represented by one of Lumian's arms-did not dodge and could not dodge. Its two heads spat black flames of destruction bound with madness toward the decayed palm.

Cheek's figure conjured an apocalypse before Him, creating a chaos vortex encompassing all possibilities and colors, rapidly spreading toward the Monarch of Decay's left palm and body.

Alista Tudor's figure revealed a blood-red mark on His forehead, clenched His right fist, and struck the void ahead. The void cracked inch by inch, collapsing space-time toward the Monarch of Decay - the Destruction symbolism from the Red Priest pathway.

Aurore did not use the authority of Origins of Disaster or Calamity of Destruction. Instead, she shared a corresponding power from her ally Eternal Darkness Amanises, summoning dense darkness that silenced everything, enveloping the Monarch of Decay.

Jenna wielded an orange-red twilight greatsword and slashed it toward the Monarch of Decay.

The swirling face of chaos held a pale book formed of coiled feathered serpents, flipping its pages silently.

At that moment, chaos, destruction, death, eternal silence, and twilight-along with the Monarch of Decay's previous attack-gathered in the consciousness, space. Some forces repelled, others blended, swiftly collapsing into a terrifying black dot.

The black dot drew the entire consciousness space toward itself, absorbing all forces and causing countless cracks to form, igniting pitch-black flames.

Under this influence, time was nearing its end, and space converged toward the unstable black dot.

Neither Lumian nor the Monarch of Decay could escape this consciousness space, unable to avoid the singularity of unified space-time and all things!

Though not yet true Fourth Pillar power and lasting only briefly, it was enough to kill the consciousness of a Great Old Dominator. Moreover, the Loop nodes in this area had been erased, and the Circle of Inevitability remained restrained by Eternal Darkness Amanises, unable to rescue the Monarch of Decay,

Thus, Lumian had no fear of the "Sure Hit, Certain Death" strike.

Everyone here would die.

It was reminiscent of how the Master of the Shadow Cottage and Farbauti had drawn Inextinguishable Ravings into Themselves and cursed Themselves. The difference was that Their consciousnesses weren't strong enough to sustain such a battle or hold back Inextinguishable Ravings without the Key of Light's help. They

lacked the ability to kill a Great Old Dominator, only capable of wounding one severely.

But Lumian was a genuine great existence. Once the accommodation process began, without external intervention, the Monarch of Decay couldn't escape the battle of spirit, Lumian could harness Fourth Pillar- related power to obliterate the Monarch of Decay alongside himself.

In the collapsing consciousness space, surrounded by pitch-black flames, the Monarch of Decay had one thought: Kill the Origins of Disaster first, destabilize the Fourth Pillar's power, and let it collapse on its own!

This was the Monarch of Decay's only chance for survival.

At the top of the staircase leading to infinite heights, on the blood-stained throne, Lumian sat still, surrounded by a cracking consciousness space filled with burning black flames.

With his right foot resting on his left knee, Lumian smiled brightly as he watched the Monarch of Decay desperately trying to kill the figures to destroy him.

It's useless.

I will die, and so will you.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1174: The Instinct for Redemption

After several seconds, the Circle of Inevitability finally used the fixed tributary of fate to escape the influence of the Darkness symbolism.

However, neither He nor Eternal Darkness Amanises continued the battle. Instead, They both turned Their attention to a peripheral region of the star dominion.

There, an illusory mirror shattered, and Lumian, with three heads, three torsos, and six arms, emerged. His body was wrapped in rotting green-yellow flesh and burning with deep, pitch-black flames.

That massive body, covered in decaying flesh, continued collapsing inward toward a central point. It began with the chest at the center, followed by the right arm, and then the left side of the abdomen. Within the collapsing body, a dark spot emerged, so deep it seemed to contain the entire universe.

Each collapse greatly heightened Eternal Darkness Amanises's sense of danger, and She quickly realized that the development might not align with Their original expectations.

When Klein had fully awakened and accommodated Sefirah Castle, he had consulted only two high-ranking existences to plan Their responses to various scenarios. One was Lumian, who possessed the swirling face of chaos and both the masculine and feminine aspects of the mirrored Original Creator. The other was Evernight Goddess Amanises, who held the authority of Concealment. This prevented Klein's awakening and Their plans from leaking.

Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin, only learned of Klein's awakening in the Nation of the Evernight. Klein had helped Him accommodate His Uniqueness, but He was unaware of the details.

Thus, Amanises already knew how Lumian, as the Origins of Disaster, would deal with the Monarch of Decay and what would unfold in the process. Now, it seemed everything had gone as planned, yet the result appeared to have taken an unexpected turn.

The anticipated outcome was for Lumian to create a power akin to the Fourth Pillar, annihilating both the Monarch of Decay and himself while completely erasing the feminine and masculine aspects of the mirrored Original Creator, Cheek's consciousness, Alista Tudor's consciousness, and the malevolent dragon's consciousness.

If Lumian, as part of the Fourth Pillar by virtue of being the Origins of Disaster, Calamity of Destruction, managed to endure the destructive force longer, Eternal Darkness Amanises would withdraw the powers She had shared with him. This would destabilize the Fourth Pillar's terrifying force. Meanwhile, Lord of Mysteries Klein would employ New Birth, Grafting, and other methods to potentially save Lumian. However, in doing so, the chaotic cluster of consciousnesses within him might persist, leaving the fragile balance he currently maintained uncertain.

Now, this outcome was coming to fruition, yet it seemed something even more horrifying was brewing.

Moments later, Eternal Darkness Amanises observed strange phenomena surrounding Lumian's rapidly collapsing body.

An endless, frozen universe devoid of vitality appeared. Darkness, which seemed intent on swallowing everything and compressing it into a single point, emerged...

The symbolism of Termination-opposing the symbolism of Genesis - has appeared. This is not supposed to happen. The universe has not yet reached its end, and the Fourth Pillar cannot be born... Eternal Darkness Amanises's gaze suddenly froze.

She thought of a possibility.

Lumian's body not only contained the powers that composed the Fourth Pillar but also held the symbolisms of the Monarch of Decay and the masculine and feminine aspects of the mirrored Original Creator. When the power representing Termination collided with the feminine and masculine aspects of the mirrored Original Creator, which now finally had the chance to interact during this destruction, there was a possibility for the Termination power to sublimate into Termination symbolism! It had to be known that those symbolisms included "anything that can go wrong will go wrong."

Once Termination symbolism emerged, even if only briefly, it would be a terrifying event. At best, all life in this galaxy, including the Great Old Dominators, would be completely annihilated, unable to resurrect. At worst, the entire universe would reboot!

Eternal Darkness Amanises immediately withdrew the powers of Death, Eternal Silence, and Twilight that She had shared with Lumian. Yet, Origins of Disaster Lumian's body, consciousness, and spirit continued collapsing.

The arrival of Termination symbolism seemed inevitable.

At this moment, the Circle of Inevitability abandoned the golden giant Buddha representing the Key of Light and returned to Lumian's side through the astral world.

Seeing this, Eternal Darkness Amanises recalled the hint from Genie and did not intervene. Instead, She followed the Circle of Inevitability back to the original

battlefield, closely monitoring the situation.

The attacks of the High-Dimensional Overseer against the Celestial Master and Celestial Thearch's projection slowed. He was already preparing to ascend dimensions and flee the galaxy instantly, though even that might not ensure His safety.

Primordial Hunger, which had been feasting on Grisha Adam, also paused. Acting primarily on instinct, He began showing signs of retreating.

The central body of the Circle of Inevitability, with its mercury-colored face of suffering, pointed toward the astral world. The Angel of Redemption, who had been fighting at the edge of the universe, instantly returned to Him, transforming into slivery-black light that merged into His embrace. The remaining Sinners, unsure of what was happening and now lacking the protection of the Sequence 1 Archangel, all chose to withdraw from the battlefield and return to Their divine kingdom.

Next, the Circle of Inevitability's left dark body and the right body composed of redemptive light simultaneously caused the illusory River of Fate to emerge. The main trunk represented the past that had already occurred, while its tributaries represented futures about to become reality.

The future was already determined, and every tributary led to the same outcome.

The Circle of Inevitability's two bodies each formed a hand sign. The Future Redemption Body created a new tributary within the mercury-colored tributary where no other possibilities or developments existed- a tributary capable of preventing the appearance of the Termination symbolism.

The Past Sinner Body caused the figures of the Monarch of Decay within the River of Fate's past to be replaced one by one with figures of the Circle of Inevitability. Conversely, the original figures of the Circle of Inevitability were replaced one by one with figures of the Monarch of Decay.

Substitution symbolism!

This was the highest level of the Substitution Spell.

Sensing His past being rapidly replaced, the Monarch of Decay did not resist. Instead, He hoped the Circle of Inevitability would succeed.

He saw the light of redemption.

As Lumian's body collapsed further, the Circle of Inevitability's Present Sufferer Body separated a Sequence 1 body composed of redemptive light. This body formed a hand sign aimed at Lumian.

In an instant, the decayed body of the Monarch of Decay within Lumian was miraculously switched with the Sequence 1 body of the Circle of Inevitability. One returned to the outside world, and the other entered within, completing the

substitution.

Now, Lumian no longer accommodated the Monarch of Decay but rather a Sequence 1 avatar of the Circle of Inevitability.

As soon as the Monarch of Decay left Lumian's body. He was instantly covered layer by layer in golden armor plates. However, His surface bore multiple cracks that penetrated the gold and decayed flesh, with deep black flames still burning within.

The Monarch of Decay did not linger and entered the astral world, fleeing far away.

Even with the Mother Goddess of Depravity's healing, His wounds would take sixty years to recover. Without appropriate assistance, it would take hundreds or even thousands of years. He dared not remain in this star dominion any longer.

Eternal Darkness Amanises chose not to pursue Him. Instead, She continued monitoring the Circle of Inevitability while assisting the Celestial Master and Celestial Thearch's projection.

Having lost the symbolisms of the Monarch of Decay, the collapse of Lumian's body and the emergence of Termination symbolism slowed significantly but had not yet stopped.

…

The Mother Goddess of Depravity used Her power across space to "fix" the consciousness and spirit of the Goddess of Fate, preventing them from being stolen by the Lord of Mysteries. Klein, however, was pleased rather than angered.

High above in the boundless gray fog, a marionette that Klein had hidden in advance returned to this star dominion, appearing near the weakened Supernova Dominator, who had fate stripped.

From the start, Klein's true target had been the weakened Supernova Dominator, whose many symbolisms had been rendered unusable by the Final Judgment. His initial moves against the Goddess of Fate were meant to force the still-recovering Mother Goddess of Depravity to fully assist Her eldest daughter. This would make it difficult for the Mother Goddess of Depravity to intervene in Klein's subsequent actions against Supernova Dominator.

Unlike the Lord of Mysteries, every Great Old Dominator had Their own specialties.

Normally, a single marionette of Klein's would not stand a chance against a complete Great Old Dominator. However, Supernova Dominator had not yet recovered or fully returned after suffering Final Judgment.

Wearing his black coat and half top hat, Klein produced another Abomination Beyonder characteristic, covered in viscous black slime. Raising his star-encrusted

cane, he transferred the massive star cluster-still unconnected to reality and unable to wield its symbolisms of weight and density-into the grotesque tree-like humanoid object.

The Abomination Beyonder characteristic began to bulge and crack as if it were about to explode. Klein's body then projected a bluish-black illusory door of light.

The door's projection landed on the Abomination Beyonder characteristic, stabilizing it. The object quickly transformed into a transparent, dreamlike crystal of constellations.

Klein then threw this astral crystal into the spirit world, continuing to seal it off.

This was to prevent the Mother Goddess of Depravity from aiding Supernova Dominator in escaping.

Of course, a Great Old Dominator like Supernova Dominator-whose consciousness, spirit, sefirah, Uniqueness, and Beyonder characteristics were all intact-could not be completely sealed. He was not in a state of post-revival dormancy but rather leaned heavily toward reality.

In two or three minutes, He would naturally break through the seal and emerge from the Abomination Beyonder characteristic. Even if Klein reinforced the seal, it would not delay Him much longer.

But a two- to three-minute delay was sufficient for the current battle.

If victory was achieved, Lord of Mysteries Klein would have ample time to retrieve the Abomination Beyonder characteristic.

While exerting his full symbolic power to seal Supernova Dominator, Klein abandoned his attempt to Steal the Goddess of Fate's consciousness and spirit, allowing Her to regain Her body.

This, too, was an opportunity.

Klein's coat billowed as he seized the moment to impose the Foolishness symbolism upon the Goddess of Fate.

Initially, he expected the Mother Goddess of Depravity to interfere, but both he and She became simultaneously aware of the developments in the other battlefield.

Klein wasted no time. Opening a Door, He traveled to the star dominion where Lumian and the others were, leaving behind a high-frequency flickering figure. He Deceived the Goddess of Fate, who was under the Foolishness symbolism, causing Her to foolishly enter the spirit world as it briefly opened. She intended to use it as a shortcut to the Key of Light.

Around the Goddess of Fate, a vast labyrinth rapidly formed as the spirit world's seal was restored.

For a Great Old Dominator in the domain of Fate, pure luck could enable Her to exit the space-time labyrinth and escape the spirit world through the River of Fate. However, this would take several dozen seconds.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1175: Bearer of the Eternal Aeon

Within the collapsing and burning space of consciousness centered on the deep black point, Lumian, who had reverted to his three-headed, three- torso, six-armed form, rested his two middle arms on the armrests of the bloodstained throne. Leaning back against the chair, he calmly observed as everything in this space headed toward destruction.

He was aware of the terrifying transformations resulting from the collision of various symbolisms, but at this moment, he could neither interrupt nor end what was happening.

Suddenly, he noticed that the Monarch of Decay, surrounded by the power of Termination, had been replaced by an avatar of the Circle of Inevitability, composed of redemptive light.

Lumian froze for a moment, then couldn't help but burst into laughter, leaning forward slightly.

So, this is what the hint about utilizing 'the universe's most powerful and genuine Angel of Redemption' truly meant.

Whenever a situation arose that could threaten the entire universe, the godhood instinct of the Circle of Inevitability would compel Him to perform redemption!

This was perhaps His most fundamental symbolism and the reason He had been born as the child of the Original Creator and the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

The Goddess of Fate symbolized the weaving of chaotic destiny into a semblance of order, forming the foundation of the current River of Fate. In contrast, the Circle of Inevitability symbolized the possibility of salvation in apocalyptic crises brought about by the inherent chaos of destiny, allowing the universe to continue in relative stability until its ultimate end.

As the Sequence 1 avatar of the Circle of Inevitability Substituted the Monarch of Decay within Lumian's collapsing body, the formation of the Termination symbolism noticeably slowed. However, it did not stop entirely and began accelerating once more.

Seeing this, the three bodies of the Circle of Inevitability simultaneously formed identical hand signs.

His true body began to fade and contract, leaving behind only the light of redemption. Meanwhile, the Angel of Redemption avatar within Lumian's body rapidly expanded, sprouting a pitch-black Past Sinner Body and a mercury-colored Present Sufferer Body.

The Circle of Inevitability used His true body to replace the avatar, personally entering Lumian's body to face the encroaching power of Termination!

The universe's most powerful and genuine Angel of Redemption!

The power of Termination continued to consume and collapse everything within the consciousness space, pulling it toward the deep black point. At this moment, the six arms of the Circle of Inevitability extended simultaneously, cupping the terrifying black point as though holding a lotus flower.

His three bodies simultaneously bore the ravages of the power of Termination.

Then, the three bodies unfolded in a strange manner that defied human anatomy, encircling the deep black point held in six palms, and began to spin.

The spinning grew faster and faster. The black turned into mercury, mercury became transparent redemptive light, and the light was dyed black again, repeating over and over.

Before long, the pitch-black Past Sinner Body morphed into the initial scene of the Termination power's formation. The mercury-colored Present Sufferer Body stabilized the current event of destruction. The holy light-formed Future Redemption Body froze the moment when the Termination symbolism was about to emerge but had not yet fully formed.

Next, the Future Redemption Body, spinning rapidly, became dyed black once more, transforming into the scene corresponding to the Past Sinner Body,

Lumian's collapsing body suddenly reverted to its original state-the state it was in when the Termination power had just begun to form but had not yet transformed into symbolism. His broken limbs, chest, abdomen, and other parts were all restored.

Eternal Aeon symbolism!

Using His Eternal Aeon symbolism, the Circle of Inevitability achieved Redemption.

He immediately allowed His external Sequence 1 avatar to replace His true body once again, sealing it within Lumian's body. The true body returned to reality, regrowing the Past Sinner Body and the Present Sufferer Body.

From now on, the Angel of Redemption avatar would slow the transformation of Termination power within Lumian into Termination symbolism. It would also assist in balancing the consciousness and spirit of the reviving malevolent dragon.

When the delayed transformation once again reached a critical stage, the true body of the Circle of Inevitability would replace the avatar, enter Lumian's dreamscape, and use the Symbolism of Eternal Aeon to reset the crisis to its initial state.

In essence, every day, His true body would endure destruction alongside Lumian due to the Termination power. This cycle would repeat daily, eternally!

Seeing that the crisis had been redeemed, the Circle of Inevitability did not linger and departed for the astral world.

Neither the newly emerging Lord of Mysteries Klein, who had just stepped through a Door, nor the massive crimson moon in the sky attempted to stop Him.

After arriving at a distant region of the boundless universe through the astral world, the Circle of Inevitability manifested the River of Fate once more.

In the mercury-colored illusory river, His images, which originally belonged to the Monarch of Decay, had been replaced by His own through the influence of the Substitution symbolism.

This created a profound mystical link between Him and the Monarch of Decay.

He discovered a series of weathered, decaying planets and began pursuing the direction they pointed.

…

By the time the Circle of Inevitability had left, Lumian had regained his balance. Once again, he was the genuine Origins of Disaster and Calamity of Destruction, now carrying even more active and intense masculine and feminine aspects of the mirrored Original Creator. These aspects were nearing a convergence, poised to form a symbolism.

In an instant, Lumian understood his current situation.

For the next hour, he would remain in peak condition, able to wield the full power of a Great Old Dominator.

After that, his body would begin collapsing, and the Disaster symbolism would become uncontrollable, bringing calamities or disasters to the surrounding star dominion. Only by entering slumber could he minimize such occurrences and slow the completion of the Termination power's convergence.

This phase would last for 22 hours. The true body of the Circle of Inevitability would replace the failing Sequence 1 avatar within Lumian's dreamscape, endure destruction for an hour, achieve Eternal Aeon, and reset Lumian's physical state to the beginning,

Realizing this, Lumian paused, feeling both amused and reflective.

In simple terms, I have a Sequence 1 Angel of the Inevitability pathway sealed within me, resetting my physical state every 24 hours...

After all these twists and turns, it seems I'm back to the beginning…

However, the essence of fate was ultimately disordered, and the entire situation didn't completely align-during the final hour, what was sealed wasn't a Sequence 1 Angel of the Inevitability pathway but Inevitability Himself. Moreover, the state didn't reset at 6 am every day but at 12:30 pm.

After a moment of pause, Lumian raised his head.

The crimson moon high above descended once again.

The Mother Goddess of Depravity had once again returned!

Faced with this change, the figure of Lord of Mysteries Klein, clad in his coat and top hat, grew abnormally enormous and rose to confront Her.

Origins of Disaster Lumian dashed without hesitation toward Primordial Hunger, ready to replace Grisha Adam and confront this Great Old Dominator.

Eternal Darkness Amanises first enveloped the nearly out-of-control Grisha Adam in dense, silent darkness. With His cooperation, She helped Him fall into slumber to delay the revival of the Primordial God Almighty, then joined the Celestial Master and Celestial Thearch's projection in Their fight against the High-Dimensional Overseer.

In the next second, She sensed that the heavily injured Inextinguishable Ravings seemed to have returned!

Amanises instinctively analyzed the current situation to devise the most appropriate response.

At this point, the Mother Tree of Desire, Monarch of Decay, and Circle of Inevitability were no longer capable of returning to the fray and could be eliminated from consideration along with the Uncertain Mist. Among those remaining, the Supernova Dominator would remain sealed for another two or three minutes, likely unable to rejoin the battle in time, making Him a negligible factor. Meanwhile, the Goddess of Fate would need another ten to twenty seconds to escape the labyrinth and leave the spirit world.

In the immediate term, the only opponents to contend with were the Mother Goddess of Depravity, Primordial Hunger, the High-Dimensional Overseer, and the still- weakened Inextinguishable Ravings. However, if the situation wasn't resolved swiftly and dragged on until the Goddess of Fate returned, or until the Primordial God Almighty's revival progressed beyond suppression, then hope would be lost, and defeat would be certain.

With a precise understanding of the circumstances, Eternal Darkness Amanises made a decisive call.

The Lord of Mysteries would hold off the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Origins of Disaster Lumian would engage Primordial Hunger. The Knowledge Moor, Nation of Disorder, and the soon-to-awaken Key of Light would continue stalling the High-Dimensional Overseer. Amanises Herself would leverage mutual restraint among the symbolisms to ensure that the already gravely injured Inextinguishable Ravings would be forced out of the battle-or even eliminated-within a short timeframe!

This had to be accomplished before the Goddess of Fate returned. The Primordial God Almighty's revival should take slightly longer.

Amanises immediately caused the dense, silent darkness to spread outward, seeking the formless Great Old Dominator and preparing to manifest the name of Inextinguishable Ravings on the illusory book coiled by feathered serpents.

At the same time, Lumian descended above Primordial Hunger.

The central body of his body reconstituted the burning Sword of Destruction, and he projected a thought toward Ludwig at the edge of the universe. "Call me Father!"

Ludwig, who had already devoured the Chaos Gastric Juices and was playing a pivotal role within the Red Angel Legion, was momentarily stunned before instinctively shouting aloud, "Father!"

At that moment, Primordial Hunger, shaped like a dark vortex, seemed to hear another version of Himself calling the enemy above as "Father," utterly baffled.

But in the next instant, He sensed a familiar aura emanating from Lumian - the aura of the one who created this world and would ultimately end it. He saw the formation of all things and the freezing of the universe.

Wh-

In the instinct of Primordial Hunger, a term emerged: "Father!"

He seemed to have encountered his true father!

He immediately began trembling and froze in the void.

Seeing this, Lumian smiled again.

Extracting the power of Primordial Hunger from the Box of the Great Old Ones and helping Ludwig consume it wasn't just about creating a Sequence 1 Archangel to assist in defending the protected zones. Lumian had intended to establish a symbolic connection!

Now, Ludwig carried power directly derived from Primordial Hunger. He had long acknowledged Lumian as his godfather-his father.

This was a symbolism.

While projecting this symbolism onto Primordial Hunger wasn't easy, Lumian carried both the masculine and feminine aspects of the mirrored Original Creator, who was the genuine father of Primordial Hunger!

Of course, the symbolic connection between Ludwig and Primordial Hunger remained too weak to truly equate Lumian to Primordial Hunger's father. It could only create illusions and exert some influence. This would have little effect on other Great Old Dominators, but for Primordial Hunger-a being driven primarily by instinct-it might work well.

Coupled with Mr. Fool's Deceit, "perhaps" could become "certain." This was why Lumian had first targeted the Monarch of Decay - so Mr. Fool wouldn't be too occupied to help. Additionally, the contract seal could only be applied to one target at a time to borrow a power. With Foolishness, there could be no Deceit. Moreover, if Lumian had targeted Primordial Hunger from the start, the Circle of Inevitability might have intervened to save Him.

At this moment, Lumian did not seek Mr. Fool's assistance. After the recent events, the masculine and feminine aspects of the mirrored Original Creator within him had become far more active and substantial.

That was enough to deceive Primordial Hunger!

As Primordial Hunger stiffened briefly, Lumian ignited his entire body in crimson flames. Wielding the Sword of Destruction, he descended from the heavens and struck downward.

The blade hit the dark vortex of Primordial Hunger directly.

Primordial Hunger let out a headache-inducing howl of pain, and the dark vortex spat out what it had recently swallowed but hadn't yet digested.

Terrified, He fled into the astral world, carrying the burning flames of destruction and a body riddled with cracks. Panicked and disoriented, He fled far away from the battlefield.

In just two seconds, Lumian had grievously injured Primordial Hunger, driving Him away and completing his task.

In the name of the Father!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1176: A "Temporary" Retreat

Lumian did not pursue Primordial Hunger, just as he had refrained earlier from borrowing the other three powers from Eternal Darkness Amanises to try to kill Primordial Hunger in one strike. Such an action would have triggered the opponent's survival instincts, helping Him overcome His fear of "Father" and mount a strong resistance, thus exposing the deception.

Reaching this point was sufficient. By the time Primordial Hunger, a Great Old Dominator that relied primarily on instincts, figured out what had just happened and realized the falsity of "Father," hours or even days would have passed before He returned-still bearing severe injuries.

Lumian's decision was to immediately rendezvous with Eternal Darkness Amanises. Together, they would confront the already gravely injured Inextinguishable Ravings, aiming to either eliminate Him within ten seconds or inflict wounds so severe that He would no longer dare to return.

At that moment, the Lord of Mysteries Klein imposed the symbolism of Foolishness on the newly materialized body of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

However, every part of the Mother Goddess of Depravity was in a state of constant New Life, including Her soul, consciousness, spirit, and intellect.

This caused Her to recover Her intellect as soon as She became Foolish, rendering Her immune to the core symbolism of the Lord of Mysteries.

For now, Lumian had no intention of joining the battle between the Pillars. He quickly arrived at the battlefield where Eternal Darkness Amanises and Inextinguishable Ravings were engaged.

The formless Inextinguishable Ravings abruptly vanished, no longer resonating within their minds or affecting their consciousness and spirits.

He had fled the battle to observe from another star dominion, awaiting an opportunity to return. Gravely injured, He chose to follow His survival instincts, avoiding the battlefield where two Great Old Dominators capable of combining into the Fourth Pillar's power were present.

With the distraction of Inextinguishable Ravings gone, the High-Dimensional Overseer did not linger either.

He ascended to the highest dimension, taking advantage of the Celestial Master and Celestial Thearch's projection having a minimal influence on this domain, and quickly fled the battlefield to hide.

He covertly observed the area, waiting to see if another opportunity might arise.

At this point, Origins of Disaster Lumian and Eternal Darkness Amanises were without opponents.

Their gazes simultaneously turned toward the Mother Goddess of Depravity, whose form was adorned with clouds of swirling crimson moonlight and drifting ash, serving as Her celestial attire.

They prepared to join the battle between the Pillars.

However, they were acutely aware that if the two of them engaged in a fierce fight with the Mother Goddess of Depravity, Inextinguishable Ravings and the High-Dimensional Overseer would inevitably return to this star dominion. Moreover, the Mother Goddess of Depravity would swiftly heal Inextinguishable Ravings, allowing Him to fully unleash His symbolism, which countered collective consciousness and spirits. This could delay them until the Goddess of Fate emerged from the labyrinth, escaped the spirit world, and broke free of Foolishness.

Although the situation had improved compared to before, the crisis was far from over. Additionally, Lumian and Eternal Darkness Amanises needed to remain vigilant over the slumbering Grisha Adam. If anything went awry there, they would have to join forces immediately to kill the Primordial God Almighty before His revival could be completed.

At this moment, they saw Lord of Mysteries Klein take a deliberate step back. His thoughts reverberated through the spirit world, spreading across the star dominion. "Does your contract with the Primordial God Almighty have a deadline for fulfillment?"

Origins of Disaster Lumian and Eternal Darkness Amanises exchanged glances and chose to trust Mr. Fool's judgment. They did not return to that battlefield but maintained their vigilance.

Despite their precarious advantage, Mr. Fool's sudden decision to negotiate with the Mother Goddess of Depravity indicated that something problematic was happening in the background!

The Mother Goddess of Depravity stared at Klein for a second before manifesting the various concepts, authorities, and symbolisms comprising the contract in the astral world.

Lord of Mysteries Klein glanced at it, finding the contract drafted by the Primordial God Almighty to be exceptionally tight, leaving no exploitable loopholes.

Smiling, he raised his star-encrusted cane and Replicated the Distortion power originating from the Black Emperor pathway.

A clause in the contract immediately twisted, though it did not yet form a usable loophole.

Almost simultaneously, Klein extended his left hand, gloved in black.

Deceit symbolism!

Under the dual effects, the clause in the contract finally changed: "The time limit is until the conclusion of this event."

Klein immediately smiled and addressed the Mother Goddess of Depravity, "Why not wait until your period of weakness ends-until you can wield the unique symbolism of the Chaos Primogenitor-before fulfilling the agreement?

"After all, you haven't yet reclaimed the Uniqueness of the Mother and Moon pathways, nor achieved all your objectives. This means that the current event isn't over; it's merely reached halftime.

"There's no rule stating that a single event can't last two or three millennia."

These words, exchanged via telepathic communication, were delivered in an instant.

The Mother Goddess of Depravity's flawlessly beautiful head turned toward the High-Dimensional Overseer and the Goddess of Fate, who was still ten seconds away from leaving the spirit world. She casually healed Inextinguishable Ravings.

These were the Great Old Dominators who could rejoin the battle within two minutes.

Next, the Mother Goddess of Depravity shifted Her gaze to Origins of Disaster Lumian, Eternal Darkness Amanises, Celestial Master and Celestial Thearch's projection, and the newly awakened golden Buddha.

Finally, Her eyes landed on the face of Lord of Mysteries Klein, scrutinizing him for a moment.

"Three more seconds before we continue fighting." Klein's consciousness transmitted.

After assessing the situation and determining that the chances of victory were slim, the Mother Goddess of Depravity finally made Her decision. Nodding lightly to Lord of Mysteries Klein, She said, "Okay."

The weakened Pillar wasted no further time. She once again transformed into a crimson moon and vanished into the astral world.

Seeing their Mother leave, the High-Dimensional Overseer and Inextinguishable Ravings also abandoned the fight, retreating rapidly from the star dominion.

On the planet at the edge of the universe, Franca and the others were astonished to see the Outer Deities' followers retreat like a receding tide, hurriedly leaving behind numerous corpses.

"Is it over?" Unburdened by the sudden loss of pressure, They felt momentarily bewildered.

Red Angel Medici sensed the information filtering through the spirit world. Turning around, He smiled and confirmed, "It's over."

Hearing these words, The Star Leonard and the others visibly relaxed. It was as if the sun shone down on Them, and a breeze carrying the scent of grass gently caressed Their faces.

Within the battlefield of the Great Old Ones.

Seeing Lord of Mysteries Klein return, Eternal Darkness Amanises tacitly shrouded the star dominion in deeper darkness, concealing all information to prevent any leaks.

Klein gazed at the shrinking figure of the Celestial Master, the increasingly shadowy projections behind the Celestial Thearch, and the golden Buddha slowly reverting to the Buddhist Kingdom of Light, He sighed and said, "They could only temporarily exhibit power approaching that of the Great Old Ones. I tried to make 'temporary' last longer, but it's still close to ending.

"More importantly, once the fighting becomes intense, the Mother Goddess of Depravity will realize that I'm as weak as She is."

This was the cost of forcing both the Supernova Dominator and the Goddess of Fate out of the battle in the shortest time possible.

Lumian immediately understood why Mr. Fool had opted to negotiate with the Mother Goddess of Depravity despite having the upper hand. He had helped Her avoid the constraints of the contract.

Given the current situation, if the battle continued, Mr. Fool would be tied up holding off the Mother Goddess of Depravity and unable to intervene elsewhere. The Celestial Master, Celestial Thearch's projection, and the Key of Light would soon exit the battle. Lumian and Eternal Darkness Amanises would then have to face both the High-Dimensional Overseer and the healed Inextinguishable Ravings. Even as a team, they wouldn't be able to force either out of the fight within seconds. By then, the Goddess of Fate would return.

"So, you Deceived the Mother Goddess of Depravity to make Her overlook your and the Celestial Master and company's states?" Eternal Darkness Amanises understood Klein's choice but didn't grasp why the Mother Goddess of Depravity had agreed.

Lord of Mysteries Klein shook his head. "She only overlooked my state and was fully aware of the Celestial Master and company's condition.

"She agreed mainly because She's in a weakened state and fears suffering another loss against me.

Meanwhile, the Celestial Master and company's problems wouldn't directly translate into Her ultimate victory. From Her perspective, She knows we still have other measures."

Hearing this, Eternal Darkness Amanises and Origins of Disaster Lumian both turned to the increasingly unstable projection of the Celestial Thearch.

Indeed, there was still another way.

That was to abandon the Nation of Disorder, letting the High-Dimensional Overseer take and Raw accommodate it. Then, they would unseal Genie from the Magic Wishing Lamp, releasing Him to return to the Nation of Disorder and engage the High-Dimensional Overseer in a battle of consciousness.

In doing so, the High-Dimensional Overseer-no true ally of the other Great Old Ones-would certainly withdraw from the battle and hide in the most secretive location, quietly contending with Genie. Lumian and Amanises would only need to deal with the Goddess of Fate and Inextinguishable Ravings, with a good chance of forcing one of Them out within two minutes.

At that point, even if Supernova Dominator broke free from His seal, the situation would only return to a balanced state.

The problem with this approach was the loss of the Nation of Disorder. They would later have to find the victorious High-Dimensional Overseer or Genie to negotiate terms, ensuring They wouldn't hinder Roselle's resurrection.

For Klein, Lumian, and the others, this was a last- resort strategy, but the Mother Goddess of Depravity, a born Great Old Dominator, would see it as an inevitable move.

Given the lack of hope for victory and the chance to avoid the contract's constraints, the weakened Mother Goddess naturally agreed to a "temporary" truce.

Amanises cast Her gaze toward the still-slumbering Grisha Adam. "There's still one problem.

"Even in His slumber, it's no longer possible to stop the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness from gaining dominance."

Klein and Grisha Adam had tacitly agreed on how to handle such a situation. With a solemn expression, he signaled Eternal Darkness Amanises to lift the slumber imposed on Grisha Adam.

"I'll do it," Lumian volunteered.

Klein glanced at him, then nodded, saying, "Wait a moment."

He then teleported all the participants back to the original star dominion.

Standing amidst the vast emptiness of the infinite darkness, Klein's thoughts naturally drifted to the days he had wandered the continent as Merlin, restoring houses and cities one by one.

He removed his silk half top hat, placed it over his chest, and bowed slightly as he said,

"My wish is:

"For this star dominion to be restored to its state at the end of the previous epoch."

Accompanied by his words, the materials left behind by the Supernova Dominator converged rapidly with the scenes from the fog of history.

Boom!

Dense matter ignited, becoming a blazing star - becoming a sun.

Planets took shape one after another, and beneath Lumian and Amanises lay a green-and-blue orb of exceptional beauty.

Next, Klein made another wish, "My wish is:

"For Earth to be restored to its state before the descent of the Mother Goddess of Depravity."

One by one, buildings rose swiftly from the ground of the beautiful blue planet, Cities like Backlund, Trier, and Shanghai were rapidly rebuilt. Farmland was reclaimed, and the oceans brimmed with life once more.

Having completed this task, Lord of Mysteries Klein teleported the protection zones and Angels from the planet at the edge of the universe back to their original locations, lifting the barrier and restoring all beings to their rightful places.

Across the land, the sounds of human voices erupted in joyous celebration.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1177: God Loves the World

After gazing at the revitalized blue planet for two seconds, Klein turned slightly to Amanises and said, "I'm ready."

Eternal Darkness Amanises turned toward the slumbering Grisha Adam and lifted the influence of the Darkness symbolism.

A change occurred instantly. The naturally spreading Chaos Sea fully contracted, leaving only the massive cross and Grisha Adam nailed upon it.

Grisha Adam wore a simple white robe, with rusted nails protruding from His limbs, stained with darkened blood.

At this moment, the holy sun, the raging storm, the white tower of books, and the five-headed shadow had all vanished, as if withdrawn into Grisha Adam's body.

Grisha Adam's face, covered with a faint golden beard. slowly opened His golden, baby-clear eyes.

He saw Lumian with three heads, three torsos, and six arms and noticed the Sword of Destruction held by Lumian's central body.

Lumian stared at Grisha Adam and the cross for a few seconds, his expression indifferent and his voice low, "Go and fight for your next chance."

With that, he raised the massive black-flame greatsword that bound madness and chaos, Grisha Adam shifted His gaze downward.

He saw the green-blue planet below, the Eastern, Northern, Southern, and Western Continents, the five oceans, the bustling cities, the peaceful villages, and the people still laughing, crying, and busy.

Retracting His gaze, He looked back at Lumian with a warm smile on His face.

Lumian said nothing more and brought down the giant sword, burning with black flames and symbolizing destruction and chaos.

At that moment. Lord of Mysteries Klein and Eternal Darkness Amanises each bowed respectfully to Grisha Adam in their own ways.

Boom!

The massive cross shattered into pieces, and Grisha Adam's body instantly disintegrated and collapsed.

He made no defense or resistance, nor did He give the Primordial God Almighty any opportunity.

His crumbling body completely disintegrated, turning into beams of light that flew toward the blue planet.

This included the miniature sun, the storm wreathed in lightning, the dense shadow, the illusory white tower of books, and the grayish-white object resembling a fusion of brain and mind.

They created a dazzling and dreamlike meteor shower over the planet, displaying a myriad of colors.

This spectacle drew many humans to stop and admire it. Some were excited, some were awestruck by the beauty, and others hurriedly made wishes, praying for their realization.

God loves the world.

…

In the boundless cosmos, Klein, accompanied by Lumian and Amanises, entered the spirit world and found the astral crystal sealing the Supernova Dominator.

No spirit world creatures lingered nearby, instinctively avoiding the soon-to-explode object.

Amid the dense, layered colors, the three great existences simultaneously sensed that the Goddess of Fate had exited the spirit world and returned to Her divine kingdom.

Lumian glanced at the astral crystal and suggested, "Shall we unseal Him now? One of us controls Him, and the other attacks - let's try to finish Him off quickly?"

The confidence to kill a Great Old Dominator in a short time was unique to powerful existences of destruction like Origins of Disaster, Eternal Darkness, and the Monarch of Decay.

Lord of Mysteries Klein shook his head. "No. Supernova Dominator leans toward reality. Even you two can't kill Him in one strike if He resists. His counterattack would break the spirit world's seal from within, giving the Mother Goddess of Depravity a chance to interfere. She won't let us reduce our enemies now-that would hinder Her actions once She recovers from Her weakness."

Indeed, the sealed spirit world could block the Mother Goddess of Depravity from entering, but not if a Great Old Dominator inside cooperated to break the seal.

This was why the Goddess of Fate could leave the spirit world through the River of Fate but could not use it to enter.

If the Mother Goddess of Depravity descended again, the High-Dimensional Overseer, the Goddess of Fate, and the healed Inextinguishable Ravings would certainly follow. Alongside the still - unkilled Supernova Dominator, the situation would become dire.

Klein continued, "My ceasefire agreement with the Mother Goddess of Depravity holds no binding force. She's probably waiting for the Supernova Dominator to break the seal.

"But just because we can't fully seal Him or kill Him in time doesn't mean we can't do something else."

Upon hearing this, Eternal Darkness Amanises swiftly cloaked the area in concealment.

Lord of Mysteries Klein nodded to Her and smiled.

"Let's not let the Mother Goddess of Depravity know exactly what we did in those two seconds after the seal is lifted."

Then, he turned to Lumian. "As the seal breaks, I'll cast the Foolishness symbolism on Supernova Dominator and maintain it with full force. While He's Foolish, you will Hypnotize Him and implant a Virtual Persona to make Him our friend-a friend who will help us when it matters most.

"This Virtual Persona should seem normal but must follow the logic that the Mother Goddess of Depravity and other Great Old Dominators intend to harm Him. He must avoid and have no contact with Them. This way, the Mother Goddess will only know I meddled with Him but won't figure out how.

"This won't threaten His life or cause His fall, so He won't instinctively resist under deep Foolishness. Later, we'll discreetly visit Him from time to time to maintain His Foolish state and keep the Virtual Persona effective."

Lumian thought it over and found this plan feasible, especially to counter the Mother Goddess of Depravity's possibility of turning hostile soon.

The Monarch of Decay and the Circle of Inevitability wouldn't return to this unfinished matter, ruling Them out.

The Mother Tree of Desire would need a long time to fully re-accommodate the Tenebrous World. Due to the fusion and influence of various Dao integrators, the Tenebrous World had developed a new consciousness and spirit. Although both it and the integrators fused within it had been destroyed by their self-curses, Its spirit remained indestructible, chaotic, and extreme. Moreover, the Mother Tree of Desire was still in a severely wounded state, requiring at least decades, if not longer, to fully accommodate the Tenebrous World and completely recover. Thus, She was unlikely to be a factor in the near term.

Similarly, the severely injured Uncertain Mist would also need decades to recover. More importantly, to avoid detection and becoming prey to other Great Old Dominators, He had completely hidden Himself-even the Mother Goddess of Depravity couldn't locate Him to offer healing. This made it impossible for Him to recover and participate in any battles soon. The Mother Tree of Desire had also gone into hiding to recover and accommodate in secrecy, preventing interference or being hunted, further ruling out any possibility of healing.

Primordial Hunger was in a similar state, but driven by instinct, He might still attempt to participate in battle despite His severe injuries, seeking healing afterward.

In other words, if the Mother Goddess of Depravity turned hostile again and descended soon, the only Great Old Dominators capable of fighting would be the High-Dimensional Overseer, the Goddess of Fate, and Inextinguishable Ravings. The participation of Primordial Hunger remained uncertain.

If Supernova Dominator stood with the Lord of Mysteries, the Origins of Disaster, and Eternal Darkness, even if Earth's side couldn't win outright, it wouldn't lose either. If Primordial Hunger joined as well, the Nation of Disorder, Knowledge Moor, and the Key of Light, having had time to recover, could once again display power close to that of the Great Old Ones.

Lumian glanced again at the astral crystal and found it somewhat amusing, as if seeing another Genie-one who wasn't sealed but was still equally powerless to act freely.

"Alright," he replied to Lord of Mysteries Klein.

After confirming that Eternal Darkness Amanises was ready, Klein conjured a door glowing with a bluish-black hue on himself.

Then, he withdrew the door's projection from the astral crystal.

The Abomination Beyonder characteristic had just been pushed to its limit when Klein's coat flared, and the bluish-black door radiated brilliantly.

Foolishness symbolism!

Supernova Dominator, poised to make the surrounding stars explode and destroy everything nearby, suddenly halted, blankly and dazedly surveying the surroundings.

This time, Klein didn't stop after casting the Foolishness symbolism but maintained and deepened it.

Outside the spirit world, crimson moonlight flared again, but without internal cooperation, it couldn't break through the seal immediately.

Seizing the opportunity, Lumian turned the face of the chaotic vortex toward Supernova Dominator.

On the surface of this face, an eye-like hole appeared first, borrowing the Omniscient Eye ability to quickly analyze Supernova Dominator's daily behavior. Based on this, Lumian wove an appropriate Virtual Persona.

After the Primordial God Almighty was killed, He hadn't tried to resurrect within Lumian, as adding anything else to Lumian's body would render even the most powerful and genuine Angel of Redemption unable to redeem the situation.

Within just two or three seconds, a hazy, illusory glow flickered simultaneously across Supernova Dominator's stars and then swiftly receded.

Seeing this, Klein withdrew Sefirah Castle back into his body and stored away the newly reformed Abomination Beyonder characteristic.

Supernova Dominator looked at them and let out a low hum. "Well done."

Lumian chuckled and spread his six arms. "Praise be to you, Ruler of Stars!"

Supernova Dominator exuded satisfaction and joy, avoided the Mother Goddess of Depravity's gaze, and left the spirit world.

Watching His starry figure depart, Eternal Darkness Amanises suddenly asked, "There won't be a crisis for decades, but what about after that?"

By then, the Mother Tree of Desire, Uncertain Mist, and Primordial Hunger would have fully recovered.

Lord of Mysteries Klein pondered and replied, "Decades later, the consciousnesses within the Nation of Disorder should have fully merged and unified, possibly birthing a new Great Old Dominator. If not, we must find a way to resurrect Roselle ahead of time, though that's difficult and would only give us limited extra time.

"In the Knowledge Moor, Stiano's attempt to obtain the Celestial Master's bloodline isn't easy. If he only integrates a small portion, like Lumian's Omebella bloodline, it's simple but only effective against unintelligent, instinct-driven beings or when reinforcing symbolism. Past Celestial Masters within the Knowledge Moor still retain fragments of consciousness and spirit. The best strategy now is to have the current Celestial Master consume potions, advancing from Mystery Pryer to Hermit as quickly as possible.

"We should pursue both paths. Whichever progresses faster, the other should step aside. We must ensure Their survival, even if They themselves may wish to defer to the other,

"The Key of Light remains unpredictable. When and who among Them will ascend to a Great Old Dominator depends on luck and opportunity.

"Regarding the Chaos Sea, after this near- resurrection, the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness has significantly strengthened. Without hundreds or thousands of years to wear it down, none of those five paths are suitable for birthing a corresponding Sequence 0, much like how in the Fourth Epoch, the Kings of Angels of the Fool, Door, and Error pathways couldn't ascend."

At this point, Klein glanced at Lumian. "In your dreams, you, Aurore, and Jenna have the time and opportunity to strengthen yourselves. I hope you find ways to achieve a better and more stable balance, aiming to significantly increase your daily active hours. I will also fulfill my promise to give you a second form you can switch to.

"If necessary, I can even trigger your body's reset earlier."

Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna exchanged slightly complex smiles and nodded.

Klein turned to Eternal Darkness Amanises. "Barring any surprises, in a few decades, we will have five Great Old Dominators, plus Supernova Dominator, totaling six. Meanwhile, the Mother Goddess of Depravity's side will have at most seven."

This referred to the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

Mother Tree of Desire, High-Dimensional Overseer, Inextinguishable Ravings, Primordial Hunger, the Goddess of Fate, and the Uncertain Mist.

Klein then smiled. "Without the Uncertain Mist, They would be disunited, each fighting for Themselves. We could easily drive Them back or even severely teach Them a lesson.

"Right, I will fulfill my promise to return the Magic Wishing Lamp to the universe, using it to lure out the hiding Uncertain Mist and secretly influence Him."

Eternal Darkness Amanises nodded slightly. "It seems the apocalypse has passed, and the past despairing situation won't return."

Lord of Mysteries Klein gazed at the dense, layered colors and the boundless cosmos beyond the spirit world, adding calmly and warmly, "But that's only if we all remain in good condition."

Lumian followed his gaze beyond the spirit world. Klein's words echoing in his mind.

Only if we all remain in good condition…

This phrase reverberated through the deep, boundless spirit world, where direction held no meaning.

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1178: The Meaning of Guardianship

Loen Kingdom, Backlund, Saint Leonard's Cathedral.

The Star Leonard glanced at Antigonus beside him and cautiously asked, "Are you sure we don't need to weave and implant Her original memories back into Her?"

Antigonus, with half-gray hair but a youthful face, shook His head without saying a word.

A few seconds later, a figure appeared at the cathedral entrance. It was a woman, wearing a hooded classical robe, with long black hair draped over her shoulders.

She had a delicate face but a dazed expression, like a lost child.

Antigonus quickly approached her.

The woman still looked confused upon seeing Him, unsure of who He was. Yet, for some inexplicable reason, she suddenly felt at ease, no longer afraid, and instinctively felt this person was trustworthy.

Standing before her, Antigonus spoke with both joy and concern, "Let's go."

The beautiful woman did not hesitate and softly nodded, "Okay."

Antigonus immediately relaxed and turned around with a smile, guiding her forward.

They walked side by side across the square, sending flocks of white doves flying into the sky.

Leonard watched them disappear before turning back toward the cathedral.

As he approached the entrance, he saw several Nighthawks wearing red gloves hurrying out.

"What happened?" Leonard asked habitually.

The Red Gloves glanced at him, respectfully tapped the star symbol on their chests, and the leader quickly replied, "A Beyonder seems to be losing control. We need to handle it."

Leonard gave a slight nod, not delaying them, and proceeded down the stairs into the underground area.

He entered his room, sat on the armchair, casually picked up a newspaper, and began reading.

…

Angel of Time Pallez Zoroast followed behind The Magician Fors, passing through a grand door forged by brilliant starlight, Above, two suns seemed to hang in the sky, and silver-black spaceships either landed back at the spaceport or soared into the vast cosmos on missions.

"This is Planet Lorbath, home to an advanced civilization that worships the Stars. Don't be surprised when you see them-they may look like lizards, but they're friendly. They won't find our presence odd either; this is a hub for several nearby star dominions," Fors explained to the "tour group."

Judgment Xio, The Hermit Cattleya, Temperance Sharron, and Hela from the Church of Evernight all listened attentively.

Angel of the Holy Spirit Reinette asked earnestly, "Can we just call them lizards?"

"No," The Magician Fors immediately shook her head.

"Best not to even think it. They communicate telepathically. Of course, at your level, you don't have to worry about them hearing anything they shouldn't. They won't recklessly probe your thoughts-they've suffered for that before, nearly leading to their civilization's destruction."

Hearing "telepathic communication," Franca glanced around and asked, "Madam Justice didn't come this time?"

Judgment Xio answered for The Magician Fors, "Madam Justice has been busy guiding the parliament to pass bills limiting royal power, protecting workers' rights, and expanding suffrage. She said radical change leads to problems, so it must be done step by step."

I see... Franca relaxed, but The Magician Fors then specifically reminded The Sun Derrick, "Don't spread Mr. Fool's faith on this planet. Control yourself."

"Okay." The Sun Derrick nodded sincerely.

Beside him, The Hanged Man Alger pulled a mirror from his Traveler's Bag. In it, flickering prayer lights of the Sea God Church clergy, key followers, and ship Beyonders appeared.

"This really works," Alger thanked The Empress Franca.

This way, he wouldn't have to worry about his trip delaying crucial matters for the Sea God Church and the Blue Avenger.

"Of course it does," Franca smiled, pointing at Aurore.

"That mirror was provided by the Ruler of the Mirror World."

Such mirrors always came in pairs-one remained on Earth, infused with the user's aura for a quick response, while the other relayed prayers via the mirror world. All of this lay within the Ruler of the Mirror World's domain.

This solved the problem of Angels responding to prayers across star dominions without troubling Mr. Fool into being part of the relay.

Aurore, with thick black hair and stunning beauty, curiously observed the massive steel fortress floating above-a structure nearly the size of a city.

Suddenly, Franca chuckled softly. "I just thought of a classic joke."

"What is it?" Aurore asked casually.

Franca replied seriously, "If our 'tour group' were painted, the artwork could have a name."

While others looked puzzled, Aurore faintly guessed the punchline and smiled ahead of time.

Franca cleared her throat and said, "The painting would be called... 'Mr. Moon Being a Homebody.' "

…

Intis Republic, Trier.

Returning from her travels, Franca put on a cap and stepped outside.

Passing a nearby school, she saw Anthony waiting for Ludwig to finish class while he remained vigilant. She didn't disturb him.

Soon, she arrived at a cathedral that was established in the past few weeks.

Saint Audrey Cathedral, under the Church of The Fool.

Upon entering, Franca saw a large golden retriever in spotless white robes weaving among the believers - chatting, praying, and exchanging greetings harmoniously.

The believers found nothing strange about the dog speaking human language and respectfully addressed it as "Your Grace."

Franca didn't correct them and casually sat down, smiling at the scene.

She had avoided visiting the Saint Franca Cathedral under the Ruler of Calamity Church and came here just to enjoy this heartwarming sight.

After watching for a while, Franca was about to leave when she noticed someone she knew, though that person didn't know her.

It was a woman with black hair and brown eyes, delicate features, and wearing dark pants and a skirt - Melissa Moretti.

"Why are you in Trier?" Franca casually sat beside Melissa.

Melissa turned to look at her, momentarily stunned by her beauty. She quickly composed herself and asked, "Who might you be?"

"I'm Franca Roland. Not sure if you've heard of me?" Franca tried to make her smile friendlier.

Though in her heart, she added: But I know your brother, Klein Moretti.

Fellow countryman!

Roommate!

Melissa paused. "I've heard of you..."

"Drop the formalities." Franca waved it off. "So, why are you here in Trier?"

Melissa considered her words. "I was sent to study at a research institute under the God of Steam and Machinery Church."

"Oh, I see." Franca chuckled, "If you've heard of me, that means you're a Beyonder now, right?"

She had long been aware of this matter. She was raising the question mainly to find a topic to talk about.

Melissa nodded slightly. "Yes, I'm a Sequence 5 Astronomer of the Savant pathway."

"Finished digesting the potion? Got the ingredients for advancing to a demigod?" Franca asked, just as she once cared for Lumian, the brother of a fellow countryman.

"I've finished digesting, I should get the ingredients after this study ends, but... I'm hesitant about the ritual..." Melissa had been troubled by this matter for some time. She couldn't hide her thoughts in front of Franca, who was so beautiful that she couldn't help but let her guard down.

The advancement ritual to Alchemist required drawing all life force from an area, turning soil barren and lakes dry.

Franca smiled brightly. "That's no big deal. Rituals always have alternatives - like choosing an uninhabited planet. Or, you could cultivate the Dao first. Once you succeed, the Celestial Master could grant you a corresponding talisman, allowing you to adapt to the corresponding power ahead of time. When you later consume the potion, the ritual's requirements would drastically reduce..."

Melissa listened carefully at first but grew confused.

Talisman?

Celestial Master? Who's that?

Seeing her confusion, Franca smiled. "Let's find a café for a chit chat. I'll explain everything in detail."

"Okay." Driven by curiosity for knowledge, Melissa stood up.

As they walked out of Saint Audrey's cathedral, Franca casually asked, "Have Benson and the others come into contact with mysticism and also become Beyonders?"

"Yeah." Melissa nodded slightly.

"Good for them." Franca sighed, "Though the mysticism world is dangerous, as long as you don't advance too high, it's fine. Plus, higher Sequences mean longer life and ways to extend it. Definitely a good thing..."

Hearing Franca, Melissa reflected on her journey-her love for machinery leading her to believing in the God of Steam and Machinery and making contact with Beyonder powers.

After becoming a Beyonder, then interacting with the Church of the Evernight Goddess's Nighthawks and her brother Klein's colleagues like Leonard Mitchell, she slowly uncovered the truth of that particular event.

Later on, she learned more and more…

As her thoughts raced, Melissa recalled Mr. Leonard's words to her a few days ago.

"He's not in good shape lately. You can only reach him through rituals. In a few years, he should walk the earth again..."

A few years... Melissa gazed at the golden sunlit streets ahead, a faint smile appearing on her face.

***

Thanks to the users "Максим Довбняк", "TempestUknow" for the chapters provided!

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1179: Dreams

"When you need to advance to Sequence 3, you can come to me." Franca stood at the street corner, took out the Face of the Arcane from her Traveler's Bag, and showed it briefly.

Melissa smiled and nodded, waving goodbye to this enthusiastic older sister before heading towards the research institute under the God of Steam and Machinery Church.

After chatting leisurely for over an hour at the café, Franca had accompanied her all the way here.

Only when Melissa's figure disappeared at the building's entrance did Franca turn around, strolling leisurely under the shadows of Intis parasol trees, blending into the lively streets.

Along the way. she saw the Trier citizens who, as always, loved to stand out. She also spotted Daoists and monks traveling from the Northern Continent, and many young people from the Western Continent here on studying abroad exchanges. Some maintained their original clothing styles, while others adapted to local customs.

Franca also noticed many newly built cathedrals, belonging respectively to the Church of The Fool, Eternal Darkness Church, and the Ruler of Calamity Church-the three mainstream faiths in the world today.

The Eternal Darkness Church had evolved from the merger of the Evernight Goddess Church with the Churches of the God of Combat and the Death. The Ruler of Calamity Church originated from the Sick Church and the Demoness Sect.

Among the remaining orthodox churches, only the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery maintained its former influence. The Churches of the Eternal Blazing Sun, Lord of Storms, Earth Mother, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom still existed but had become secondary choices with limited influence.

Many Trier citizens even followed trends, engaging in Daoist practices or Zen meditation.

As her thoughts drifted, Franca cast her gaze towards the distant Eternal Blazing Sun cathedral.

Even across a sizable square, the stained glass windows of the cathedral vividly projected the interior scene into Franca's eyes.

At the altar stood a golden-embedded cross, and before it, a figure knelt quietly in prayer.

The figure had long silver hair and wore a simple linen robe. It was none other than Angel of Fate Ouroboros.

He had returned from the Western Continent, merging the Aurora Order with the Eternal Blazing Sun Church, turning the Aurora Order into the shadow under the sun's rays, handling tasks inconvenient for clergy, and executing acts of punishment.

Franca sighed with mixed feelings and withdrew her gaze.

Naturally, she thought of another King of Angels in the domain of fate - Will Auceptin, who had also returned to Backlund.

"Even if He might attain greatness in the future, He still has to listen to mom now, studying hard, and improving every day..." Franca muttered, purposely making a detour to Quartier de l'Observatoire. At the entrance of an apartment, she saw Jenna's brother, Julien, and Ms. Bella, formerly of the Moses Ascetic Order. Julien appeared confident and ambitious, while Bella looked calm, free of past worries.

They had married and chosen to settle in Suhit. This time, they returned to Trier specifically for the wedding, with Jenna attending in person to offer her congratulations.

After ensuring Julien and Bella boarded a carriage to the steam locomotive station, Franca breathed a sigh of relief and continued her aimless wandering, sometimes in the streets and sometimes within the mirrors.

After some time, she returned to the market district, where she saw Rue Anarchie and Auberge du Coq Doré.

Smiling, Franca entered and skillfully made her way to the basement bar, ordering a glass of absinthe with a dreamy green hue.

Wearing her cap, she took a sip and shook her head in distaste.

This drink never tasted good!

"The landlord of Auberge du Coq Doré changed again?" she casually asked the bar owner, Pavard Neeson.

Without looking up, the ponytailed Pavard Neil replied, "Yeah, I heard some tycoon bought up the entire street's properties. But he promised not to change Auberge du Coq Doré, just maybe renovate it."

"What's his name?" Franca curiously asked without performing any divination.

Pavard Neeson thought for a moment. "His name is... Danitz, I think."

Danitz? Mr. Fool's oracle? Already a Sequence 4 Iron-Blooded Knight, and he's still interested in buying property? And he happened to purchase a building once occupied by the highest existence of the Red Priest pathway... Isn't this another example of the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence? Franca's spiritual intuition quickly confirmed it, and she found it somewhat amusing.

Suddenly, a commotion sounded behind her.

Turning slightly, she saw a young man in a white shirt and open black vest, holding a beer and leaping onto a small round table, cheerfully addressing the crowd, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm back!

"Though I stayed in Suhit, got another promotion and raise, and became a true middle-class, civilized man, my return to Trier only raised my rank by one, but still - I'm back!

"Don't you want to know why?

"Because this is the Trier that we both hate and love!

"Cheers!"

…

By the afternoon, Franca returned to the villa where she lived.

It was time for the monthly Tarot Club's Divine Council.

Soon, her figure appeared above the gray fog, seated beside Madam Temperance, Sharron.

She held The Empress card.

Madam Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, Madam Magician, Mr. Sun, Madam Judgment, Mr. Star, Ma'am Hermit, and Mr. Moon were all present.

Lord of Mysteries Klein, sat at the head shrouded in gray fog, with slimy tentacles briefly flickering in the fog behind him.

Madam Justice stood first, curtsying politely.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool-"

The formal members of the Tarot Club were still most comfortable addressing him this way.

After the greetings, The Magician Fors sat down and awkwardly glanced at the end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. Fool, there isn't much to report this month: we've mainly been on interstellar travels."

Lord of Mysteries Klein leaned back in his chair, chuckled softly, and said calmly, "Then tell me about your travels."

He added, "In detail."

Madam Magician Fors carefully said, "This time, we went to Planet Lorbath, where we even encountered the God of Steam and Machinery. He was quite interested in the local knowledge and technology…"

Seeing Mr. Fool listening intently, The Magician Fors relaxed and spoke more thoroughly.

With additional details from Mr. Hanged Man Alger, The Empress Franca, and others, the vivid retelling of the trip made Justice Audrey and The Star Leonard, who missed it, feel as though they had been there-and regret it even more.

Klein quietly listened with a faint smile, never interrupting.

…

After the Tarot Gathering ended and she returned to reality, Franca walked towards the full-length mirror in the master bedroom.

Relaxed, she stepped through the mirror, plunging into a strange sensation of rapid descent, arriving on a desolate, lifeless planet.

A thin fog emerged before her.

She walked into it.

What met her eyes was an ancient city.

There were skyscrapers, speeding cars, airplanes piercing through clouds, and pedestrians holding cell phones.

Suddenly, two blinding headlights flashed towards her. nearly blinding her.

A rideshare car stopped in front of her.

Franca opened the door and sat in the back seat, complaining to the driver with a monocle on his right eye, "Can't you turn off the high beams?"

The driver pointed to the golden sun ornament on the dashboard and smiled. "Ever since I stole it, I can't turn them off."

Franca said nothing more, admiring the city streets of the past pass by while in the car. There were many buildings from Trier.

Eventually, her spiritual intuition drew her gaze to the screen inside the car.

A beautiful yet pure-looking woman on the screen excitedly announced, "Citizens, I am your Mayor Cheek. My next plan is to eliminate traffic lights and crosswalks..."

Before She finished, the screen distorted with harsh static.

When the picture returned, Mayor Cheek solemnly said, "Ha, that was a joke. Now, onto the main topic."

Franca clicked her tongue, turning back to the window.

Outside stood a Trier-style cathedral, bustling with people.

Through the window and mirror, Franca saw a man at the altar-blood-red hair, blood-stained black robe, handsome and masculine but not sharp - it was Alista Tudor.

He was the priest of this cathedral.

The vehicle continued forward and soon arrived at a vast square.

In the middle of the square stood a peculiar statue. It resembled a vortex, yet its color was indescribable, as if it encompassed all possibilities.

The vehicle kept driving until it reached the edge of the city.

There, a village appeared with lush green pastures and a gently flowing stream.

Franca got out of the car and casually waved at a girl herding geese by the river and the young man beside her, serving as a greeting.

Like returning home, she naturally followed the country road into the village. In the distance, she saw a towering earthen pillar several dozen meters high. At its peak sat a figure with three heads and six arms, quietly enduring the wind and rain, basking in the sun and storms.

Franca headed straight to Ol' Tavern and, unsurprisingly, found Lumian sitting at the bar in his white shirt and black vest. A glass of La Fée Verte sat by his hand, while Jenna, dressed in a light, flowing dress, passionately sang lively songs for the farmers and their wives in the middle of the tavern.

A smile spread across Franca's face as she watched Jenna perform. She strolled to the bar and sat beside Lumian.

"One glass of Kirsch." She snapped her fingers at the bartender, then turned to Lumian and asked, "Where's Aurore?"

Lumian, with his blood-red hair, chuckled and said, "At home, writing travel notes."

Franca let out an "oh" and happily said to Lumian, "I'm planning to stay in the Western Continent for a while soon. Aurore already agreed to come along. Want to join us?"

"Sure," Lumian turned slightly, smiling as he gestured toward the center of the tavern. "You can ask Jenna yourself if she wants to go."

Franca followed his gaze just in time to see Jenna finishing the last few lines of her song. With a bright smile, Jenna extended an inviting hand toward both Franca and Lumian.

Her cheerful singing echoed throughout the entire tavern.

"As long as Trier endures, mirth and glee will never falter!"

(The End)

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1

Chapter 1180: Author’s Afterword

□

When I opened the document to write this afterword, countless thoughts flooded my mind. I didn't even know where to start. After letting it settle for a while, I realized what I most

wanted to say: I will never write a sequel again!

This has nothing to do with anything else it's purely because the writing difficulty was overwhelming, nearly surpassing my mental limits.

The first challenge involved the already expansive and well-defined world-building. There wasn't much room to create suspense or secret reveals, nor was there a crucial hook to drive plot tension. In Lord of Mysteries, the early parts involving the loss of control of low- sequence Beyonders were thrilling and engaging. But in Circle of Inevitability, unless the plot involved Outer Deities, major crises, or historical events from past epochs, it was hard to excite readers. Small issues could only be portrayed as facets of larger events, but how many major events could there be, especially ones that the protagonist had the capacity to be involved in?

I anticipated this problem before starting the book. My planned solutions involved unraveling the Fourth Epoch Tudor Dynasty's mysteries, the infiltration by Outer Deities, and weaving standalone events into a larger narrative. I also tried to use "arrangements" and "coincidences" to enable Lumian to participate and tie events together. But constant manipulation led to a loss of satisfying moments and weakened immersion.

The second challenge involved the already-established world and factions. The major players and motivations were clear, so planning an event required considering exponentially more participants. In Lord of Mysteries Vol. 2, the Great Smog involved mainly the royal family, the Aurora Order, the Demoness Sect, and the three major Churches. The latter could be treated as a whole, with me singling out one sufficient.

But by Vol. 3 of Circle of Inevitability, the Hostel incident involved seven or eight Outer Deity organizations. Even focusing on the Pixies, General Philip, and the Nightstalkers meant dealing with three factions. On top of that, the Eternal Blazing Sun Church had to participate, the God of Steam and Machinery Church had its own problems, and the Knowledge Moor was involved. That's not all. With the Conqueror's Beyonder characteristic involved, the Medici, Sauron, and Einhorn families were necessary. Likewise for the Iron and Blood Cross Order. The Tarot Club would get involved too. The Mirror People wouldn't have missed

this opportunity. All of this was two or three times the previous scale. All required prior foreshadowing and proper introductions, drastically increasing the writing difficulty.

The scariest part? In Lord of Mysteries, these problems only emerged in the latter half of Vol. 6. In Circle of Inevitability, it started as early as Vol. 3. Every major event felt like writing the final two volumes of Lord of Mysteries-constantly juggling everything. I nearly tore my hair out. Thankfully, I have thick hair thanks to my genes, or I'd be worried about going bald.

The third challenge was that carrying over so many characters from Lord of Mysteries meant needing over twenty characters to appear and shine in key events. Yet the spotlight in any single event is limited. Everyone wants their moment, but it's impossible to satisfy all. Many readers criticized Lumian for having too few standout moments. I didn't want that either... but the first challenge forced the plot into major events involving high-level characters. Naturally, the spotlight shifted to them. That's why, at the end of Vol. 3, the most memorable figures were Medici and the Eternal Blazing Sun. At the end of Vol. 5, it was Amon, Roselle, and Adam.

I can only say that to keep things logical, I sacrificed a lot of cool moments, leaving the protagonist with less time in the spotlight. So, back to what I said: I will never write a sequel again!

I once discussed this problem with a few author friends-in the same scene and event, how many characters can be effectively portrayed? Most agreed: around four. Same for me. Six is the extreme limit given special conditions. Beyond that, some characters inevitably become marginalized. That's why, in Lord of Mysteries, Tarot Club gatherings only focused on two or three members at a time.

But Circle of Inevitability inherited a massive cast from the start. I had to introduce new characters and still give space to essential factions.

Maybe a more gifted author could handle more characters in a scene and event, but that's not me-not now.

Vol. 1 and 2 were manageable, set in more confined environments with fewer legacy characters. But it only got scarier and scarier afterward...

Sometimes, choices had to be made.

So, I deeply regret that most members of the Tarot Club didn't appear much in the first five volumes. Firstly, compared to Lumian at the time, their level was far too high, and there were too few high-level, specialized events suitable for him. If they had been casually involved in minor roles, it might have felt even more off. But if I handled it as an ensemble cast, key events were limited and either had to be part of the main plot or couldn't be revealed too early. As a result, most of what needed to be handled were small daily crises, which couldn't generate enough narrative tension. Secondly, from a logical standpoint, it wasn't suitable for many events' highlights to be given to them. Even when they did appear, their impact was limited—just like in the Vortex incident, which drew criticism.

This is an inherent issue with sequels, and also due to my limited writing ability. I'm truly sorry I couldn't do better.

Some readers said the protagonist shouldn't have interacted with the Tarot Club from the start. But if the Tarot Club hadn't noticed such events, and they didn't pay attention to people with special fates, others would've complained that the Tarot Club was useless for

overlooking it.

Moreover, juggling too many characters beyond my capacity was one issue. Another was that after Lord of Mysteries, many characters had their fans and detractors. No matter which character I focused on, showing them too little would spark complaints, and too much would bring accusations of favoritism. Giving them standout moments drew criticism and nitpicking, while lacking such moments dissatisfied others. I could only do my best to write from a logical standpoint.

Take Adam's death at the end, for instance. Some readers complained it lacked impact and was too abrupt. But Adam had already received plenty of highlights earlier. By the end, from a logical standpoint, Adam being able to withstand the first wave of attacks and allow the protected zones be teleported, while resisting Primordial Hunger was already pretty impressive.

Others questioned why Klein didn't help Adam recover after accommodating with Sefirah Castle for a whole month. But think about it-helping Adam fight God Almighty would have exposed Klein's awakening to the Primordial God Almighty, which would alert the Mother Goddess of Depravity, and then all the Outer Deities. How could they secretly prepare after

that?

More importantly, Klein couldn't help. Adam could interfere with Klein's dreams only before the real confrontation and fusion began. This time, the battle and fusion started immediately for Him to counter the first wave of the Mother Goddess of Depravity's descent. Honestly, of all the characters in the first book, Adam received the most development in Circle of Inevitability. Klein mainly carried over past roles and explored potential changes, while I personally feel I fully portrayed Adam's complexity-a cold, calculating god that has His detractors and admirers who also loves humanity.

I understand and even feel glad that some readers liked Adam-it shows I succeeded in writing Him. But if someone hates Lumian and dislikes or resents Adam, all I can offer is a line of poetry: "Better to die of hunger quietly than fight in vain like a mantis." I hope they never

face sacrifice forced upon them.

Many argued that Adam's death lacked grandeur and wrote up theses on why it was unreasonable, but I couldn't comprehend their logic. Throughout the Circle of

Inevitability writing process, I encountered many similar criticisms: dissatisfaction with some character's development, leading to long explanations about prior plot issues. But when probed deeper, it boiled down to circular reasoning. My only choice was to ignore it. Some critiques came from heartfelt engagement, while others were purely malicious.

For example, during the Circle of Inevitability's redemption arc, people joked about the protagonist ending the world while the antagonist saved it. It was nice, with everyone knowing that it was just a joke. But some claimed the main character trio created such a plan, only to mess everything up, so that they could only foolishly watch the villain save the world.

If you ask, "Who brought the Circle of Inevitability to that side of the battlefield?"

The response would be, "Don't ask."

If you add, "Wasn't it Klein's ability as Beacon of Destiny, guided by Genie's hint, that led

Circle of Inevitability there?"

The reply would be, "Don't say."

Basically, anything inconvenient to the nitpicking is dismissed. They have to lower their intelligence, becoming idiots before sharing their twisted interpretations to proselytize others into believing they were some smartass.

Similarly, there's also the saying, "Noble humanity destroys the world, inferior godhood saves it." Even without arguing about the truth behind the world's destruction and salvation, one could simply ask, "Then why was noble humanity forced to the point of the world being

destroyed?"

Another example is when I wrote about Franca saving the streetwalkers. I had already added narrative armor in advance, stating that Trier had too many restrictions and that she would aim to build a new society when the opportunity and ability arose. Yet, a group of moral purists still criticized it. I usually don't pay attention to those comments, but some even brought it into writers' groups, suggesting things like, "Why not build a factory and have the streetwalkers work there? Such fake kindness." Sure, if the streetwalkers in the market district were sent to work in a factory and gangs were banned from this business, the world would be

at peace, right?

But in reality, the demand wouldn't decrease, the law wouldn't crack down on it, and if the market district didn't have it, it would just move to another district. With the number of streetwalkers significantly reduced, gangs from other districts would force good people into prostitution, engage in human trafficking, and coercion. So, would those who suffer from this scheme not be considered people?

Without overthrowing the old system and challenging the Church and government, this problem can't be completely solved-only gradual reforms can

be made.

There's too much of this kind of misinterpretation and disregard for prior context. Should I really care and slow down my pacing because of it? Is it necessary? I've always ignored it. If people hadn't constantly shared these distortions in writers' groups, I wouldn't have known how far it had been twisted. If someone believed those summaries and then read the full text, they'd realize it was an entirely different story.

So, I must apologize. I once said, "If readers don't understand the plot, it's the author's fault." I was wrong. I spoke too arrogantly. I'm neither a sage nor a god. I can't make everyone understand. Some plotlines are misunderstood due to readers' personal reading habits, some because they're casually reading and don't want to think deeply, some because they skip around, and some intentionally misunderstand. I can't solve all of these. I was too conceited before. I deserved the backlash.

I'll leave it at that. To sum up, Circle of Inevitability was burdened with too many constraints from the start. The writing difficulty was so high that I often lost control, though I occasionally managed to pull it back. It was mentally exhausting, a daily struggle. This is also why I cut some side plots from Volumes 7 and 8-I couldn't manage them anymore. Expanding further would have risked collapsing the entire story.

Overall, my self-assessment is that Circle of Inevitability has both well-written parts and

parts that fall short. For example, the ending of Volume 6 still has me thinking about how to build the climax of the confrontation with the Celestial Worthy without introducing too much about the Western Continent too early. My current solution would be to save Arrodes and the issue of the mirrored Original Creator for the final climax, delivering twists and turns just when readers expect the story to end.

In short-never writing a sequel again. It's just too difficult.

Some characters' endings weren't explicitly written out but were hinted at. Explaining them

in detail would've entangled too many threads, disrupting the tone of the final chapters or undermining the sense that catastrophes never truly end but come again and again-that life is about enduring disaster after disaster until death.

For example, Farbauti's ending: I deliberately mentioned that the Abyss Uniqueness and the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics weren't taken. If I elaborated, I'd need to explain how the Devils handled it, which would be messy. The solution? Place it on Lumian's planet, create a new Abyss, and let Beyonders who took that path and committed crimes "ascend" to that planet after

reaching mid-to-low Sequences-to kill themselves and play

among themselves.

Another example is Medici's Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. As a former King of Angels, His spiritual imprint wouldn't dissipate quickly. Since Medici didn't appear in the final dream city while Cheek and Tudor did, it implies that the characteristics was returned after Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna stabilized.

I didn't elaborate because explaining Lumian and the others' state would require detailing how they began merging and confronting the malevolent dragon through the balance provided by the Circle of Inevitability. That's why the malevolent dragon didn't appear in the dream. Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna had become one entity-the former representing the masculine aspect, and the latter two the feminine.

As for whether extracting two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics would break the balance, simultaneously removing the Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder characteristics solves it. But this had to wait until Lumian, Aurore, and Jenna fully stabilized and began resisting and

merging with the malevolent dragon. Besides, the Beyonder characteristics and the effects from the Beyonder characteristics wouldn't reset.

Another hint regarding Adam's ending: the sun ornament on Amon's car and Lumian's final

remark. I highlighted certain details during the war, like only Leodero's and Herabergen's consciousness being merged in, with no mention of others.

Anyway, it's impossible to cover everything. Touching on every character's ending would become a tedious checklist. Leaving some ambiguity—just knowing they've begun new lives -is enough.

Originally, I wanted a more tragic ending with greater sacrifices to better reflect the world, but considering this was the conclusion of the Lord of Mysteries universe, I softened it. Although everyone will die someday, at least for now, it's a happy ending. From the battle

simulation and logical reasoning, this outcome was achievable, so there was no need to force tragedy.

This is why the final battle unfolded the way it did. With so few resources and manpower, achieving a decisive victory and permanently solving problems was impossible. Through extreme preparation, mobilization, and division of forces, forcing the enemy to retreat and agree to a temporary truce was already incredibly difficult.

For example, if the Mother Goddess hadn't been reset, even if she didn't join the battle and merely healed injured Outer Deities or prevented Their sealing or banishing, the situation would have collapsed. Or, if Klein hadn't placed the Circle

of Inevitability on that battlefield

to let Amanises and Lumian face the Monarch of Decay, things might've turned out better- or worse, considering the Monarch of Decay's symbolism. Either way, the decision was made to aid the Celestial Master and company quickly-the most effective solution in the shortest

possible amount of time.

Considering all this, a "temporary" truce better fits the final volume's title and the world's

tone. It may seem anticlimactic, but it's more acceptable than a decisive victory or heavier

sacrifices.

Many may dislike symbolic combat, finding it too abstract, but I think it was fresher and more

interesting than repeating past battles. It also made the overall flow of the final war clearer and easier to follow. I consider it an acceptable choice.

In summary, it's understandable that many readers dislike Lumian. I get it. But it's not mainly because the character was shallow. One reason is the lack of immersion-forced to engage in high-level events and rapidly level up, many of the enjoyable aspects of acting were skipped. The Hunter pathway isn't as fun to act as the Seer pathway.

Second, as the protagonist of a sequel, Lumian was naturally scrutinized and disliked. It's similar to how I personally never liked Return of the Condor Heroes and its main character, Yang Guo. Why should the characters I deeply invested in be used to serve as a foil for you? A

rebellious little punk instantly falling for Yang Guo for life? Ridiculous. Effortlessly mastering top-tier martial arts? That's a joke. These thoughts made me only read Return of the Condor Heroes twice-the least among Louis Cha's novels. I only started to warm up to

Yang Guo later because Louis Koo was incredibly handsome, and Carman Lee was truly stunning.

In fact, Volume 2 was when I put the most effort into portraying Lumian's personality and psychology in depth. Unfortunately, very few readers could relate to that mental state. Of course, this also shows that my writing wasn't good enough and had many flaws. Speaking of this, I can analyze why Aurore in Volume 1 attracted so much teasing and dislike.

Most people, myself included, naturally resist sudden intimacy and attachment. It's like how

picking your own nose feels satisfying, but having someone else do it feels awkward and uncomfortable. Due to the plot setup and hidden storylines, Lumian had to show deep care and reliance on his sister from the very beginning, which gradually made readers feel

resistant and repulsive.

Normally, I should've written more about their daily lives, highlighted Aurore's good

qualities, or included more of her past deeds and how she helped during crises. This would've helped readers connect emotionally. But given how Volume 1 was structured, that just wasn't possible. I just couldn't do it.

This was my mistake. I overlooked this issue during the story development and setup, leaving

an inherent flaw.

Later on, as I mentioned, with so many characters and plotlines, I was overwhelmed and

could only barely tie things up without expanding further. I'm sorry-my ability isn't there yet. I've already discussed other issues and takeaways in previous volume summaries, so I won't repeat them here. After finishing the series, the two things I'm most satisfied with are: One, the world-building and settings were fully developed without contradictions, and the unraveling of historical mysteries was reasonably executed. Though the latter was wild and chaotic, it still fit the tone and was interesting. Two, The high-level characters I wanted to flesh out were successfully developed, like Adam, Cheek, Medici, Eternal Blazing Sun, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, etc.

Speaking of Medici, I originally wanted to write about a battle of wits and courage between

Him and Lumian. But after completing the setup and reaching the story's midpoint, I realized Medici couldn't make an early move against Lumian-He's not Rosago after all. Without appearing early, and with the special mirror world and the Cheek/Tudor problems surfacing, there were no other options. So, it had to be this way.

Previously, I mentioned that the editor choosing the title "Circle of Inevitability" helped me resolve a key plot point: Amon's role during the apocalypse.

During Lord of Mysteries, when I wrote the prophecy, I only thought Amon would head to the stars, have a fortuitous encounter, return changed, and play a major role before and during the apocalypse. But I hadn't fleshed out what that fortuitous encounter would be or His exact

role.

When I started planning the sequel, I was stuck. How could Amon, a Sequence 2, impact the apocalypse? At least a Sequence o is needed to be relevant. Amon could only steal from Outer Deities, but Earth didn't even have a Great Old One yet-what could He take? Then, the editor chose Circle of Inevitability from a few viable titles, including High- Dimensional Overseer. I looked at the pathway's Sequence titles: "Sinner of the Past,""Sufferer of the Present," and "Angel of Redemption of the Future"... It all clicked!

What's been said must come true!

Previously, when designing the Inevitability pathway, I decided it would be key to solving the Cheek, Tudor, and mirrored Original Creator problems. After introducing such a shocking setup, it couldn't just be dropped. The editor choosing this title made the story flow more

naturally.

Creating a pathway's Sequence titles usually starts with thinking about core symbolisms of the universe's operation, then designing Great Old One names, expanding more core

symbolisms, and then breaking it down to Sequence names.

Of course, it's not always the case. Sometimes when I couldn't come up with a good

symbolism, I'd reverse the process-start with Sequence names and work upward, gradually closing the gap.

I'll gradually reveal the remaining Outer Deity pathways' Sequence names on my WeChat public account. Now that Circle of Inevitability is finished, the next phase would naturally be the upcoming war and the problems with the Great Old Ones' states-again and again, until the end. That's the tone of the Lord of Mysteries world. Continuing would just be repetition. That's why I said from the start this would be the final book in the Lord of Mysteries universe. It ends here.

If I ever write about the Western Continent, it would be a long side story. That's why the Western Continent wasn't heavily involved in Circle of Inevitability.

The story is already planned out, but I currently lack the energy and motivation to write it. It would center on the current Celestial Master, depicting his growth-from rebellion and resistance to ultimately choosing to shoulder responsibility and pain, revealing the sacrifices made by generations in the Western Continent. But once the main plot is written, one will

realize the ending is already set. He becomes the Demons of Knowledge, and writing his growth backward feels uninspiring.

Maybe in the future-if I feel like it. If I decide not to write it, I'll still find time to flesh out

and release the Western Continent's setting. As for other side stories, I definitely don't have

the energy to write them anytime soon. I need a proper break.

My next book will be announced after the Chinese New Year next year. I need time to reflect

and recharge, both mentally and physically.

I currently have no clear ideas or exciting concepts for the next project. I only have scattered scenes in mind, and those could fit into xianxia, progressive fantasy, wuxia, urban superpowers, or even Republic-era jianghu. I'll slowly search for inspiration.

I once really wanted to write a story about the clash between Eastern and Western civilizations in a wuxia or xianxia setting. A protagonist would journey along the Silk Road, passing through the Western Regions, Transoxiana, Persia, the Ottoman Empire, and Northern Italy, eventually reaching Paris. Of course, these would all be fictional nations inspired by real ones. Along the way, the protagonist's cultivation philosophy would continuously clash and interact with various philosophical ideas and martial arts systems, enlightening others while broadening his own perspective, ultimately reaching great

enlightenment. This idea evolved from the trope of a taichi master showing off in another world, but elevated to a clash of philosophies and systematic development-with solid reasoning.

I eventually gave up because the writing difficulty was too high. It's a loose, travelogue-style

structure involving too many civilizations and philosophies. My current knowledge isn't enough, and I don't want to create superficial settings and conflicts. Even after five or ten

years of preparation, it might still be too hard.

Lastly, thank you to everyone for your understanding and support. Let's meet again in the

next book.

See you in 2026~

Enhance your reading experience by removing ads for as low as **$1**!

Remove Ads From $1